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NME

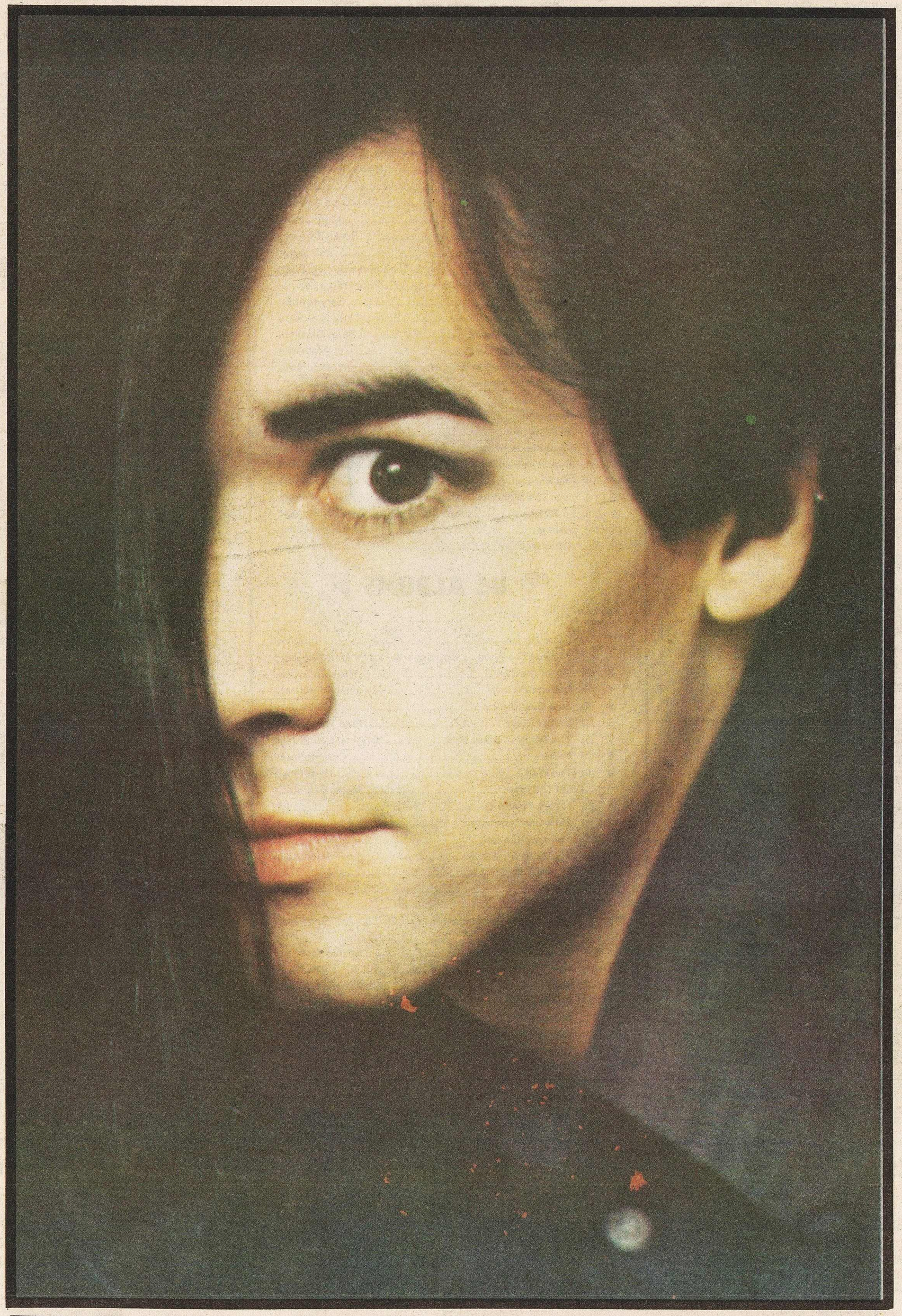
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

The World's Most Human Rock Weekly

STOP: GRAHAM PARKER
FINDS HIS ESCALATOR GROUNDED

READY: THE CURE
TAKES 17 SECONDS TO WORK

GO: HOME TAPING
BOOMS AS THE BIZ GOES DIZZY



The Human League's Phil Oakey keeps a cockeye on things. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

THE LEAGUE STRIKES BACK

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING HUMAN

PLUS

THE HUMANS' CONSUMER GUIDE TO SYNTHESISERS

PAGES 48 – 51

NME CHARTS

Week ending July 12, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Last Week				Weeks in	Highest
1	(8)	**Xanadu**	Olivia Newton-John & ELO (Jet)	2	1
2	(6)	**Jump To The Beat**	Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)	5	2
3	(1)	**Crying**	Don McLean (EMI)	8	1
4	(2)	**Funkytown**	Lipps Inc (Casablanca)	7	1
5	(4)	**Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime**	Korgis (Rialto)	6	4
6	(18)	**Use It Up And Wear It Out**	Odyssey (RCA)	2	5
7	(3)	**Back Together Again**	Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)	8	3
8	(15)	**My Way Of Thinking**	UB40 (Graduate)	3	8
9	(9)	**Waterfalls**	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	2	9
10	(5)	**Simon Templar**	Splodgenessabounds (Deram)	3	5
11	(7)	**Behind The Groove**	Teena Marie (Motown)	6	6
12	(25)	**To Be Or Not To Be**	B. A. Robertson (Asylum)	2	12
13	(28)	**Cupid**	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	2	13
14	(16)	**Could You Be Loved**	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	3	14
15	(13)	**Play The Game**	Queen (EMI)	4	12
16	(11)	**Substitute**	Liquid Gold (Polo)	6	11
17	(—)	**Love Will Tear Us Apart**	Joy Division (Factory)	1	17
18	(10)	**Theme From Mash**	The Mash (CBS)	9	1
19	(22)	**Theme From The Invaders**	Yellow Magic Orchestra (A&M)	2	19
20	(—)	**Midnite Dynamos**	Matchbox (Magnet)	6	13
21	(24)	**Big Teaser/Rainbow Theme**	Saxon (Carrere)	2	21
22	(12)	**Let's Get Serious**	Jermaine Jackson (Motown)	8	8
23	(—)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	1	23
24	(—)	**If Loving You Is Wrong**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	3	22
25	(19)	**Messages**	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	4	14
26	(—)	**Does She Have A Friend**	Gene Chandler (20th Century)	1	26
27	(—)	**A Lovers Holiday**	Change (WEA)	1	27
28	(—)	**Chinatown**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	3	25
29	(—)	**Babooshka**	Kate Bush (EMI)	1	29
30	(—)	**More Than I Can Say**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Let's Hang On — Darts (Magnet)
This Feelin' — Frank Hooker (DJM)
Wednesday Week — Undertones (Sire)
Me Myself I — Joan Armatrading (A&M)
Fantasy — Gerald Kenny (RCA)
747 (Strangers In The Night) — Saxon (Carrere)

Kate Bush performs her famous mime of Allcock and Brown's maiden flight across the Atlantic. Pic: Max Browne.

US SINGLES

This Last Week			
1	(3)	**It's Still Rock & Roll To Me**	Billy Joel
2	(1)	**The Rose**	Bette Midler
3	(2)	**Coming Up (Live At Glasgow)**	Paul McCartney & Wings
4	(4)	**Little Jeannie**	Elton John
5	(5)	**Steal Away**	Robbie Dupree
6	(7)	**Cupid/I've Loved You For A Long Time**	Spinners
7	(9)	**Magic**	Olivia Newton-John
8	(6)	**Funkytown**	Lipps Inc
9	(10)	**Let's Get Serious**	Jermaine Jackson
10	(14)	**Shining Star**	Manhattans
11	(12)	**Tired Of Toein' The Line**	Rocky Burnette
12	(8)	**Against The Wind**	Bob Seger
13	(17)	**In America**	The Charlie Daniels Band
14	(15)	**Let Me Love You Tonight**	Pure Prairie League
15	(11)	**Cars**	Gary Numan
16	(18)	**I'm Alive**	Electric Light Orchestra
17	(20)	**Gimme Some Lovin'**	Blues Brothers
18	(13)	**Biggest Part Of Me**	Ambrosia
19	(29)	**Take Your Time (Do It Right)**	The S.O.S. Band
20	(16)	**She's Out Of My Life**	Michael Jackson
21	(23)	**All Night Long**	Joe Walsh
22	(25)	**More Love**	Kim Carnes
23	(26)	**One Fine Day**	Carole King
24	(28)	**Misunderstanding**	Genesis
25	(22)	**Should've Never Let You Go**	Neil and Dara Sedaka
26	(19)	**Call Me**	Blondie
27	(31)	**Love The World Away**	Kenny Rogers
28	(33)	**Jo Jo**	Boz Scaggs
29	(34)	**Sailing**	Christopher Cross
30	(37)	**Ashes By Now**	Rodney Crowell

US ALBUMS

This Last Week			
1	(1)	**Glass Houses**	Billy Joel
2	(2)	**Against The Wind**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
3	(3)	**McCartney 2**	Paul McCartney
4	(8)	**Urban Cowboy**	Original Soundtrack
5	(4)	**Just One Night**	Eric Clapton
6	(7)	**Empty Glass**	Pete Townshend
7	(6)	**The Empire Strikes Back**	Original Soundtrack
8	(10)	**Heroes**	Commodores
9	(5)	**The Wall**	Pink Floyd
10	(11)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson
11	(9)	**Mouth To Mouth**	Lipps Inc
12	(12)	**Let's Get Serious**	Jermaine Jackson
13	(14)	**Scream Dream**	Ted Nugent
14	(30)	**The Blues Brothers**	Original Soundtrack
15	(17)	**21 at 33**	Elton John
16	(16)	**The Rose**	Original Soundtrack
17	(20)	**Diana**	Diana Ross
18	(15)	**Women And Children First**	Van Halen
19	(19)	**Duke**	Genesis
20	(18)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
21	(38)	**One For The Road**	The Kinks
22	(13)	**Middle Man**	Boz Scaggs
23	(22)	**Pretenders**	Pretenders
24	(21)	**Mad Love**	Linda Ronstadt
25	(25)	**After Midnight**	Manhattans
26	(24)	**Gideon**	Kenny Rogers
27	(28)	**The Glow Of Love**	Change
28	(31)	**Heaven And Hell**	Black Sabbath
29	(35)	**Unmasked**	Kiss
30	(23)	**Sweet Sensation**	Stephanie Mills

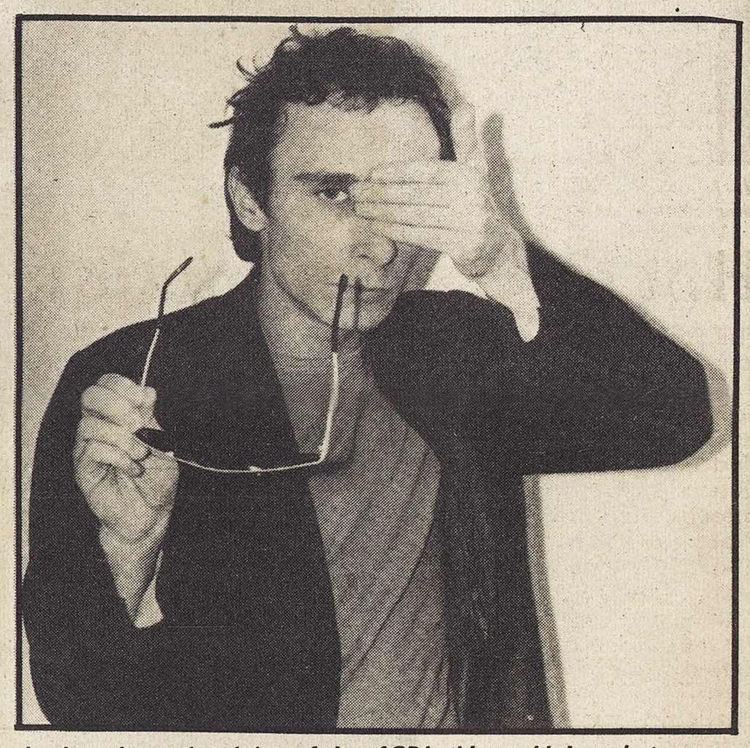
US Charts courtesy 'Cash Box' magazine

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week				Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	**Flesh & Blood**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	6	1
2	(18)	**Emotional Rescue**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	2	2
3	(3)	**McCartney 2**	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	7	1
4	(2)	**Hot Wax**	Various (K-Tel)	4	2
5	(10)	**Me Myself I**	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	7	4
6	(7)	**Sky 2**	Sky (Ariola)	12	2
7	(6)	**Uprising**	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	2	6
8	(21)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	39	3
9	(5)	**Peter Gabriel**	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	6	1
10	(8)	**Saved**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	2	8
11	(15)	**Duke**	Genesis (Charisma)	15	1
12	(12)	**I Just Can't Stop**	The Beat (Go Feet)	7	3
13	(11)	**Champagne & Roses**	Various (Phonogram)	6	4
14	(23)	**The Magic Of Boney M**	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	13	1
15	(13)	**Regatta De Blanc**	Police (A&M)	38	1
16	(22)	**Chain Lightning**	Don McLean (EMI)	3	16
17	(17)	**Ready & Willing**	Whitesnake (UA)	5	5
18	(20)	**Shine**	Average White Band (RCA)	6	13
19	(14)	**Diana**	Diana Ross (Motown)	3	14
20	(9)	**The Photos**	The Photos (CBS)	3	9
21	(26)	**Defector**	Steve Hackett (Charisma)	3	21
22	(—)	**Black Sabbath Live At Last**	Black Sabbath (NEMS)	1	22
23	(27)	**The Up Escalator**	Graham Parker & The Rumour (Stiff)	5	17
24	(4)	**Magic Reggae**	Various (K-Tel)	7	4
25	(—)	**King Of The Road**	Boxcar Willie (Warwick)	1	25
26	(—)	**Sounds Sensational**	Bert Kaempfert (Polydor)	1	26
27	(—)	**Killer Watts**	Various (Epic)	1	27
28	(16)	**21 at 33**	Elton John (Rocket)	6	10
29	(24)	**Greatest Hits**	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	18	1
30	(28)	**The Wanderers**	Soundtrack (Gem)	3	28

BUBBLING UNDER

Demolition — Girlschool (Bronze)
Now We May Begin — Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)
Themes For Dreams — Pierre Belmonde (K-Tel)
Let Me Be Your Angel — Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)
Keeping The Summer Alive — Beach Boys (CBS)
If You Want Blood You've Got It — AC/DC (Atlantic)



Look, we know there's lots of pics of GP in this week's issue but you don't often get the chance to put him on the Charts page.

INDIES

Singles

1. **Love Will Tear Us Apart** — Joy Division (Factory)
2. **Final Day EP** — Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
3. **Not Ready** — Sector 27 (Panic)
4. **Shopping For Clothes** — Snatch (Fetish)
5. **Shark/Eskimo** — Those Helicopters (State of the Ark)
6. **Lord Lucan Is Missing** — Dodgems (Criminal)
7. **Paradise Beach** — Inner City Unit (Riddle)
8. **You Cry Your Tears** — Mark Perry/Dennis Burns (NB)
9. **Obsessions Of You** — Ska Fish (Illegal)
10. **Come Back To Me** — Bok Bok (Rough Trade)

Albums

1. **Closer** — Joy Division (Factory)
2. **Totales Turn** — Fall (Rough Trade)
3. **Do Animals Believe In God** — Pink Military (Erics)
4. **Heathen Earth** — Throbbing Gristle (Industrial)
5. **Second City Statik** — Various (Statik)
6. **Dome** — Dome (Dome)
7. **Colossal Youth** — Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
8. **Ska Fish** — Ska Fish (Illegal)
9. **Stations Of The Crass** — Crass (Crass)
10. **Unknown Pleasures** — Joy Division (Factory)

Charts by: Bonaparte Records, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1

REGGAE

1. **When I Think Of You** — Rudy Thomas (Hawkeye)
2. **The Winner** — Barington Levy (J. and J.)
3. **Sitting — Watching** — Dennis Brown (Taxi)
4. **Baby I'm Yours** — Investigators (Inner City)
5. **Fly Away Home** — Pablo Gad (Greensleeves)
6. **We All Got To Be There** — Pat Kelly (J.B.)
7. **Merry Go Round** — Jnr Delgado (Powerhouse)
8. **Could You Be Loved** — Bob Marley (Island)
9. **Fally Ranking** — Johnnie Osborne (Greensleeves)
10. **Who Cork The Dance** — Bunny Lie Lie/Lee Van Cliff (J.B.)

Chart by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

DISCO

1. **Funky Town** — Lipps Inc (Casablanca)
2. **Glow Of Love (LP)** — Change (Warner Bros)
3. **Use It Up And Wear It Out** — Odyssey (RCA)
4. **Grooves** — Various Artists (CBS)
5. **This Feeling** — Frank Hooker (DJM)
6. **Jump To The Beat** — Stacey Lattisaw (WEA)
7. **Brazilian Love Affair** — George Duke (Epic)
8. **Lonnie Liston Smith EP** — (CBS)
9. **Harmony** — Suzie Laine (Warner Bros)
10. **King Of The World** — Sheila B. Devotion (Carrere)

Chart by HMV Records, Oxford Street, London, W1

5 YEARS AGO

1. **Tears On My Pillow** — Johnny Nash (CBS)
2. **Misty** — Ray Stevens (Janus)
3. **The Hustle** — Van McCoy (Avco)
4. **Give A Little Love** — Bay City Rollers (Bell)
5. **Have You Seen Her** — Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
6. **Barbados** — Typically Tropical (Gull)
7. **I'm Not In Love** — 10 cc (Mercury)
8. **Eighteen With A Bullet** — Pete Wingfield (Island)
9. **Disco Stomp** — Hamilton Bohannon (Brunswick)
10. **Doing All Right With The Boys** — Gary Glitter (Bell)

Week ending July 15, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1. **Alright Now** — Free (Island)
2. **In The Summertime** — Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
3. **It's All In The Game** — Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
4. **Up Around The Bend** — Credence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
5. **Lola** — Kinks (Pye)
6. **Groovin' With Mr. Bloe** — Mr. Bloe (DJM)
7. **Something** — Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
8. **Love Of The Common People** — Nicky Thomas (Trojan)
9. **Goodbye Sam Hello Samantha** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
10. **Sally** — Gerry Monroe (Chapter One)

Week ending July 15, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

1. **Mr Tambourine Man** — Byrds (CBS)
2. **Heart Full Of Soul** — Yardbirds (Columbia)
3. **I'm Alive** — Hollies (Parlophone)
4. **Tossing And Turning** — Ivy League (Piccadilly)
5. **Crying In The Chapel** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
6. **To Know You Is To Love You** — Peter & Gordon (Columbia)
7. **In The Middle Of Nowhere** — Dusty Springfield (Philips)
8. **Looking Thru The Eyes Of Love** — Gene Pitney (Stateside)
9. **Leave A Little Love** — Lulu (Decca)
10. **One In The Middle (EP)** — Manfred Mann (HMV)

Week ending July 14, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1. **Good Timin'** — Jimmy Jones (MGM)
2. **Please Don't Tease** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3. **Ain't Misbehavin'** — Tommy Bruce (Columbia)
4. **Shakin' All Over** — Johnny Kidd (HMV)
5. **Made You** — Adam Faith (Parlophone)
6. **Robot Man** — Connie Francis (MGM)
7. **What A Mouth** — Tommy Steele (Decca)
8. **Look For A Star** — Gary Mills (Top Rank)
9. **Angela Jones** — Michael Cox (Triumph)
10. **Three Steps To Heaven** — Eddie Cochran (London)

Week ending July 13, 1960

NEWS

News Editor: Derek Johnson

MORE RECORD BIZ LAYOFFS

BRITAIN'S FLOUNDERING record industry took a further heavy blow this week with the announcement of "substantial redundancies" at WEA, one of the country's big three companies.

Their action follows last week's amalgamation of EMI and Liberty/United Records as another disturbing pointer to the industry's ailing state. And unlike other companies who have made redundancies to cope with *present* demands, WEA's reductions have been calculated on the basis of even further drops in record sales.

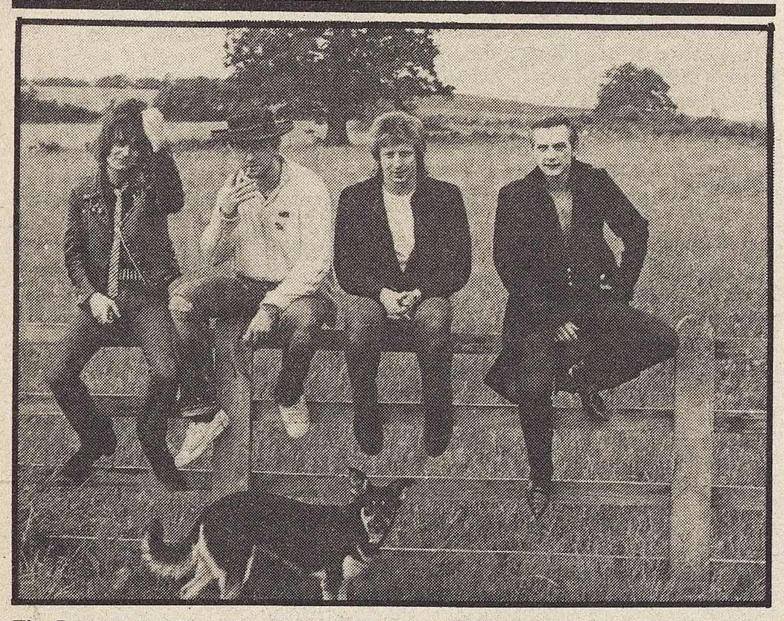
Managing director John Fruin explained the redundancies thus: "It's our belief that the real market (for records sold in the UK) during this next 18 month period is going to decrease to only about 50-55 per cent of the figures we were predicting some 9 to 12 months ago, and consequently we have restructured to face up to this position."

Actual numbers haven't been quoted yet, but the rumour around the industry is that 50 people are on their way out. At EMI redundancies caused by their merger with Liberty/United are rumoured to be running as high as 100, and this wave is the third to affect the company in the past 18 months.

But life at CBS, the third in the triangle of majors, seems to be rosy, with no decreases of staff on the cards in the near future.

Meanwhile some smaller companies are coping with the fall in record sales through mergers, like the one between RCA and Pye, which will inevitably lead to streamlining and likely unemployment for some. RCA have already reduced staff at their pressing factory in Newcastle by a quarter because of falling demands.

And in an effort to cut down costs, Polydor and Phonogram will be moving into Chappells Publishers building in New Bond Street by the end of the year. All three firms belong to the same Polygram concern, and have previously operated entirely independently. The two record companies deny that a merger is inevitable, but put the move down to economic measures and the fact that leases on their present headquarters run out shortly.



The Damned — Gray, Sensible, Scabies and Vanian — consult their guru at their cottage in the country. Pic: Paul Slattery.

Hot Rod's Damnation

THE DAMNED headline a short tour later this month, their first this year — visiting Birmingham Top Rank (July 17), Derby Assembly Rooms (18), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (19), Dundee Caird Hall (20), Glasgow Tiffany's (21), Wakefield Unity Hall (22), Sheffield Top Rank (23) and Manchester Belle Vue (24). Although no London date has yet been announced, it's hoped to finalise one shortly. Support acts on most gigs are The Irritators and Billy Karloff & The Extremes.

These will be The Damned's first dates with ex-Hot Rods man Paul Gray standing in on bass, as replacement for Algi Ward, who's left to form his own heavy metal outfit called Tank. It's not yet been confirmed if Gray is to become a permanent member.

The Damned are currently mixing their new album, recorded at Rockfield over the past three weeks. It's due out towards the end of the summer on Chiswick, but is preceded in late July by the single 'History Of The World, Part I'.

Alias Cook & Jones turn pro

STEVE JONES and Paul Cook, those inseparable ex-Pistols tossers, finally emerge in their own right this week — after months of session work, gigging around and flitting from one band to another.

Together with a mutual friend, ex-Lightning Raiders bassist Andy Allen, they return to rock'n'roll under the name of The Professionals. Their first single in this guise, 'Just Another Dream'/'Action Man', is now available on Virgin — to be followed on August 22 by their en-track album 'The Professionals'.

The LP, recorded in various locations in Europe over the past couple of months, features 'Little Boys In Blue' (dedicated to the Special Patrol Group), 'Just Another Dream', 'Mods, Skins, Punks', 'Kick Down The Doors', 'Kamikazi', 'All The Way With You', 'Crescendo', '1-2-3' (not the old Len Barry number), 'Madhouse' and 'Rockin' Mick'.Previewing the album in *NME* last October, Nick Kent described it as "positively adventurous" and "grade-A hard rock."

There seems to be every likelihood that The Professionals will become Cook and Jones' permanent involvement, and they are already considering playing live. But they are determined not to become bogged down with an inflexible line-up, and intend to change, or augment, the personnel from time to time.

Police UK patrol?

THE POLICE are planning a series of UK dates in the late autumn, probably in December as a pre-Christmas tour, to compensate for this year's relative lack of activity — so far confined to a charity concert in Newcastle and the upcoming Milton Keynes event on July 26.

But at this stage, plans are only tentative and are dependent upon the band's rate of progress in recording their third album. Hopefully the LP will be ready for autumn release, which would give them ample time to fulfil American commitments prior to playing December gigs here. But if there are any hang-ups with the album, British concerts would have to be put back to the New Year, and a final decision on the timing of the tour will not be taken until around September.

● SECTOR 27, Tom Robinson's new band, are the latest — and final — addition to The Police's open-air show at the Milton Keynes Bowl. They join a line-up which already includes Squeeze, UB40 and Skafish. Extra trains will be running on the day to and from Bletchley (the nearest station), where there'll be a shuttle bus service to the site. British Rail also offer a reduced-price inclusive ticket, covering train and bus, from Euston, Birmingham, Coventry and Wolverhampton.

Promoter Jack Barrie revealed this week that the organisers are planning another outdoor show on September 6 or 13, though not necessarily at Milton Keynes. "We have a headline band," he said. "All that remains is to pinpoint the venue and exact date."

Bad boys banned

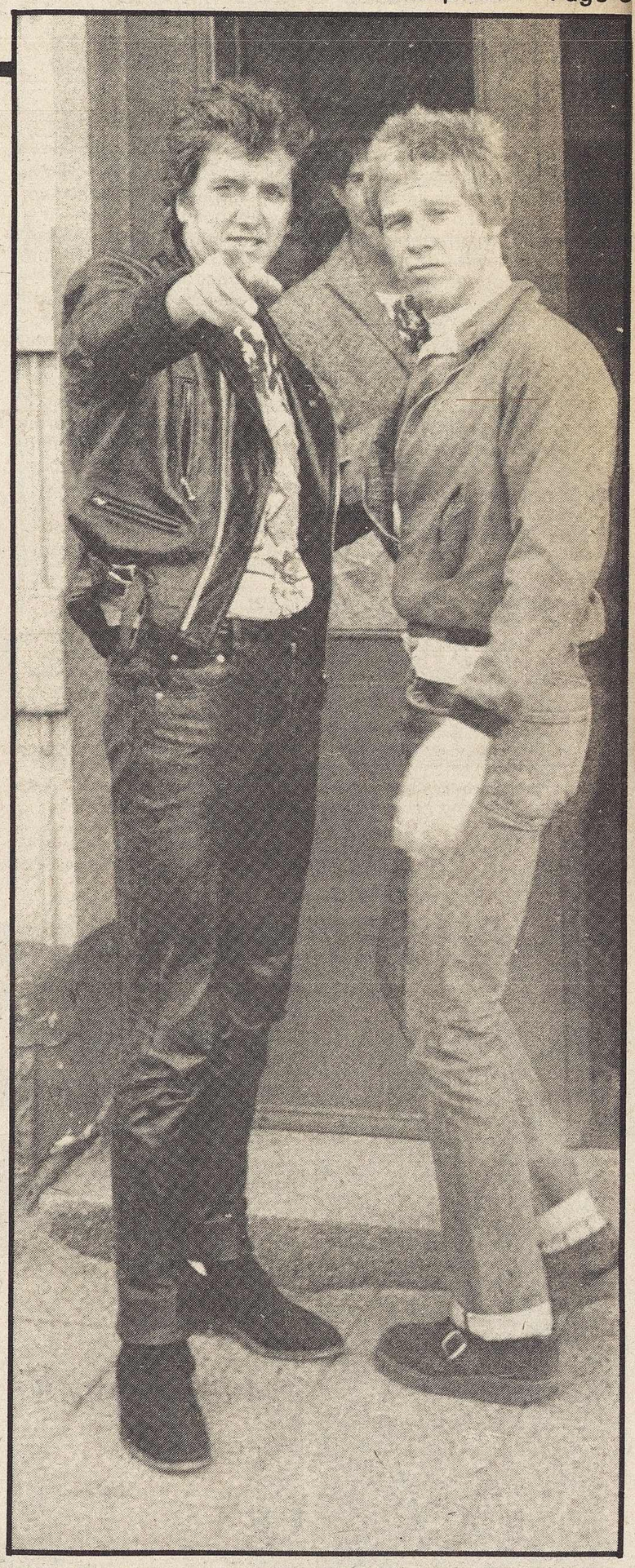
THE STRANGLERS, due to play in Milan last Saturday, found themselves confronted with problems similar to those which led to their arrest in France last month. The management failed to provide sufficient power for their equipment, as called for in their contract — so rather than risk sparking another outbreak of violence, they decided to scrap the concert, with the full agreement of the promoter.

Having played to 10,000 people in Rome on Thursday, and another huge crowd in Majorca the next day, they flew home immediately the Milan gig was scrapped — only to find that they've been banned from playing at Aberdeen Capitol, which they were due o visit on July 19 as part of their UK tour.

Soon after they were detained in Nice, the Capitol's management wrote to the band's agent — John Giddings of MAM — stating that they no longer wished to go ahead with the booking "due to the situation which has developed in Nice". Commented Giddings: "It seems a very right-wing attitude, and a case of pre-judging the issue."

But three new dates have been slotted into the band's schedule at Blackburn King George's Hall (July 21), Manchester Apollo (22) and Stoke King's Hall (24) — tickets in all cases are £3 (advance) and £3.50 (on the doors). And it's possible that still more gigs will be added to the tour.

There are two support acts on all dates, basically Headline and The Tea Set — though The Tea Set miss Crawley (tonight, Thursday) while Headline don't play Bristol (this Friday), and The Sirens stand in on both occasions. Headline's new single 'Don't Knock The Baldhead' is issued by Virgin this week.



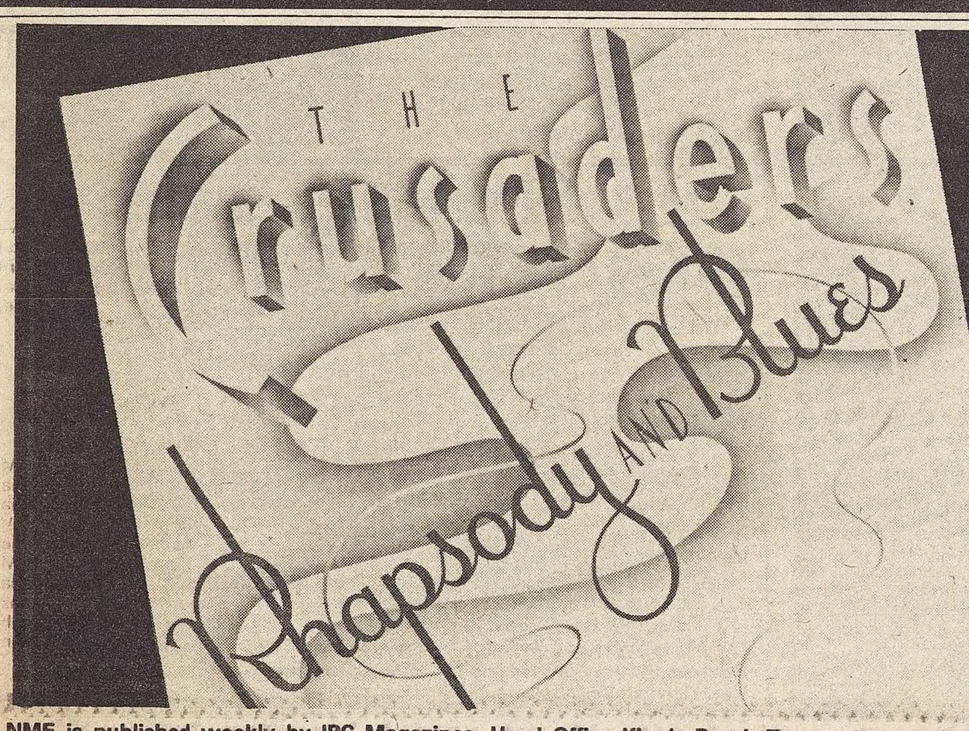
"C'mon Paul, let's go over Cheapo's and flog a few 'Swindle' albums . . ." Pic: Peter Kodick.

Spizzical exertions

ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80 set out on tour later this month, coinciding with their debut releases on A&M — the album 'Do The Runner' is issued on July 18, with the single 'Hot Deserts' set for the following week. The LP, produced by Spizz, was originally intended for release by Rough Trade — and it was recorded and edited in only four days, just before they signed with A&M. Their UK tour features a five-night stint at London's Marquee Club and, with more dates still being finalised, gigs confirmed so far are:

Dudley J.B.'s (July 26), Leeds Fan Club (27), Preston Warehouse (29), Liverpool Gatsby's (30), Sheffield Limit Club (31), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (August 1), London Marquee (4-8 inclusive), Manchester Rafters (14), Scarborough Penthouse (15), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (16) and Malvern Winter Gardens (22).

● **WILKO JOHNSON,** whose involvement with Ian Dury & The Blockheads was reported last week, insists that he hasn't disbanded his own outfit The Solid Senders — and will, in fact, be gigging with them at London's Nashville on July 19. What the future holds in store remains to be seen.



NEW ALBUM
RHAPSODY AND BLUES MCG 4010
Featuring BILL WITHERS on vocals
NEW SINGLE
SOUL SHADOWS MCA 630
Full length version available on 12" with additional track
MCA RECORDS
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Who, Stones in autumn action

THE WHO are planning a series of UK concerts in mid-autumn — in fact, dates have already been pencilled in for October. But whether or not these options are taken up depends, said their spokesman, on the degree of progress they make with their new album — it's just about half completed at the moment, and they'll resume work on it when they return from their current U.S. tour. If they find the LP is taking longer than expected, their tour could be put back — so no final decision on dates will be taken for a few weeks. Meanwhile, Roger Daltrey's single 'Free Me' is issued by Polydor next week, and the soundtrack album from his film *McVicar* (from which the single is taken) comes out in August — immediately prior to the movie's premiere.

THE ROLLING STONES seem, at long last, to be on the point of returning to live action. For some time, they've been kicking around the idea of going back on the road in the autumn, with tours of the Far East (late September) and Europe including the UK (October and November) — but after such a long lay-off, they've been reluctant to commit themselves to gigs until they've gauged reaction to their new album. But now, with 'Emotional Rescue' jumping to No. 2 this week, there's every prospect of autumn concerts materialising.

DEDRINGER HIT THE TRAIL

DEDRINGER, the heavy rock band whose first DinDisc single 'Sunday Drivers' comes out on August 1, have an intensive gig schedule over the next two months. Many more dates are to follow, but those already confirmed are **Shildon** Club (tomorrow, Friday), **Washington** White House (Saturday), **Lincoln** The Vault (July 18), **Retford** Porterhouse (19), **Castleford** Roundhill Club (21), **Redditch** Hopwood Caravan Park (26), **Stroud** Leisure Centre (August 9), **Leeds** Staging Post (10), **Hull** Reckits Club (15), **Durham** Castle Inn (16), **Halifax** Good Mood (23), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (29), **Bristol** Granary (30), **Newbridge** Memorial Hall (31), **Birmingham** Romeo & Juliet's (September 1), **Burton** 76 Club (12) and **Blackpool** Norbreck Castle (13).

METRO GLIDER, the fast-rising band from Cornwall, pay one of their occasional visits to **London** this month to play Fulham Greyhound (July 16), Fulham Golden Lion (17), Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (19) and Islington Hope & Anchor (20).

● **Dark Star** have their 'Lady Of Mars' track lifted from EMI's compilation set 'Metal For Muthas Vol. 2', and released this week as the A-side of a three-track 12-inch EP on the Steel Strike label. The band are touring during the second half of this month, starting at Cromer West Runton Pavilion on July 18.

● **Denny Gibson,** vocalist and bassist with Blackpool-based band Mistress, has her own four-track cassette available on Airebeat Records, 48 Crystal Road, Blackpool — price £1.50 (including p&p). Denny, who's described as "a bitch who eats little boys for breakfast", is backed on this set by Andy Pharo (drums) and Geoff Carter (guitar).

OFF THE RECORD

DEXY'S DEBUT ELPEE

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS have their long-awaited debut album released on the Late Night Feelings label, through EMI, next week. The self-titled set contains 11 tracks — ten originals, plus the classic 'Seven Days Too Long'.

● **Yellow Magic Orchestra** have their album 'Multiples' released on the A&M label on August 1.

● 'Lovers & Rockers' is the title of a 13-track reggae compilation album issued on the Radic label (through EMI) next week. Among acts featured are **Matumbi, Peter Tosh, Burning Spear, Dennis Brown** and **The Royal Rasses.** Price is £3.30.

● **Sonja Kristina's** self-titled album is issued on August 8 by Chopper Records, distributed by RCA. Over half the ten tracks were written or co-written by Sonja.

● 'No Fun' is a compilation of two albums previously released by **The Stooges** featuring **Iggy Pop.** It's issued by Elektra/Asylum next month.

● **Jackson Browne** releases his sixth album for Asylum, but his first since late 1977, this week — titled 'Hold Out'. A single culled from the LP, called 'Boulevard', follows on July 25.

● MCA have signed Newcastle heavy rock band **White Spirit,** who will be recording an album for autumn release, produced by the Gillan band's guitarist John McCoy. The label's other recent HM signings, **Fist** and **The Tygers Of Pan Tang,** are busy cutting albums for August release. And the same month, MCA issues its second metal compilation LP 'Brute Force' featuring White Spirit, Fist, **Diamond Head** and **Raven.**

● 'Harbour Lights' is the new **Springwater** single, out this week. It's issued by Fabulous Records, who have obtained the rights to the group's million-selling hit 'I Will Return' as the B-side of the new release.

● **Siouxsie & The Banshees'** new album 'Kaleidoscope' is set for August 1 release by Polydor. They have no plans for promotional gigs, as they're still without a permanent guitarist, though they hope to solve that problem by means of a series of auditions next month.

This is Canadian singer FRANCE JOLLI, who figured in the Disco chart last year with 'Come To Me' and whose debut album achieved Gold Disc status in North America. Her new album 'Tonight' is released by Ariola/Dreyfus on July 18, followed in early August by a single from the LP titled 'This Time'. And there's talk of a promotional visit in the near future.

MOTOWN BOXED SET

MOTOWN continue their 20th anniversary celebrations by issuing a boxed set of 21 singles featuring all the big names in their catalogue — including Diana Ross & The Supremes, Stevie Wonder, The Four Tops, The Miracles, The Temptations, The Jacksons and many more. Of these, 20 were previous hits, though they've been unavailable as singles for some time — while the 21st single comprises two previously unissued tracks, 'Finders Keepers, Losers Weepers' by The Marvelettes and 'Do Like I Do' by Kim Weston. The set is released as a very limited edition on September 5, and it will be deleted the same day — so the only way to acquire it is by ordering in advance. It comes with a bonus metalic Motown badge.

● 'Real People' is the title of the new **Chic** album, issued by Atlantic this weekend. It's their fifth set, and consists entirely of original material.

● **Desperate Bicycles'** new single comprises 'Grief Is Very Private', 'Obstructive' and 'Conundrums'. It's on Refill Records, distributed by Rough Trade.

● In a deal with the Lincoln independent label Dead Good, Ovation Records have signed **The Whizz Kids.** They are now recording a single 'Suspect No. 1' for late July release.

● **The Blues Band** recorded tracks for their second album at London Canning Town Bridge House on Tuesday of this week, and **Chicken Shack** are recording their entire new album at the same venue next week.

● **The Electric Eels** have a three-track ten-inch EP released on Rocket Records' Slippery Discs label this week. Titles are 'Not In Love (With The Modern World)', 'Double Complications' and 'Jellied Reggae'. The band are lining up a string of dates to promote it.

● **Cabaret Voltaire** have come up with "the world's longest single" — a 33 rpm disc running 20 minutes each side, titled 'Three Mantras'. Produced by the band, it's released by Rough Trade, who are also distributing it.

● Following its high placing in Kenny Everett's "World's Worst Record Chart", U.S. Records are reissuing **Helpless Huw**'s debut single 'Still Love You'/'Lisa Jane'. It's a double B-side, which shot Huw to instant obscurity.

● Plymouth label Optimistic Records releases the single 'Passing Dream' by **S.P.Q.R.** and the EP 'No Meaning' by **Mascara.** And the single 'My Toy' by **The D.S.** and the EP 'Subterfuge' by **Sabotage** are being re-pressed. Available from Rough Trade and other alternative outlets.

● Nottingham's Mole Embalming Records have signed a distribution deal with Pinnacle, which initially involves the album 'My Geraniums Are Bulletproof' by **The Deep Freeze Mice,** whose EP 'Radio Yoghurt' follows shortly.

● Welsh label Red Eye Records issue the single 'Cadillac Walk' by **The Cadillacs,** the band featuring ex-members of Lone Star, Racing Cars and Sassafras. And to avoid confusion with this company, **Wild Willy Barrett** — who recently formed his own label called Red Eye — has now changed its name to Black Eye Records.

● To clarify last week's story about WEA selling import albums at UK prices (on the Atlantic, Elektra, Asylum and Warner Brothers labels), these LPs will not actually be on sale here before their U.S. release date — but dealers will be able to order them in advance.

● All-girl rock outfit **Tour De Force** have signed with Liberty United, for whom they are at present recording debut tracks.

TWO DOZEN MID-AUTUMN CONCERTS

Shadows lengthen

THE SHADOWS headline a 24-date concert tour in mid-autumn, visiting Oxford New Theatre (October 3 and 4), Croydon Fairfield Hall (5 and 6), Southampton Guamont (8), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (10 and 11), London Victoria Apollo (12), Brighton Dome (13), Leicester De Montfort Hall (15), Manchester Apollo (17), Blackpool Opera House (18), Glasgow Apollo (19), Edinburgh Usher Hall (20), Newcastle City Hall (21), Sheffield City Hall (22), Portsmouth Guildhall (24), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (25), Eastbourne Congress (26), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Southport Theatre (29), Coventry Theatre (30), Birmingham Odeon (31) and London Hammersmith Odeon (November 1).

The first of their two London shows, at the Apollo on October 12, will be the first one-nighter at this new venue — it comes on a Sunday, midway through Cliff Richard's opening season there. Recently signed by Polydor after over 20 years with EMI, The Shadows have a single titled 'Equinox V' issued on August 1, followed by their album 'Change Of Address' in September.

Nashville package, Cash, Don Williams

COUNTRY STYLE

NASHVILLE CAVALCADE is the name of a C&W package touring Britain in the early autumn — featuring Tompall & The Glaser Brothers, Wanda Jackson, Lloyd Green and Jimmy C. Newman. It's promoted by Mervyn Conn, who this week announces a major tie-up with top U.S. country impresario Jim Halsey — the first result of which will be an extensive UK tour by Don Williams in November, followed in the New Year by Tammy Wynette, George Lindsey, Joe Sun and Hank Thompson. Conn also announces that Johnny Cash will be one of the stars appearing in the 1981 Wembley Country Festival at Easter.

Dates for the Nashville Cavalcade tour are **Southport** Theatre (September 17), **Edinburgh** Playhouse (18), **Glasgow** Kelvin Hall (19), **Aberdeen** Capitol (20), **Inverness** Eden Court Theatre (21), **London Wembley** Conference Centre (23), **Reading** Hexagon (24), **Peterborough** ABC (26), **Ipswich** Gaumont (27), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (29), **Eastbourne** Congress (30), **St. Austell** New Cornish Riviera (October 1), **Chatham** Central Hall (2), **Gloucester** Leisure Centre (3), **Chelmsford** Odeon (4) and **Norwich** Theatre Royal (5).

Names in the News

STEPPENWOLF

will be playing a series of UK concerts in September — dates not yet finalised, but they'll include at least one show at London Hammersmith Odeon. This is the authentic band fronted by John Kay, and not the outfit currently working in America (including some ex-members) under the same name. MCA this week release a 12-inch Steppenwolf single featuring their first hit 'Born To Be Wild', plus 'The Pusher' and 'Magic Carpet Ride'. Their LP 'Gold' follows on August 15.

FIVE HAND REEL

have decided to split up after a six-year career, during which time they've become one of Britain's best-known folk bands. They've recorded for several labels including RCA, though their last album was 'Bunch Of Fives' for Topic Records. The various members now intend to pursue solo careers, though it's likely that the band will undertake a farewell tour — and possibly record a last LP — before the final split.

Q-TIPS

return next week from Switzerland, where they're currently appearing in the Montreux Jazz Festival, and pick up UK gigs at London Covent Garden Rock Garden (July 19), Wolverhampton Lafayette (20), Southend Zero Six (21), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (23), Derby Blue Note (24), Cardiff Top Rank (25), Dublin Festival at Leixlip Castle (27), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (August 1) and Kirklevington Country Club (3).

THE PHOTOS

continue to add sporadic dates to their current British tour, which coincides with the chart success of their self-titled debut album. They've now slotted in two nights at London's Marquee Club this Saturday and Sunday (12-13), with White Lines and U-2 as the respective support acts. Other newly-confirmed gigs are at Slough Merrymakers (tomorrow, Friday) and Derby Ajanta Cinema (19), and it's likely that more will be added.

MARGO RANDOM

and The Space Virgins are this week recording their debut single 'South Of The River Thames' / 'Yobbo Love' for a label that's so new it hasn't got a name yet — it's due out in late August. This month they're gigging in the London area at Streatham Cat's Whiskers (15), Herne Hill Half Moon (19), Camden Music Machine (23) and Fulham Greyhound (29). Then in August, they venture out of town, starting at Dudley J.B.'s (1) and Brighton Alhambra (2), with more being set.

ELKIE BROOKS

plays a five-night season at the new London Apollo in Victoria from Tuesday to Saturday, November 4-8. This is the second period engagement to be confirmed for the venue, following Cliff Richard's opening stint from September 29. Tickets are £7, available from the box office — or by post from Apollo Victoria Theatre, 17 Wilton Road, London S.W.1 (cheques or postal orders to "Apollo Leisure (UK) Ltd." and enclose SAE). Elkie is also likely to play some provincial concerts at around this time.

FAIRPORT CONVENTION

re-form for a one-off reunion concert on Saturday, August 30. It's what always used to be their regular annual hometown show at Pewit Farm in Cropredy, Oxfordshire. They'll be featuring their final line-up of Dave Swarbrick, Dave Pegg, Simon Nicol and Bruce Rowland — and guest artists include Ralph McTell, Richard & Linda Thompson, Steve Ashley & Chris Leslie and Bob Davenport. Tickets for the show are £3.50, postal orders only made payable to C. Pegg at 9 Chapel Row, Cropredy, Banbury, Oxon (enclose SAE, children under 12 admitted free).

NINE BELOW ZERO

continue their interminable tour with newly confirmed gigs at Norwich Cromwells (tonight, Thursday), Manchester Zodiacs Club (Saturday), Sheffield Limit Club (July 15), London Marquee (16 and 17), Retford Porterhouse (18), London Canning Town Bridge House (19), Southend Shrimpers (20) and three more London dates — Victoria The Venue (26), Islington (30) and a return to the Marquee (August 3).

SPLODGENESS

have cancelled all but four of the dates in their extensive schedule, reported two weeks ago — those remaining are London Woolwich Tramshed (July 24 and August 21), London Camden Music Machine (July 31) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (August 23). Reason for this drastic action is that, in view of their sudden chart success, they've been whisked into the studios to start work on a debut album — plus a follow-up to their current single hit.

HAWKWIND, GIRLSCHOOL, GILLAN, READING

More Metalmania

HAWKWIND's eight-hour marathon concert at London Strand Lyceum this Sunday (13) sold out within two days of the box-office opening — so they've now slotted in a repeat performance at the same venue the following Sunday, July 20. The supporting bill again features Inner City Unit, The Beat Nix featuring Magic Michael and The Androids Of Mu, but for the second show, Out On Blue Six replace Wah! Heat. Tickets priced £3.50 are on sale now, and the promoters are Straight Music.

KELLY JOHNSON of Girlschool

GIRLSCHOOL play their only London gig this month on Friday, July 18, when they headline at Camden Electric Ballroom — supported by Praying Mantis, Vardis and May West (admission £2.50). They have added Barry Memorial Hall (July 24) and Rickmansworth Watersmeet (25) to their current tour, and their Northampton date on July 17 is switched from the Guildhall to The Paddock. The band's new single 'Race With The Devil' is issued by Bronze this weekend.

GARY MOORE's new band G-Force are the latest addition to the Reading Festival line-up, and they've been slotted in on the final day of the event — Sunday, August 24. Their inclusion completes a package of Jet Records artists within the Sunday bill — the others being Ossie Osbourne's band, Magnum and Girl — and all four will be recorded for a live album. The new Osbourne outfit has now officially been named Blizzard Of Oz, and the rest of the personnel comprises ex-Uriah Heep drummer Lee Kerslake, ex-Rainbow bassist Bob Daisley and lead guitarist Randy Rhodes.

GILLAN will be headlining a major British tour in the early autumn, and their schedule is at present being finalised for release in a week or two. Only date so far confirmed for Ian Gillan and the band is at London Hammersmith Odeon on October 14, for which tickets are already on sale.

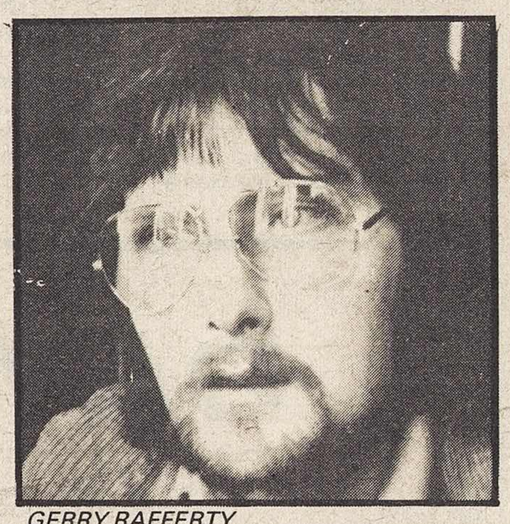
APRIL WINE are now confirmed for Rainbow's 'Rock Monsters' event at Castle Donnington Racing Circuit on August 16 — joining Judas Priest, The Scorpions, Riot and Touch. The identity of the special U.S. guest band, promised for this week, will not now be revealed until next week — as contracts have not yet been exchanged.

Edinburgh rock festival

EDINBURGH will again be staging a Rock Festival this year, concurrent with the city's annual International Festival. The main events will be staged at the Playhouse Theatre during the three weeks from August 17, though several other venues will also be used.

Apart from Gerry Rafferty who's already been confirmed for September 1 and 2 (tickets now on sale for the first date, priced £5, £4 and £3), headline acts are still being finalised — but Elvis Costello is expected to open the Playhouse season on August 17, and Billy Connolly is pencilled in for August 23, with The Ramones likely for August 25.

This will be preceded by a nine-day event at the Edinburgh Nite Club, which is part of the Playhouse complex. This will cover a wide musical range, including gigs by Roy Harper (August 9), Weapon Of Peace (10), Ossie Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz (14), John Peel (15) and Richard & Linda Thompson (16), with more being set.



GERRY RAFFERTY

Tull 'sackings' spark dispute

JETHRO TULL have undergone a major personnel upheaval, with John Evan (piano), David Palmer (keyboards) and Barriemore Barlow (drums) leaving the band. They've been replaced by noted keyboards man Eddie Jobson and U.S. drummer Mark Craney, who come in to join the remaining nucleus of Ian Anderson, guitarist Martin Barre and bassist Dave Pegg. They're currently recording an album, and are planning UK dates in early autumn.

A report last week suggested that Anderson had sacked the three outgoing members -- and this prompted Barlow, who had been with Tull for nine years, to phone NME and insist that he left of his own accord. He said: "I handed in my notice four months ago to play in a new band I've formed with singer-writer Dave Christian, and I only played on the last Tull tour as a favour."

But Anderson has now issued a statement in which he says that sacking reports were incorrect. He explains that he's been recording an LP of rather freer musical direction, with some different musicians with whom he specially wanted to work. Jobson and Craney originally joined this project on a one-off basis, but the album has proved so successful in rough-mix form that he now wants to use these musicians on the Tull autumn tour. Anderson admits that the departing trio will not be part of the new line-up, but adds: "The changes in personnel and musical direction were ushered in during group discussions that took place over a year ago."

FUTURAMA AGAIN

ANOTHER science-fiction music festival is to be staged at Leeds Queen's Hall on September 13 and 14, under the title of 'Futurama 2'. The first event was held a year ago at the same venue, with Public Image Ltd and Hawkwind as headliners, and promoter Joh Kiernan will be announcing this year's bill-toppers shortly. Meanwhile, he is looking for unusual and forward-looking bands, musical novelties and fringe acts which would fit in with the context of the festival. Anyone interested should write to him at P.O. Box HH9, Leeds LS8 1AN.

STEVE HARLEY is lining up another tour with his new-look Cockney Rebel band, and it's due to start in September. This follows his short concert series last month, and his next outing will be much more extensive than the last.

Wakeman, Kiss: extra concerts

RICK WAKEMAN has added another six dates to the 13 exclusively revealed by *NME* three weeks ago — at Portsmouth Guildhall (September 13), Southampton Gaumont (14), Brighton Dome (15), Derby Assembly Hall (16), Hull City Hall (17) and Peterborough ABC (25). The first five of these come at the start of his schedule, which means that Portsmouth is now the opening date of his solo tour.

- KISS have added a date at Deeside Leisure Centre on September 6 to their UK mini-tour, and tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday) all at the one price of £4.75. As reported, their other dates are Stafford Bingley Hall (5) and London Wembley Arena (8 and 9).
- ULTRAVOX have slotted in Coventry Tiffany's on August 12, as an addition to their tour dates, reported two weeks ago.

LAST ROUND-UP

ALEX HARVEY and his new band play a benefit show for Greenpeace's Save The Whale campaign at Brighton Top Rank on Sunday, July 20. Several surprise guests are expected.

VARDIS continue their heavy metal crusade at Nelson The Sands (this Saturday), Sunderland Mecca (July 15), Newcastle Mayfair (22), supporting Motorhead at Stafford Bingley Hall (26) and Carlisle Twisted Wheel (30).

ERIC BLAKE, the band fronted by 17-year-old Julie Harding (above), play a string of London gigs in support of their debut Carrere single 'Sin City' — at Kensington Nashville (July 13), Clapham 101 Club (17), Camden Dingwalls (20) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (25). Out of town, they visit Bath Moles this Saturday (12).

ROY SUNDHOLM has July gigs in London at Fulham Greyhound (this Thursday, 17 and 24), Canning Town Bridge House (15 and 22) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (23 and 30), followed by the Marquee Club on August 2. He also appears at the Sevenoaks Summer Festival this Saturday.

SECTOR 27 — Tom Robinson's new band — have their most important London showcase to date on Saturday, July 19, when they play the Y Studies (at the YMCA, just off Tottenham Court Road).

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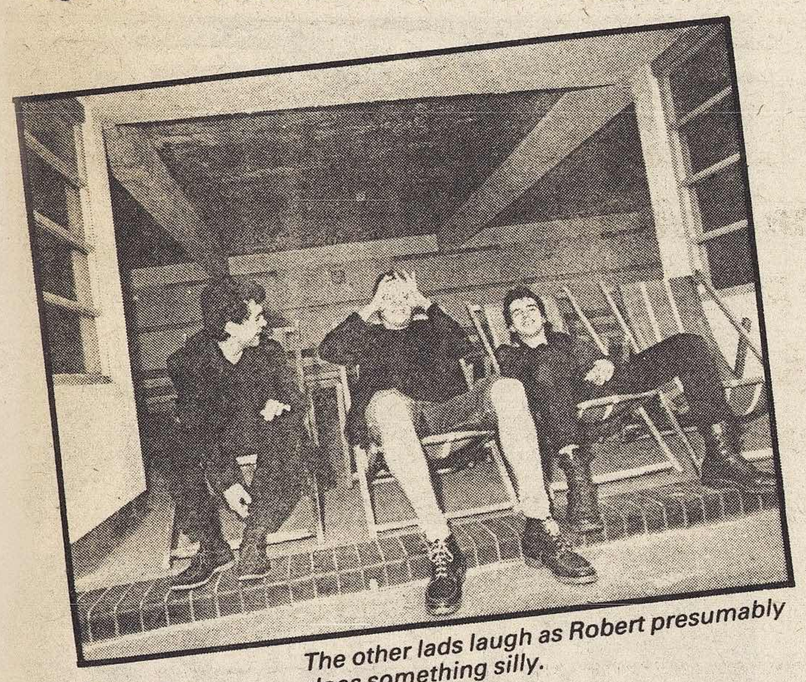
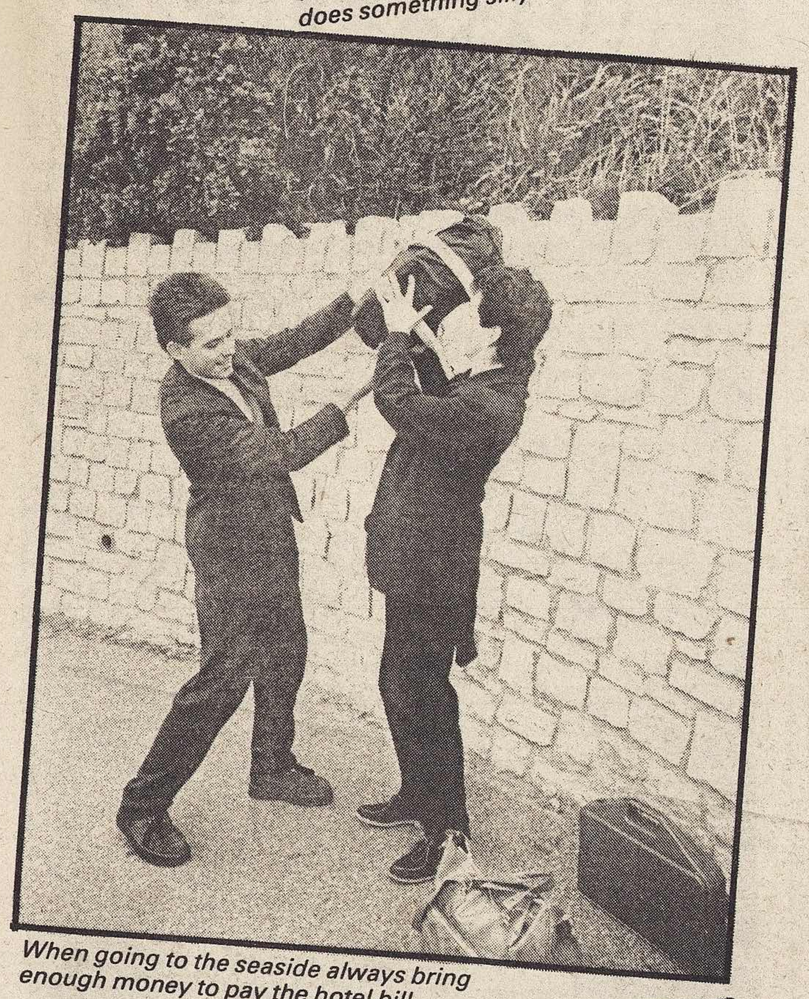
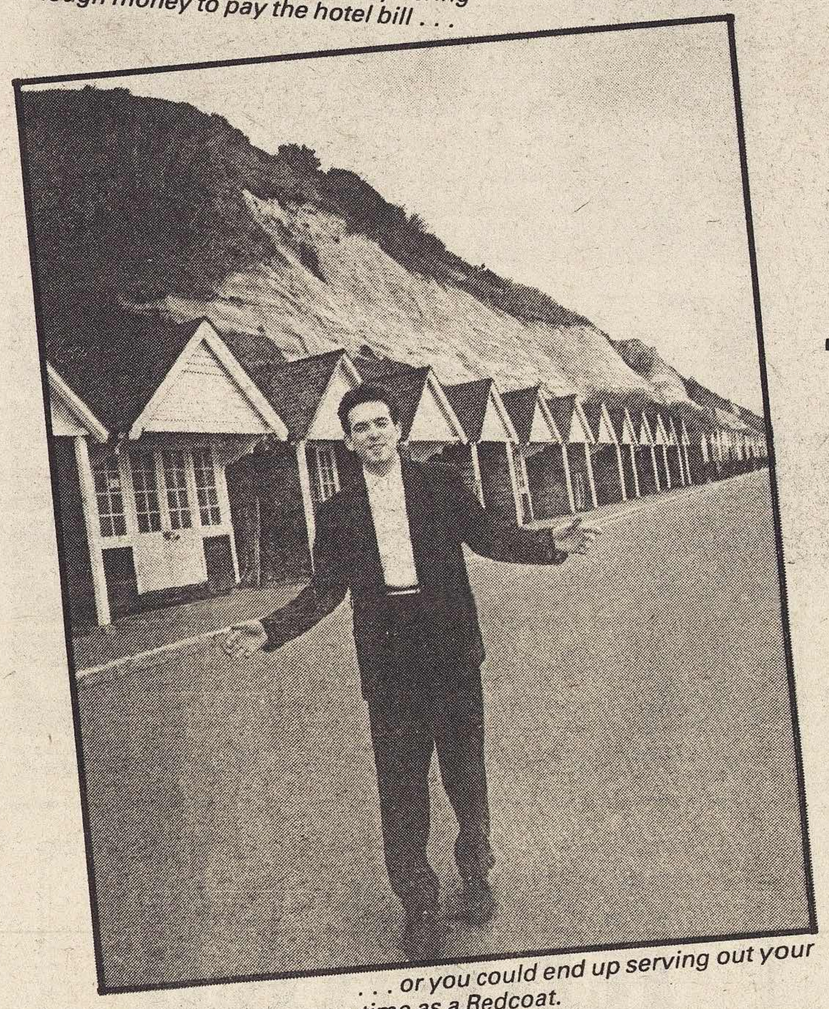


The other lads laugh as Robert presumably does something silly.



When going to the seaside always bring enough money to pay the hotel bill . . .



. . . or you could end up serving out your time as a Redcoat.

The things some bands will do when the photographer asks 'em.

(drone) . . . before the NME went away for a while The Cure were touring Britain, appearing on TOTP and anticipating their single 'A Forest' burying itself deep inside the Fun 30. The single kissed the 30 and then scampered away — symbolically in the light of The Cure's reserve. During the week that the single most looked like charting, The Cure were playing at a dark disco in Bournemouth. As part of The Fuss of it all I was there to grab some atmosphere and capture some Cure comments. For a few weeks there was nowhere to put them. Now the NME is back in all its gory glory, and Cure comments, all from guitarist-singer-lyricist Robert Smith, are still sticky enough to stick in the paper and stick in the mind. (thank you) . . .

DAYS OF WINE AND

Y'see it wasn't that THE CURE ever had a non-image, they just didn't have an image, right? Nothing terribly wrong about that, is there? Well . . . ?

HERE WE go again.

I walk into The Cure's dressing room for the night. I always hate these sort of entrances. The four members of The Cure, stood amongst a handful of others, stood amongst empty guitar cases, practice amps, lager cans, dead chairs, look limp and vacant, like it's hard for them to keep moving. I slip on my best brave face. Someone rushes off to get me a Cure T-shirt, something I'll be happy to wear. Somebody else hands me a can of lager, something I force myself to swallow. Robert Smith is nearest to me as I hover by the open door. Hello, he says amiably, are you nervous. Yes, I say through a narrow throat, I always am. He grins goofishly. I grin foolishly.

Last year, on the night of the General Election, I reviewed-destroyed The Cure's first LP 'Three Imaginary Boys', at first spluttering at what I saw as a queasy blend of arrogance and austerity, then growing steadily annoyed at what I fantasised masochistically as a grand conspiracy of pompous pop people and relentlessly hateful politicians. As election results poured into the TV studio, the room I was typing in became more and more sinister, and I took it out with relish and vigour verging on hate (as a correspondent unsettlingly noted) on a wretched LP released on Chris Parry's shiny new Fiction label. I saw 'Three Imaginary Boys' as a conceited scrapbook with a bitter lack of internal coherence. Wrapped up in dinky pinkness, with symbols instead of titles, it was too self-conscious, and fitted in a place that seemed to be developing where talk of innovation and stimulation was all pose, no action, and where the next mask was more important than the next song. I thought The Cure were horrible.

The Cure weren't *that* bad. The fiddly LP decoration was more a result of mis-management than dim posing. They had no excessive claim to exclusivity or greatness. I still don't like that first LP. It contains some forceful songs. But overall it is unremarkable, not worth playing (with).

"I listened to that LP three times," says Robert Smith, and murmurs in assent when I mention that the second LP 'Seventeen Seconds' (more later) is much more soulful and direct. "The first LP in a lot of ways was like a compilation, it didn't have a lot to do with what we were doing even at that time."

At that time Robert Smith felt hurt by my antagonism. He immediately wrote me a note, sternly and hilariously parodying my own indulgent word-play, pissing all over it. Chris Parry phoned me up and droned on and on (too much). The Cure sang a song about the review during a Peel session. The incident got silly. Then quickly forgotten. When we meet all that paper rubbish is something a little smelly in the past. I turn up deeply in love with 'Seventeen Seconds' and Robert Smith doesn't hate me at all.

Smith is soft where I imagined he would be hard. He's not a big softie. He's always on a fine line between agitation and boredom, and such a balance turns out faintly, deviously charming. He's no pretentious mock-recluse, perpetually feigning intensity of vision. He's never quite sure what to say. He's never quite sure about those around him. Does he take himself seriously? "I do take myself seriously but there's a point beyond which you become a comic figure."

Robert Smith is a songwriter who wrote songs of enough individuality and attraction to warrant interest, who got hooked into the record business (he didn't even notice the bait) and then had to start wondering about justification, morals, compromise and worrying about exposure, interviews, cynicism . . . Robert Smith cannot believe The Fuss. "I still don't feel comfortable holding a guitar." Smith has the look of the perpetually puzzled. He stutters, he blunders . . . he wonders what the hell it's all about, this rock thing. "I sometimes think I might be in someone else's idea of heaven." Robert says that with grisly irony.

IN THE early hours. In the bar cum front room of a Bournemouth boarding house masquerading as a hotel. We're soul deep into bottles of red wine, muttering about the state of the art, the state of it all, the idleness and extravagance of the shady rock heroes. Hands in hair I mention that in the rock interview the extent of honesty of the answers is extremely limited by the very nature and (end) concern of such a peculiar conversation.

"When the questions are the same it's hard to say what you want to say in a different way everytime. You use the tired old phrases. And I find it very hard to express what I feel. I wish I could say something different . . . when I read back interviews it's like you wish you could have done something in the past in a different way. I dunno . . . I don't really think we're part of rock'n'roll. Yet. We're slipping into it."

A Cure live set of the moment is nothing like the sort of putrefied and obsolete rock'n'roll gig a lot of people think is the only way. The smash and grab. The Cure songs — new ones more than old ones — sound faded and lonely, rely on touch and quietness, possess a lilt that holds all kinds of balances in view. They don't nag at you or remove your independence. They rouse your curiosity rather than remove it. These songs are a slight chill not a right charge. A build up of gloom, shadows, broken bits of dreams and expectations, not exactly guaranteed to supply the good night out.

In a dark drab disco, where drink pins its yearn on the heavy heavy beat, The Cure are not the right kind of pop group. They should be experienced in comfortable conditions. (Let's not cheat ourselves.) The show in Bournemouth — and a recent one in London — were not quite right. It wasn't possible to settle down into the right private mood. Eighty per cent of the songs went missing. Smith realises that The Cure don't fit into the rude rock gig, but he likes to play. He doesn't give in. On stage only his fingers and head are likely to move. His voice remains desperate, unostentatious, delicately strained.

"It's very selfish when I go on stage. I prefer to play well than get a good audience reaction. Tonight we didn't play well. Little things went wrong. It was tired tonight and that annoyed me because for people in Bournemouth that is how they will judge us . . ."

What does that mean? Does it matter so much that the communication petered out?

"It matters what the audience thinks, although I don't cater for the audience. I write songs for myself. It's very narrow-minded. And we don't present shows. I don't like seeing shows myself. We don't leap about on stage. We could contrive to make it visual and everything but we're not like that naturally so why should we? People might say there was no-one moving about tonight but that side of it doesn't matter. That getting up and getting down, getting it across . . . I'd prefer it if we really impressed a lot of people who'll like us for a long time rather than give someone a good night out who'll forget it next week. That's a facade!"

What does he mean by impress?

"Just to show . . . I dunno . . . that we've got something to offer." He chuckles. He'll want to change that later. "I suppose we haven't got a great message to put across. I just think that there should be more room for more groups on the same level rather than the ways it's structured at the moment. The hierarchy of supergroups whose way of continuing is taken as the only way. There's no freedom out of certain set ways. I find that annoying."

The Cure form part of a new realism in a part of rock that won't take over but won't disappear. Rock that isn't trapped in a maze of mirrors, that isn't lost and ignoble in a waste land of dead pride and rigid beliefs. The Cure don't demand everyone be like them or all those others who resist the guilt and repression and comic self-satisfaction, and their expectations are moderate. The space to breathe, decent access to recording and releasing, a modest listening level. The more groups like The Cure the stronger the opposition to the patronising degradation of USA-rock, the sturdier the balance to HM damned crassness. The Cure want to exist, they expect respect, they want their privacy. 'Seventeen Seconds' is a record of exceptional quality. The Cure leave it there as much as they are able. Any claims on its behalf come from people like me (or not, you see). They don't push it or scream about it . . . there it is. Brief and wistful.

"I don't think that we have any right to an audience. I don't think that just because we make records people should listen, or if we play they should come. It's tough on us. Like that first LP review you did, me sending you the letter, initially I was goaded on in that I was supposed to be the spokesman, and that was like an attack on us and I had to respond . . . But the whole thing, I couldn't defend it and never could in interviews because I wasn't really behind it anyway. The whole side of defending what you're doing, explaining what you're doing, giving reasons you're getting on stage, it's silly. I dunno, I just feel an urge. If we weren't selling records and didn't have a recording contract I'd still be playing in a pub or something, which I was a year before we got a recording contract. Just because I enjoy it. It's as simple as that. I'd rather be on stage than doing anything else."

THE CURE story is a blur. It started in pubs, now it's reached clubs and telly, and it will end quietly. They started as a three piece in 1977. Smith, drummer Lol Tolhurst and bassist Michael Dempsey. They played other people's songs. It was all for fun and fun was all it was.

Robert Smith was part of a very musical family. He recalls that there was always an instrument in the house, always people

playing music. At five he was walking around hitting guitars. Just making noises. "I don't know if I believe that thing about some people being born musicians and some not. That's elevating musicians to an unfair status."

This background and his hardening pubby experience developed and disciplined Smith's beautifully poised and adventurous guitar — a personal and delicious post-Hendrix technique wasted on the first LP but exquisitely exploited for 'Seventeen Seconds'. (Similarly Smith's obsessive, compelling vocals.)

It was automatic for Smith to play on a stage, with friends and for himself, with the audience only half-welcome. It was difficult for Smith to express himself. There was much to say, much he wanted to say, but it was almost as if he didn't want anyone to hear his words. "I don't know. I've always written things down ever since I could remember. Mainly because sometimes I get really angry. I've got a really violent temper but it's not physical because I don't think I should vent my frustrations and depressions onto anybody else. I don't throw tantrums or anything like that so I go off somewhere rather than smash the room. I write things down. It's a release. But I haven't got over the idea of separating communicating from preaching, a failing in a sense. I worry that my words aren't going to interest people, because they're mainly about me, how I feel, they're not about world situations, and alternatives."

The Cure dispensed with most of their versions. They developed originals. A debut independent single 'Killing An Arab' caused a bit of an alarm; Parsons' single of the week, a *Thrills* thrill and all that. Reluctant Robert Smith was pulled into the flow before he'd even tested it out. Fiction signed them. 'Three Imaginary Boys' was pinned together. But the three piece Cure was destined not to last long. The Siouxsie And The Banshees bust-up tour accelerated fate. The Cure were supporting them.

Kenny and John left the Banshees. Budgie played for Kenny. Robert played for John, still not sure about all the fuss, using his superior guitar temperament to adapt perfectly to the Banshee shapes. For that tour he played two shows a night. The Cure barely survived.

"Three people who just met once a week to play for enjoyment — it just became like a job. I'd known Lol since I was six, but not Michael, and the differences were between him and me. The more it went on the more unbearable it became. I found on the Banshees tour that I was enjoying it more playing with the Banshees than The Cure. That's what really made the decision. Lol felt the same way, Michael wasn't criticising or joining in on any sort of level. We were getting really sort of banal. We were sticking to the same set night after night and the whole thing was getting like a joke. None of us were enjoying it. There wasn't much point in carrying on."

Late '79 Dempsey left. Two instrumentalists were drafted — oddly making the music more sparse and withdrawn. Keyboardist Matthiue Hartley and basist Simon Gallup. "They've added a new dimension to the group — pissheads."

Resisting the compromising temptation to become a full-time Banshee, jerked into various actions by some emotional tangles, Smith and The Cure emerged out of the mess more in control than they'd ever been. Out of bad times and sad times, a whole slice of history away from the generous dramatic-pop of the so-sublime-it-could-never-have-been-a-hit 'Boys Don't Cry', was blended the tender 'Seventeen Seconds' — a collection of songs restlessly remaking and reworking one particular incident from inside a love trap. Smith reflects upon a moment in time from different points of view; particularly resentful on 'Play For Today', morbid on 'In Your House', precariously near-extinguished on 'Seventeen Seconds'. Smith deals with the incident in the abstract.

"It was a really condensed incident, a rush of feelings that I'd found in myself had been watered down mainly by playing in a group. It's a really strange situation, but I find touring and things like that shut me down. I harden and get very reclusive, sort of shun people. I'm not naturally an extrovert person, but sometimes I get really withdrawn and it irritates people. They think I'm doing it on purpose. Sometimes I don't like talking to people, which isn't important, but I don't like people saying 'oh no here we go again he's not being sociable.' And it's just something that happened, all the things that I'd been shutting down just came out in a big rush and for the following two weeks every day I'd just be thinking about that one particular incident. One day I'd wake up wanting to kill somebody, the next day I wouldn't even bother getting up. It was awful.

"I was letting myself slip in order to write songs. I wasn't fighting it, whereas in everyday life you'd have to control those feelings. But it's good that it happened. At the time I was shutting down and didn't feel like writing any more songs, I just couldn't be bothered, and it was through actually being in a group, through actually playing songs, that was causing me to stop writing songs!"

It was the struggle of the black period that motivated Smith to write the new songs. The songs, for all their soul, feature an elegantly controlled detachment. "It was like I was looking down on myself. I was being two separate people. It was really funny because I could think, I'd be lying down, that I had to do something, and then I'd think no you mustn't, forget that, otherwise you won't write songs about it. I got really drunk as well, which helped! All the things that I went through . . . it was a really demented two weeks."

Continues over

POSES

Paul Morley shares a bottle and begins to understand. Santo Basone takes the holiday snaps.

"I haven't got over the idea of separating communicating from preaching, a failing in a sense. I worry that my words aren't going to interest people, because they're mainly about me . . . not about world situations"

The Cure: Robert Smith (smiling) Matthew Hartley (hiding) Simon Gallup (posing) Lol Tolhurst (contemplating).

"We had to get away from that anti-image thing which we didn't even create in the first place. And it seemed like we were trying to be even more obscure. We just didn't like the standard rock thing."

DOUG SAHM

HIS NEW ALBUM

'HELL OF A SPELL'
CHR 1249

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

"...Blues is something that comes easy to Doug and he lends it a balanced humour prevalent in that husky drawl of his.

The spirit of T. Bone Walker dominates most tracks, built around lazy, rolling rhythms, bolstered up by wide, yearning brass arrangements..."

CHRIS BOHN
Melody Maker

Curiouser and curiouser

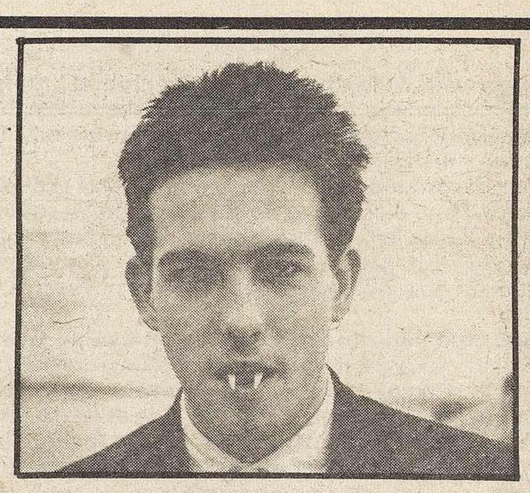
■ *From previous page.*

Out of such a strained experience came an extraordinary LP: the first things that have to be said about the collection are that the atmospheres are consistently and uncompromisingly melancholic, the textures relaxed and subtle. No hurrying or harrying. The Cure use genuine technical originality — the sound is light and misty landscape pop, paler and thinner than 'Another Green World', as convincing as rock music can be in conveying the way the mind runs, slows, repeats itself — in the service of a deeply disturbing and unusual moral vision. It is definitive soft rock: a crumbling world and its pervasive persistence in memory is beautifully evoked, there is the quiet agony of love and loss, a constant sense of distance — between people, places, past and present. 'Seventeen Seconds' is an LP of romantic melancholy, of anguish (Roland Barthes described the lover as the one who waits) and finally of horror.

"There is genuine emotion on there and again whether people want to take it that way is up to them. I am not going to say you've got to believe me, this is genuine emotion, because now I've done it I don't really care. It's there if people like to listen to it. It's not the type of LP you're going to put on if you want a party. Nor a record to put on if you're having a fit of depression. It's a mood album. If you've got lots of LP's then it's just one you can put on. The whole thing of doing TOTP, of selling it, the whole shop window thing, I shy away from. I often get criticised from a business point of view for being too self-effacing, I'm not saying 'this is . . .' But I can't help it. That doesn't come naturally to me. I'm not a seller. In fact I sometimes go the opposite way. Which *is* a bit stupid."

Sometimes it seems as though Robert Smith is highly embarassed by living. He is unsettled by the extent and demands of his ego, necessarily oblique about his work, finally ashamed by the vulgar way it tends to be sold. But slowly he is beginning to realise that he cannot exist in a vacuum. He is consolidating his position within this Fuss, finding the best ways to move through it — striking a fine balance between playing the game and reconciling his own inner conflicts. And 'Seventeen Seconds' is a victory of aspiration over circumstances: one of the most calm, liberating and actually progressive rock LPs of recent years. It's easy (so calm! so uncluttered!) to miss. It should be heard again and again and again (fade).

DEEP INTO the deep red wine, deep into the deep conversation, Robert and I are talking about image. Around the time of



Well, fangs for everything then, Paul.

'Three Imaginary Boys' they seemed to be elaborately disguising their plainness. My mistake: I called it the anti-image. Robert Smith was utterly fed up by that. "We had to get away from that anti-image thing, which we didn't even create in the first place. And it seemed like we were trying to be even more obscure. We just didn't like the standard rock thing. The whole thing got really out of hand. I hated that time around then, I really did. I was trying really hard to be normal, at home I was being all nice, and my mum kept saying to me — what's an anti-image?"

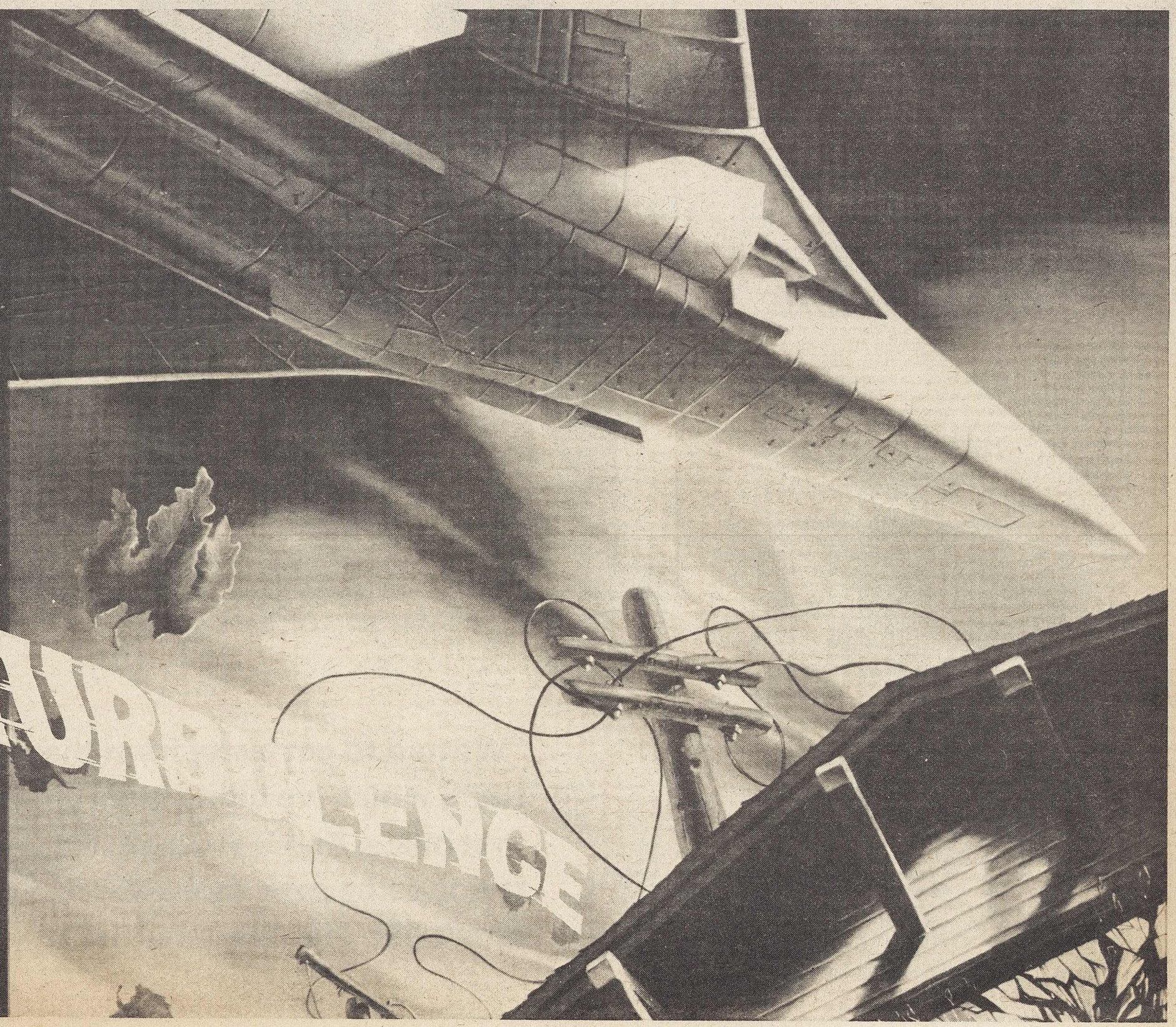
I tell Robert he can often be infuriatingly vague, because he can.

"I am very vague. I don't know why. Ha! Ha! What's this . . . I don't know. I'm very hard-headed and I know what I want to do, and if I get something in my mind I do it regardless of what anybody says, record company, media, anybody. Then again if I do it with that in mind I don't expect people to come round to my way of thinking. It's not as though I expect people to listen to me. If I do things and people like them good luck for me. But if they don't I can't alter anything. So whatever I've got to write is just going to be written for me and if they don't like it I'll just fade into obscurity."

Does obscurity mean anything to Smith? In many ways The Cure stare obscurity hard in the face, however much that is a shame, even a disgrace.

"I'm not doing this to make my name go down in history. I really couldn't care. I'm not saying that to look good in the interview, I honestly don't think like that. There are so many people trying to do that that it's like another facet of the treadmill, another race to join, and it's pointless because I could never win it anyway. I've got faith in what I'm doing from a personal point of view, but as to whether I go down in history I'm very doubtful about that . . . so I don't let it worry me. If I let that worry me along with everything else I'd crack up before I'm going to anyway."

MATAR



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Pics: David Corio

4BE2S' ROAD CRUISE

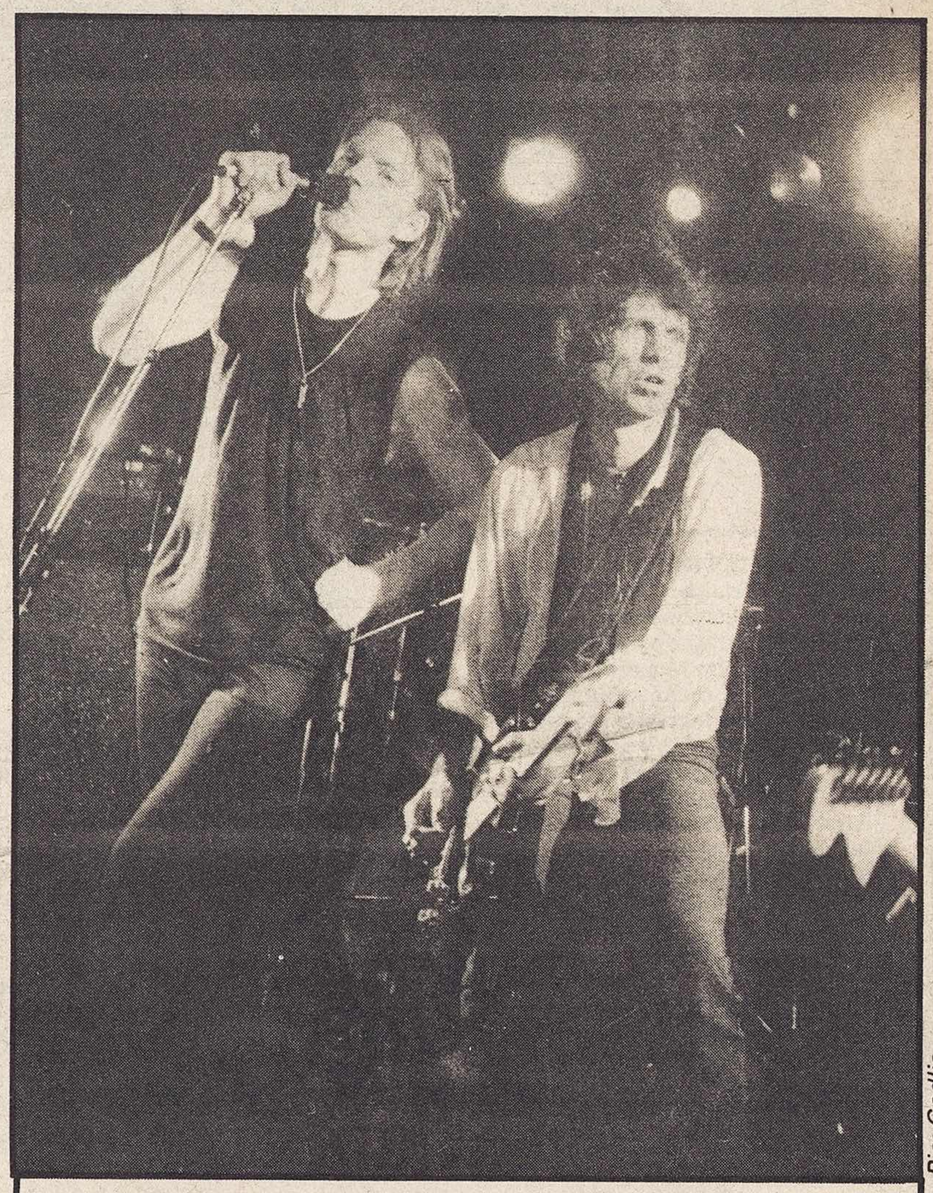
WHY THEY DIDN'T DO IT IN THE ROAD . . .

THOSE prime purveyors of poor taste going by the name of 4Be2 celebrated the coincidence of their new single 'Frustration' being released on American Independence Day with a pre-arranged impromptu gig outside the US Embassy on Friday afternoon.

Engineered by junior situationist Jock McDonald, the band performed — and we use the term loosely — from the back of a truck that circled Grosvenor Square before coming to a halt outside the embassy, where they were greeted noisily by a smattering of punks who mingled with the mass of media folk. Despite the rather fetching Jimmy Carter and Ayatollah masks worn by two of the entourage, they were dutifully ignored by the embassy staff, one of whom however had the presence of mind to call the police. They eventually arrived and asked the iconoclasts to move on.

They did.

LOU GRANT



Pic: Godlis

Jim Carroll: you've read the book, you've seen the act, now meet the friend.

DAWN of the DEAD?

Refugees from the Twilight Zone in Joint Career Boost

WHEN Keith Richard climbs up out of the crowd and gets to jamming on your very first gig, you know you have to be doing something right, or do you? Listening to the current state of the Stones, it's hard to tell. One thing's for sure, though, the posers were out in force when Jim Carroll played his prestige showcase at Trax, New York's upper west side niterie.

Ahmet Ertegun rubbed shoulders with Cheetah Chrome. David Johanson profiled alongside Mick Jagger and a leggy redhead in skintight leopard skin loudly demanded to know if Ron Wood had arrived. Keith himself made it all the way to the stage. The self-styled beautiful people of the Big Apple were consumed with that uniquely controlled hysteria that marks an Important Social Event in this city.

Why?

It was all on account of a tall, pale, blonde young man who goes by the name of Jim Carroll.

Jim Carroll, you ask? Who the hell is Jim Carroll? It's a good question. In fact, it's a question to which I have yet to find an answer.

It would appear that Jim Carroll is something of a rennaissance chap. He's a poet. He has a Bantam paperback currently on the stands entitled *Basketball Diaries,* which chronicles his growing up during the sixties in New York City against a background of speed, heroin, subway crime and Bob Dylan. He is a self-confessed reformed junkie and just the second artist to be signed to Rolling Stones Records. (The first was Peter Tosh). His debut album is due out any day now, and Mr Carroll seems to be being stroked, if not into instant stardom, at least to quasi-intellectual cult status.

The allure of Jim Carroll did not become immediately clear when he finally hit the Trax stage. He had a workman-like band behind him that looked fashionably perverse but sounded more than a tad old-fashioned. The guitarist was enough of a Keef klone (to the ear only) that, when the man himself joined in, it was hard to tell who was whom.

Carroll himself didn't straightaway come across as the boy genius that somebody-up-there obviously thinks he is. He doesn't have the range or sense of melody of Springsteen, he doesn't have the phrasing of Dylan, the timbre of Tom Waits, the wit of John Cooper Clarke or even the frontal assault of Richard Hell. In fact, there are a lot of things that Jim Carroll doesn't have. His songs do contain a lot of words, but an unfortunate marriage between PA and lack of diction made the majority of them less than intelligible.

Even his black T-shirt and jeans had a kind of 1977 existential-arty look to them.

It was only at the end of the show that it finally fell into place. I turned to a nearby woman-about-town.

"It's a male Patti Smith." "Isn't it super!"

I choked on my beer. Is this what the Rolling Stones really think we need in the '80s? Emotional Rescue and a male Patti Smith?

MICK FARREN

I sold out before you sold out — but only after he sold out . . .

"YOU TOSSER! You absolute tosser!" Pete Shelley affectionately greets chubby Distractions popster, Mike Finney, with traditional Mancunian warmth. "Why did you do it?"

"People aren't coming to gigs; I had to do something."

"Do anything? At the risk of losing him?" The bizarre Buzzcock is pointing to Steve Perrin, a rhythm guitarist whose sulking in the corner had been distracting me, though he may soon be a Distraction no more. He's upset and we suffer his sobbing soliloquy which begins, "We've lost control . . . being manipulated by the record company," and ends, "It is a far, far better thing that I do now etc . . ." You've seen the kind of thing on *Soap*.

Finally we learn what all the fuss is about. Shelley is castigating Finney for appearing on Granada TV's awful *What's On* programme, a kind of bingo punter's gig-guide. "It's only as bad as you going on *TOTP*," protests Finney.

"It isn't."

"It is."

"It isn't!"

"It is!"

And then some apricot inevitably sings, "He's behind you." Whoops, he's referring to me. Shelley finds out that this particular silent and passive statue is an occasional scribbler.

"I never said you could listen in on my private conversation!" says puny Peter.

"I was invited." (I'm lying).

"So we've got a budding Paul Morley here, Oh-ho-ho, another Paul Morley." I never knew Shirley could so closely imitate the uncontrolled insanity of the John Cleese/Basil Fawlty temper.

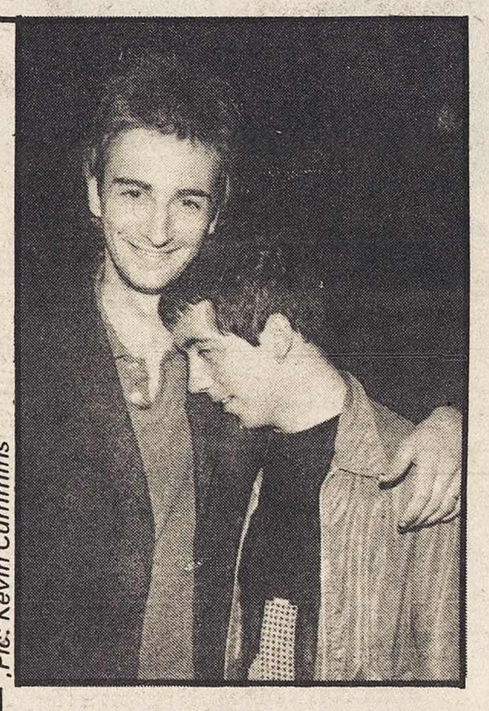
"Well I hope I never hate you like I hate him! When I last met Paul Morley, in America, he was a real o..... b....." (bet that's stumped you) "I hardly knew him; he was a different person."

Oh dear, so what has happened between the one-time inseparable buddies and compatriots of the spirit of '77? In that year both shared a new wave's retrospectively naive ideology . . . anti-establishment . . . anti-capitalist . . . anti-*Melody Maker.*

Shelley was later overpowered by the evil forces of a capitalist record company, but he's still an ordinary lad at heart. He even drinks champagne out of a *pint pot* (witness the pre-gig antics of The Buzzcocks' recent Manchester date) so how's that for street credibility?

As for Morley, isn't he the 'man who left Manchester for money', off on trips to America and India . . .? "I've never been to India," moans Peter. "What a sell-out!"

"Are you going to write this up?"



Pic: Kevin Cummins

Scribe and star in 1977

Shelley eagerly enquires.

"No, because you expect me to." (I'm kidding).

"Write it up! Go on, write it up! I never read the music papers anway!" (What a rebel!)

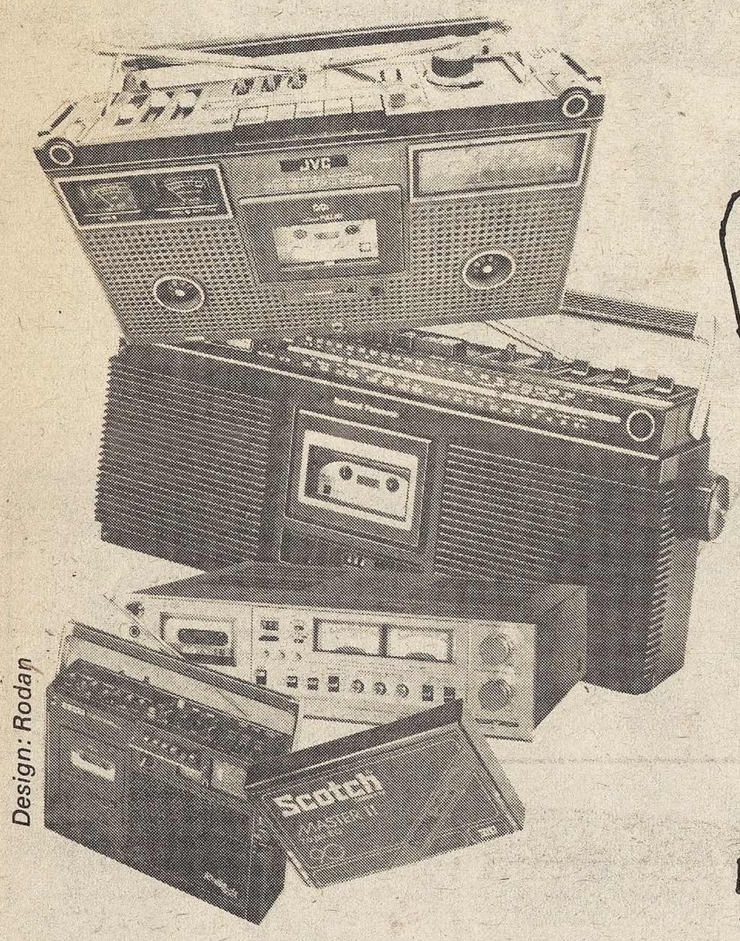
But I know Shelley will sneak into W. H. Smith this Thursday; when he thinks no-one is looking, he'll casually slip a copy of *NME* inside his *Manchester Evening News.* At home he'll quickly skip through these hallowed pages 'til he finds the article he dared me to write. And then he'll be pleased. Because he'll know that, just like he thinks of Paul Morley, I'm only in it for the money.

MICK DUFFY

Dancers from Praxis 5

HOME TAPING:

A CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO THE WIDE WORLD OF INFRINGEMENTS



Design: Rodan

WITH HIS usual flair for scandal, and with the record industry in a state of anxiety on the subject, media guerilla Malcolm McLaren has chosen this moment to put his spoke in with a record that takes a look at the home taping 'problem', 'C30/C60/C90' by Bow Wow Wow (see this week's singles).

Last Friday EMI, Bow Wow Wow's label, held a top level meeting to decide whether to risk withdrawing the record at the last minute and once again, made risible in the public eye at the hands of McLaren. The meeting came about, apparently, as a result of discreet protests by the BPI, who feel that 'C30/C60/C90' could actually encourage home taping.

The point hasn't exactly escaped EMI. It appears that releasing McLaren's Bow Wow Wow record is something of a calculated gamble for them, and they hope to use his capacity for instant publicity to their advantage this time.

"We believe," said Brian Southall, head of EMI's publicity, "that if the record focuses some attention on the problem, then that could only do some good."

As of Monday, 'C30/C60/C90' is still set for release this weekend. "We're trying to get it played on the radio at this very moment."

Get those recorders ready!

HOME TAPING, according to the beleaguered British record industry, is depriving its coffers of untold millions of pounds.

With sales of LPs decreasing rapidly as a result of the tight financial climate that affects sales of all sorts of consumer goods, the record industry is anxious to plug all leaks of its revenue. The most serious of these leaks are bootlegging and home taping — both, it's claimed, amount to theft of copyright. An often hysterical picture is painted of legions of small and even big time pirates blasting great holes in a rapidly sinking ship.

It's worth remembering that despite all the grumbles last year, the industry as a whole actually made more money in the gloomy year of '79 than it did in the boom year of '78 (see *Thrills 1/3/80).* Fewer records were sold in '79, but they cost more and generated bigger returns. Now, with *far* fewer records being sold, the gloom has turned to trepidation. The industry's starting to sweat.

When it comes to home taping, there's not much the industry can do. The idea of some sort of jamming device on records to prevent taping seems to have been shelved, and would anyway take a long time to introduce and require the complicity of the hardware manufacturers, who remain conspicuously silent on the whole matter. The British Phonographic Institute, who represent the trade interests of the record industry, did succeed in preventing one manufacturer from advertising the easy home taping facilities of its models on the grounds that home taping is unlawful, but then so is kissing on public parks and highways.

The BPI is pressing for a levy on blank tapes; say 10p on every cassette sold which will be divided up between the record companies that are members of the BPI. In the short term this would bring in more money for the companies but in the long term it won't actually help the people who ultimately lose out because of the slump in record sales; the musicians who make the records and the shop owners who sell them.

At a recent Music Trades Association lunch at the Cafe Royal, retiring BPI chairman Len Wood tried to make the case for a tape levy to guest speaker Lord George Brown. His Lordship, however, was not impressed.

"If my wife and daughter wish to utilise modern technology to recapture the beautiful music made by, say, Dame Nellie Melba, then they should be able to do so, and I am not the bloke to talk about a levy to compensate Dame Nellie and EMI."

NONETHELESS, the government is pledged to introduce changes in the law regarding home taping as part of wider changes in the existing copyright laws, according to a spokesperson from the department of trade and industry. The Whitford Committee report on Copyright Design law, published in 1977, has recommended that a levy similar to that which already exists in Germany should be introduced on "all equipment of a type suitable for private recording . . . as in Germany, it should be the manufacturer or importer who should be liable for the levy." Although the cost will no doubt be passed on to the consumer.

A Green Paper, which is a sort of preliminary discussion document, on the subject of Copyright and Design law is due to be published by the end of the year. Whatever size and shape its recommendations about a levy these would have to pass through Parliament to become law, and this is unlikely to happen before the Parliamentary session beginning October 1981.

In the meantime, the cause of the increase in home taping holds the key to the remedy: Records are simply *too expensive.*

Then again, tapes are too much fun. With the advent of the Japanese stereo portable cassette radio with self-contained but relatively impressive speakers, cassettes have become the cheapest optimum means of listening to music. It's possible that the briefcase sized objects that now clutter every High Street electrical store are creating the biggest change in the way people listen to music since the component stereo system replaced the humble Dansette in our living rooms and affections. The stereo portable combines all the technological advancements of the former with all the social advantages of the latter.

Built-in 'search' devices are almost standard, enabling individual tracks to be found quickly, thus negating one of the two main arguments against tapes. The other is irrelevant, because if you want to pay four pounds off for a record sleeve then go ahead, but part of the fun of cassettes is making up your own. Glue and scissors are also cheap.

The sources of music are plentiful. There is the radio, of course. There are local libraries, which can usually supply a fair selection of blues and jazz. Two record shops in Blackburn and Burnley have started record hire schemes, to the dismay of everybody except their customers. Friends with large record collections are definitely an advantage (and making up compilations from them a winning pastime). Even if all your friends have the same idea, whatever records you do buy can be circulated. And however much the companies may bleat about shrinking profits, people won't stop buying records.

If one day a levy on blank tapes makes them cost almost as much as LPs, tapes retain the advantage of not being created for posterity. They are not artefacts like records. They are transient, like music. When you tire of listening to one thing you can simply erase and record something else.

But there's hardly any need to press home what your pocket makes abundantly clear. You already know it makes sense.

PAUL RAMBALI

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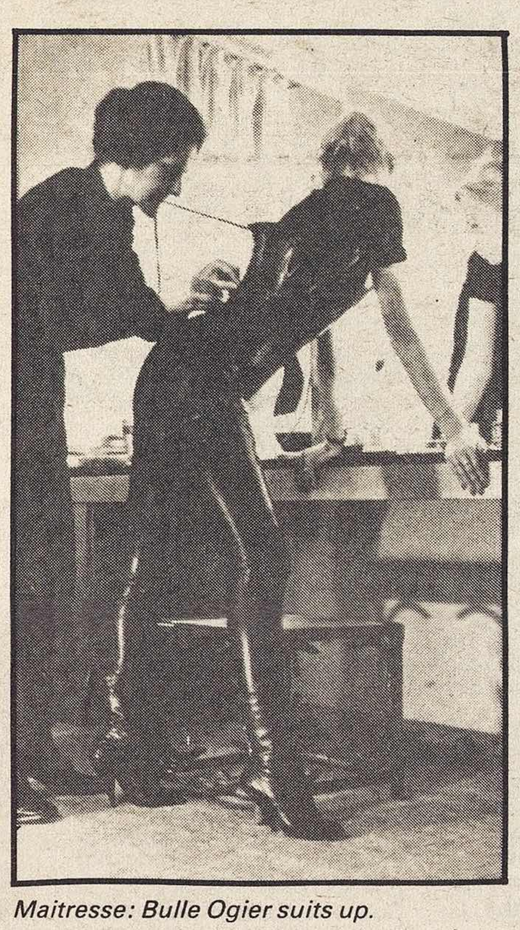

Maitresse: Bulle Ogier suits up.

BONDAGE AND CHEMICAL BONDING

IN TWO CULT CLASSICS

CULT MOVIES are an odd phenomenon; they arouse devotion for several reasons, but artistic seamlessness is rarely one of them. Usually it's a plot that nags at the mind, an image which lingers in the memory, a character whose personality etches itself into one's perceptions.

In *Maitresse,* a 1975 film by Barbet Schroeder, it's visual style which draws attention. A flimsy plot (muscley street person stumbles into an affair with a fragile blonde who amuses herself by catering to masochists in the surreal 'downstairs' of her flat) is made more attractive through careful design. The film's poster was executed by painter Allen Jones, whose obsession with fetish gear has made him both notorious and influential.

The punk attachment to SM imagery, rubberwear and stilettoes intrigues Jones, but he's interested in the costume as "an archetype. Rubber *resists* establishment fashions. The interest in male=female and transvestism may be reflected in my work, but I'm interested in the underlying question: identity.

"I do paint the female form but, doing that, you quickly become aware of the irony of the attempt; the more you try to make it 'lifelike', the more obviously it isn't". Neither is *Maitresse,* which opens at London's Screen on the Hill from 17 July. This coincides with the paperback publishing of Jones' electrifying book, *Sheer Magic,* (Thames & Hudson).

Another cult fave is Sandy Whitelaw's *Lifespan* — as famous for its mesmerising performance by Klaus Kinski as for its seductively sinister tale of a scientist chasing someone else's formula for immortality. "I got interested through the explosion of literature saying death would be conquered within 15 years," says Whitelaw.

Lifespan: Kinski as monomaniac magnate.

"The dialogue itself is shot so that with scientific advances it can be changed. The film itself can be rejuvenated!"

Set in Amsterdam, *Lifespan* links the search for eternity to the ghost of Nazi medical experiments. "The fascists drove themselves to eliminate putrefaction, eliminate death. Their attempts to impose order were desires for immortality."

Kinski's projection of these themes dwarfs any other 'acting'; it's the *ideas* which fascinate *Lifespan* afficionados. Whitelaw too: "I'm convinced that all taste has to do with the degree to which you censor the awareness of death in your life: style, dress, music, everything."

Lifespan is at London's ICA Cinema from 10-30 July.

CYNTHIA ROSE

LIP SERVICE

TWO GLOSSY gazettes from the boho zone. *Silence* is from Paris and *Praxis* from Chicago, but the stance of each is unashamedly *art.*

So unashamed that it might upset those unaccustomed to vigorous intellectual frisson; but not shameless enough to appeal to the illiterati. Faced with this sort of thing, one finds it hard not to do something vulgar.

Silence (ish No. 1) contains interviews with Iggy Pop, Howard Devoto, John McKay and The Human League alongside quotes from Kandinsky and Frank Lloyd Wright and visual stimulus from Loulou Picasso of Bazooka. Quite a *melange!* The loose French translation of the English text has its moments.

Praxis (ish No. 5) is crammed full of the usual pretensions. Its future looks bleak, although there is an amusing snippet of social research into two Mid-west monsters, and an even more amusing interview with 'the indestructible' Cynthia Plaster Caster, who reveals a healthy curiosity about the Buzzcocks " 'cause of their sense of . . . 'Cause they know what *not* to take seriously."

These magazines would just love to be taken seriously, and we'd oblige if we could, but no-one's got the patience for another debate between the snobs and the slobs.

PAUL RAMBALI

SINGLE OUT NOW DOUBLE 'A' SIDE

2 TONE RECORDS

Easy Life
CHS TT12
Too Experienced

THE BODYSNATCHERS

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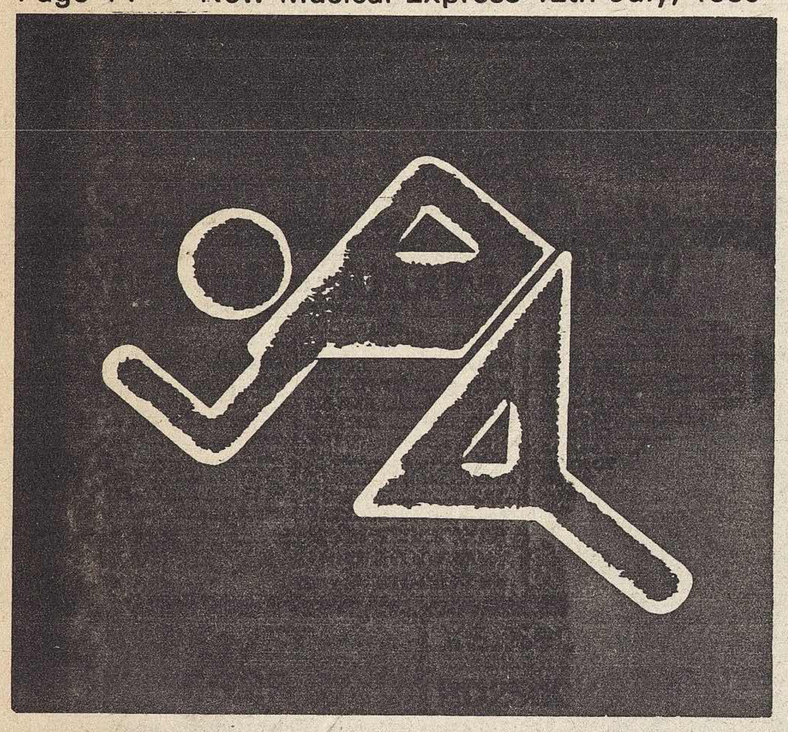
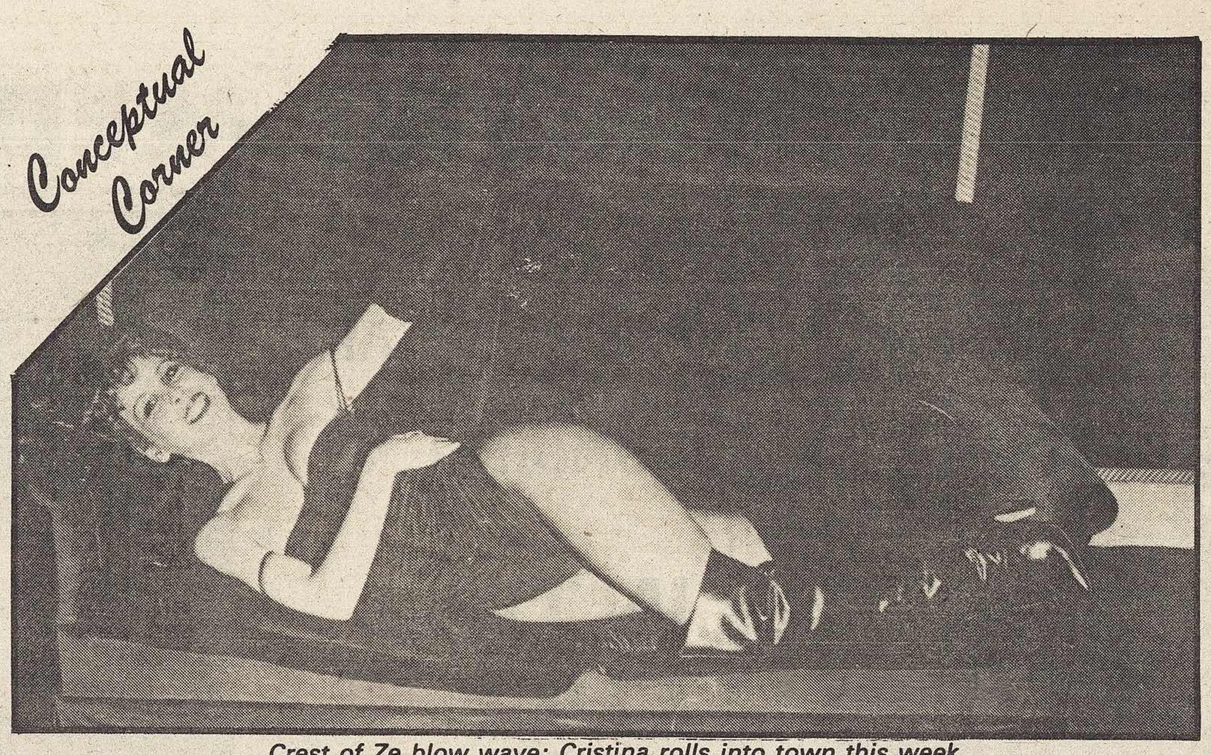


PLAYHOUSE-EDINBURGH
THE NITECLUB
9 TILL LATE, FRI., SAT.
Thursday 10th July
GIRLSCHOOL
Friday 11th July
GINGER BAKERS ENERGY
Saturday 12th July
THE RUDE BOYS
A ROCK CLUB IN SCOTLAND



Crest of Ze blow wave: Cristina rolls into town this week.

HYPE OF THE LIVING DEAD

IN THE past few years, more and more conceptual cuties from the New York loft circuit have been drawn to making records . . . now, they even have a spiritual home in labeldom (ZE Records). Performers like Cristina Monet — with Kid Creole and The Coconuts, Lizzy Descloux, and Lydia Lunch have brought to rock sensibilities touched and shaped by the performance art, photography, cabaret, video, installations, and theatre all around them. And recently, one of the formal art community has mounted her own 'conceptual critique' of it all. Her name is Colette, and previously she's been known in haute art circles for the environments she constructs out of silk, parachutes, and spare lingerie — installations she often inhabits in costume (making her a performance artist to boot).

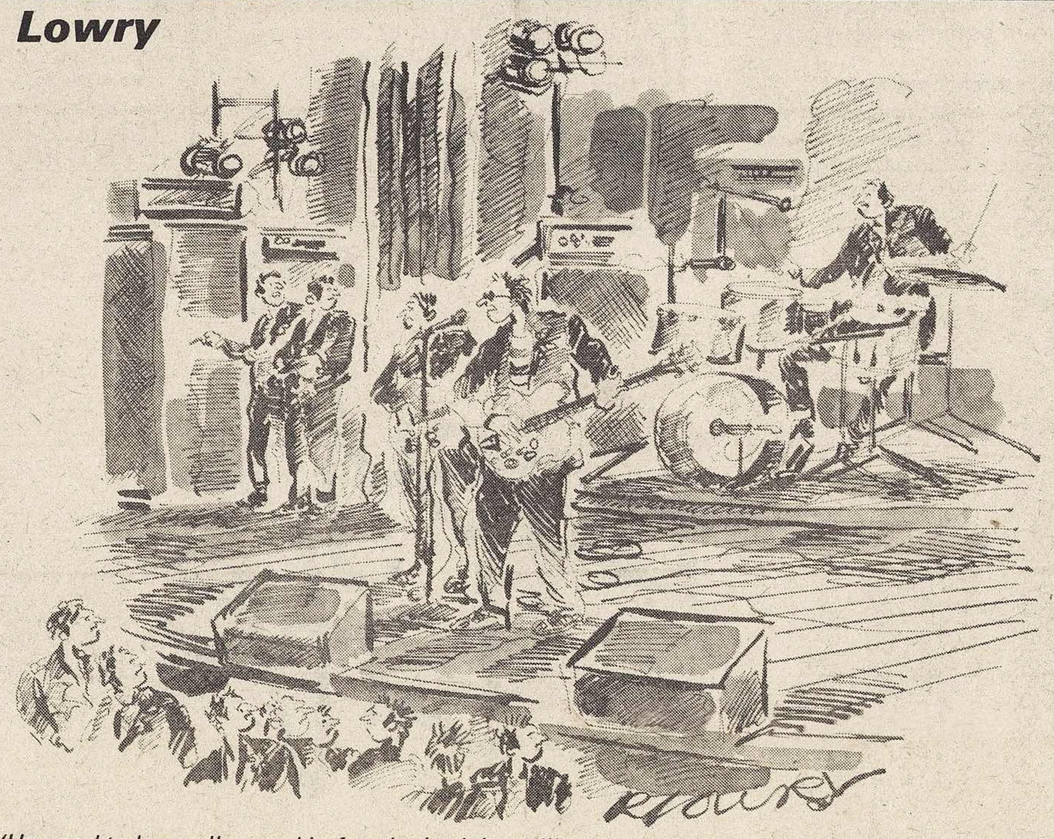
Colette was not unaffected by the aesthetic dislocations of punk and last Christmas she decided her success in the isolated stratospheres of the world had gone far enough. So she enlisted her 'alter ego', a singer named Justine, to kill off her artist self. And to make sure the deed was final, she had Justine form a business enterprise called The Colette is Dead Company (Trademark: Deadly Feminine).

Justine also recorded a disco album called 'Beautiful Dreamer' (after the Stephen Foster song, included in disco form) with her backing band, the Victorian Punks. The album, released on the Lust / Unlust label, has received some of the most peculiar promotion in vinyl history, including a three room 'installation' in New York's Elizabeth Weiner Gallery. The first room contained Colette's coffin and a meaningful funeral display including lots of T-shirts and private relics. Room 2, Colette's abandoned bed and dressing room, contained the artist's costumes; and in Room 3, 'Beautiful Dreamer' played continuously over a large promotional display.

Most recently, Justine's held a window dressing performance from noon to six pm at Broadway's City music shop. Entitled "everything is for sale but not my heart," it featured the artist performing her music and dressing the window. The sentiments of the title were echoed in Justine/Colette's costumes, which boasted blank price tags. "Of course they were left blank," demurred the chanteuse. "Real art is priceless."

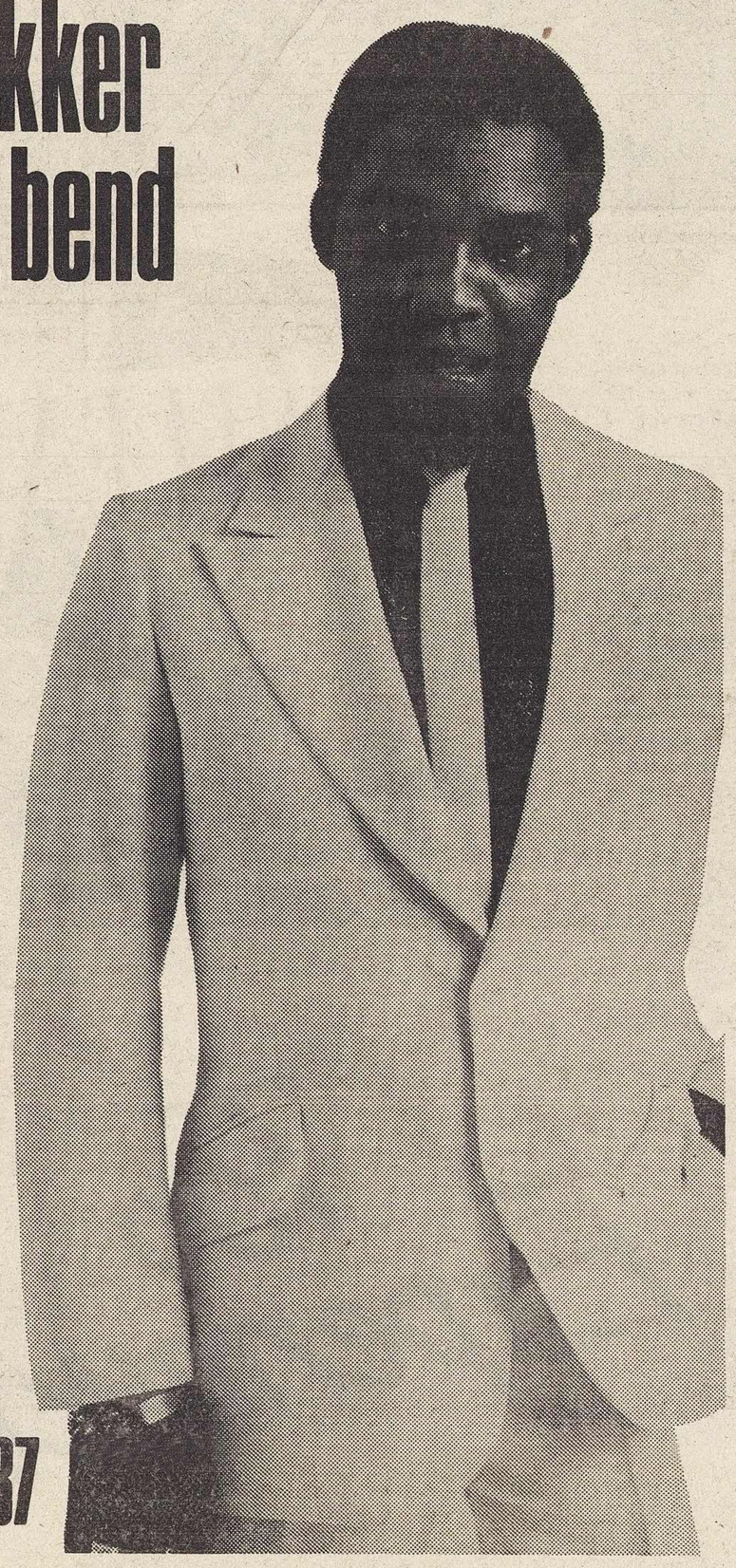
CYNTHIA ROSE

Lowry



"He used to be really good before he had three illegitimate children, a recurring drink problem, intermittent heroin addiction, a critical backlash and a Spokesman for his Generation tag to worry about."

desmond dekker
please don't bend
new single



stiff records · buy 87

john foxx
burning car
c/w 20th century
(theme from janet street-porter's 20th century box)

new single on metal beat
Virgin

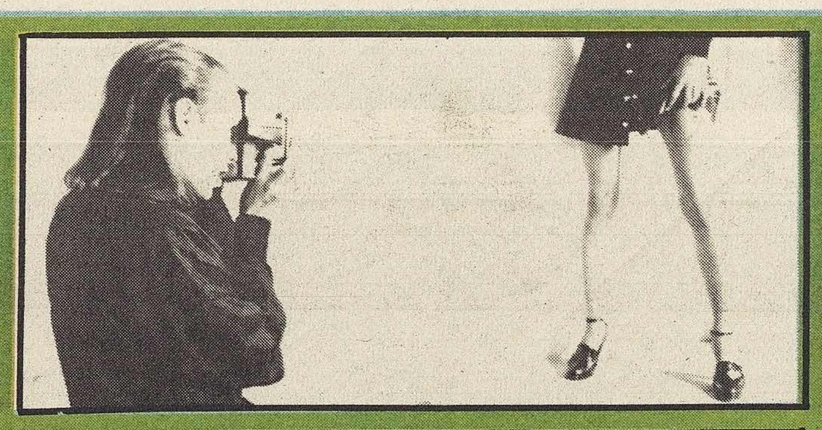
NEW ALBUM

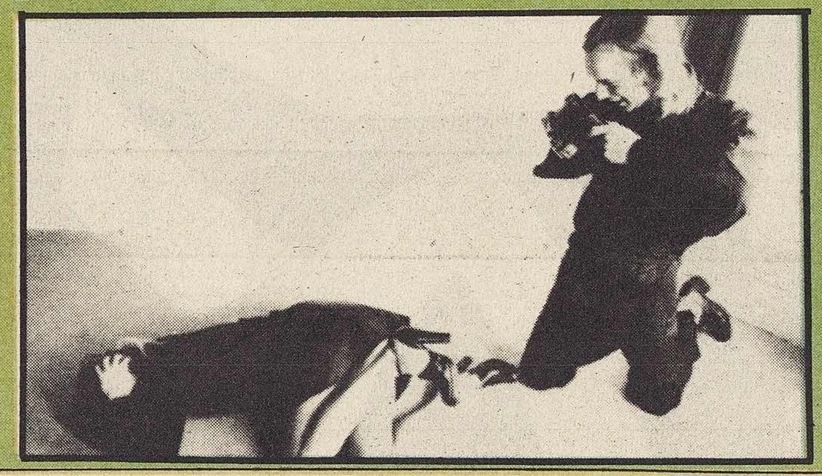
BLACK UHURU

SINSEMILLA

"THE FIRST REAL REGGAE SELECTION OF THE 1980's"
Five Star Review - Dave Hendley. SOUNDS.

ISLAND
ILPS 9593





ARCHIVE FUN

AH, FOR the days when the real issues of the real world intruded into the happy lives of young bohemians to such a trifling extent that scenes like this were possible! In those days, Brian Eno was a painted aesthete with long hair and a reputation for esoteric lasciviousness, and Chrissie Hynde an American with a freelance gig on *NME* and a penchant for leather miniskirts. One carefree evening in '74 they met for an interview-type situation and for reasons unknown to anyone except Pennie Smith and the participants, these pics were taken.

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"Which centre?"
"Community centre."
" 'Ow you know that?"
"I am the acting manager, here for the community centre, and I say one morning as the day grow light I take a little ride right to my work site, and as I reach there I hear. . ."

"Whee, whee, whee."

"And when me take a peep me see the place full o' rat. I pass the rat in a the centre. These words coming from the acting manager. These words coming from the acting manager.

"Ca' man me tell you me say rat in a the centre, I tell you, workers not to enter. One o' the worker linger she go climb through the window, me say rat inside, she drop and bus' her cylinder. Man, I want you listen what she have for say."

"I gwan tell me mummy say me drop off by the window. I gwan tell me mummy say that me bus' me cylinder."

"It's nobody's fault but yours, sister. It's nobody's fault but yours. Remember, I'm the acting manager, here for the community centre. And I say rat in a the centre. Rat in the community centre.

"Man oh man I say I'm not gonna tell you no lie, these kind o' rats are them well dry eye, some a wear bow tie, and some o' them a wear necktie, the lady rats wear glasses on their eye, and some o' them just a wear headtie.

"Bom bom diddie I tell you say rat in a the centre, rat in the community centre.

"No matter what me do me can't get rid o' them. No matter what me say me can't get rid o' them. So me check mother Pottinger, and man me say she take me out of danger.

"Beca' me check mother Pot and she lend me her cat. Me take the little cat and man me run them off o' jack. Ca' me say rat in a the centre, I tell you, workers not to enter.

"Say that me set rat trap and them no eat from that; me gi' them rat feed them would a down it straight, but I come with the cat and me run them off o' jack. Ca' me say rat in a the centre.

"Bom bom diddle I tell you say, rat in a the centre, dibble a dibble a dibble, I tell you, rat in a the centre, rat in the community centre, these words coming from the acting manager, for the community centre.

"Ca' me say brrr reggae dance. Me say for forward in the residence. But I say, say, you got to come and listen when I play, tell you 'bout the sound that come your way as I would say. Rat in a the centre. Rat in the community centre. These words coming from the acting manager, for the community centre.

"Man rat 'im are the bailiff man, and Belly Mouchet are the rent agent, I tell you, man rat 'im are the bailiff man, and Belly Mouchet are the rent agent.

"Man oh man I say I'm not gonna tell you no lie, these kind o' rats say them well dry eye, some a wear a bow tie, some o' them a wear necktie, the lady rats a wear headtie."

Copyright. Archie & Lyn (High Note)

-BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT-

Thrills!

GREENPEACE ACTION CONTINUES

GREENPEACE, the international direct action environmental group, have been as active as ever this year but their campaigns have led them into an increasing number of legal and financial difficulties.

Two recent actions in particular have cost Greenpeace dear. Nuclear waste from Japan is being shipped into Barrow for reprocessing at the Windscale plant and Greenpeace took their inflatables out to try and prevent them, in co-operation with the local Barrow Action Group.

They had already been made the subject of a court order in January which restrains them from "causing or encouraging, whether directly or indirectly, any physical obstruction which may impede or interfere with the free navigation of vessels in or out of Barrow Docks, Barrow-in-Furness."

As a result of their recent action, they were fined £800 for breaching the injunction and they will have to pay court costs, which could be in excess of £10,000.

Despite this they have continued their campaign. On June 18, Pete Wilkinson of Greenpeace and Gary Duncan of the Barrow Action Group, chained themselves to a floating crane in the dock and had to be cut free by police with blot-cutters. To date, no charges have been brought.

Greenpeace's other major action has been to use the *Rainbow Warrior* to try and prevent the only remaining whaling ship in Spain from going about its business. On June 19 the ship was impounded by Spanish naval authorities and its captain, Jonathan Castle, now faces a court martial on charges of "obstructing ships in Spanish waters." If convicted he faces a minimum sentence of six months imprisonment. Spanish authorities are particularly touchy on the subject at the moment, as, during the last two weeks in April, two Spanish whaling vessels were blown up by limpet mines, though no one is sure who is responsible.

In order to raise funds to fight their current difficulties and fund future actions, Greenpeace are holding two sponsored walks on Saturday July 19, one on Hampstead Heath, the other on the South Downs near Brighton — the venue for this year's International Whaling Conference.

Greenpeace can be contacted at 62 Chandos Place, London WC2. Tel: (01) 836 4241.

Barrow Action Group, 36 Beach Crescent, Barrow-in-Furness. Tel: Barrow 42652.

DICK TRACY

Pic: Bryn Jones

I Was a Punk Before You Were a Punk

THE TRUE spirit of '76 lives. Sixty-year-old 'punk granny' Lil Bone is socking it to them in her home town of Huthwaite in Nottinghamshire.

Lil, who has nine children and seventeen grandchildren, is a picture of sartorial elegance with her hair striped yellow, orange, and blue; Clash T-shirt; studded dog-collar; and jacket adorned with toilet chains and safety pins.

'Luscious' Lil, who regularly meets the punks, Teddy boys and rockers down at the Mason Arms in Mansfield, says: "I like the young kids today", adding, "I've got a safety pin for my nose but it makes me sneeze." But Lil is putting her good looks to good use; she's going round the pubs to raise £500 for local hospitals.

BRYN JONES

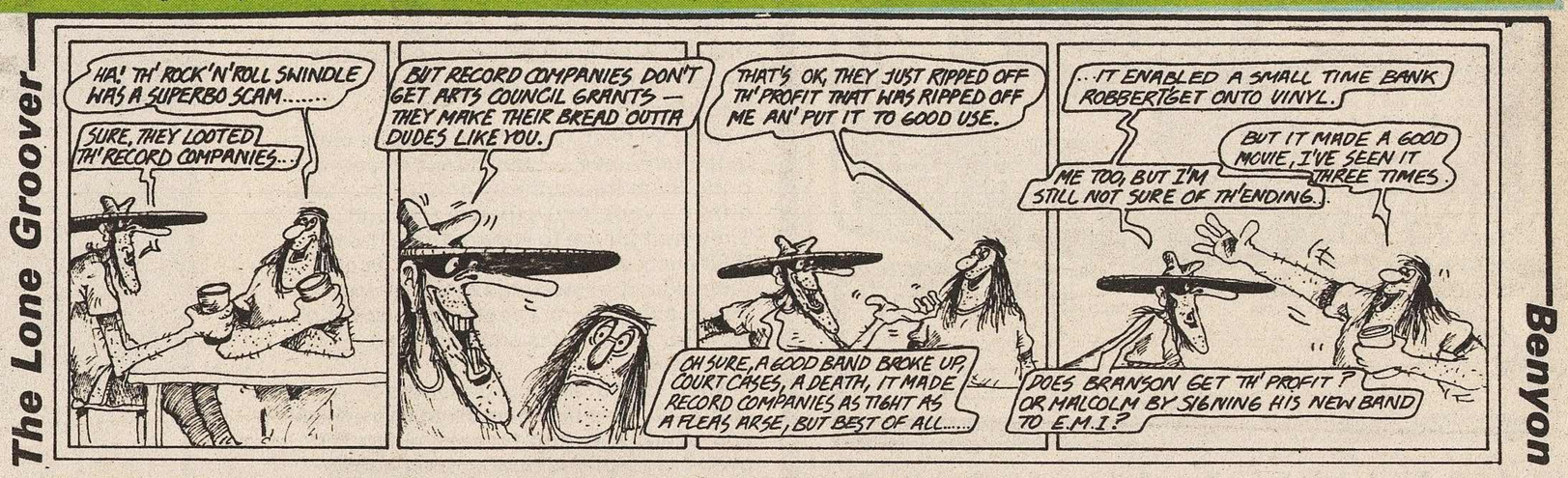
Paranoia Corner

READERS who felt a tinge of disquiet about the manner in which that most processed of New Wave groups, The Police, became the first such outfit to break (sic) America no doubt had their anxiety fuelled by memories of the Copeland family's CIA links. It was, after all, the now-retired CIA official Miles Copeland who sired drummer Stewart and his managerial brother Miles Jr.

As a conservative sophisticate commentator on "security-related" affairs Miles Copeland Sr. wrote for the October 1973 issue of right-winger William Buckley's *National Review*.

In response to what Copeland sees as the inevitable world-wide escalation of left-wing terrorism he suggests that "The only answer to the problem seems to be to keep whole communities under surveillance . . . with intelligence on the 'people's war' pouring in as it presently is, even the most liberal-minded CIA officers feel that they have no choice but to do *whatever* is necessary to deal with it. They believe that, sooner rather than later, the public will swing over to sharing the alarm, and will become unsqueamish about police-state methods or whatever it takes to give them a good night's sleep. The CIA, the FBI, and other security agencies had better be prepared. . ." Ummm . . . Just *why* are The Police called The Police?

EARL WARREN



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Probe Records (051) 227 5646
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Also available from:
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Lotus Records (0785) 48240
Mike Lloyd Record Shops:
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Newcastle-under-Lyme 610949
Tunstall 84660
Barkers of the Headrow: Leeds 33099
Coach Booking also available.

BIG BUSINESS has always exploited the weak and defenceless. In Victorian times it used to send children down the mines. Into the darkness they were thrown and though many never returned, they were expendable commodities; replacing them was simple.

Today it sends them into the recording studio.

DIRTY PICTURES

The Selling Of The Photos

Last week in Leamington Spa I came across four little children. Wendy Wu, Steve Eagles, Dave Sparrow and Olly Harrison are in a group called The Photos. They are very naive, and very young, but already Big Business has begun to suck out their individuality.

CBS Records control The Photos almost totally. To an outsider it's blatantly obvious. But the take-over has been so smoothly executed the group don't even realise it's happened.

They've been taught how to cope with 'pop interviews' — they think I've come to bring them free publicity and to "buy us a drink on your (my) expense account". They wait for me to congratulate them on their success; they expect me to be on their side; they want me to write nice things about them. I apologise that I don't work for *Smash Hits* and begin the interview.

They're immediately unnerved by my approach because I'm making them think, something they don't seem used to. But even I'm surprised how spontaneously the band contradict themselves with every minute.

Sample question: Have you lost all control of The Photos? For example are you told what to wear by CBS?

Wendy: "They've got no control over us at all."

Steve: "We wear what we want."

That may sound final enough, but later that evening I comment on the band's smart appearance on stage when I saw them supporting Squeeze on their last tour.

Wendy: "We were under a lot of pressure at the time to dress like that. CBS were always saying 'Will you wear a nice dress, will you do this, will you do that?'"

Steve: "CBS said 'You'd better smarten up lads'."

It's obvious who's pulling the strings.

GUITARIST STEVE EAGLES is quick to reassure me that The Photos were "born out of a punk band" — Satan's Rats (snigger) to be precise. This must explain his anarchic attitude to their record company: "CBS are a very good record company. We respect them."

Wendy Wu is more worldly wise and certainly more confident than her wide-eyed co-members, who nervously clam up during our attempted conversation. In an intimate moment by the bank of the River Avon she chats freely. I mean, I didn't *ask* her to attack the Wonderful Kid Jensen.

"He said he could never understand how such a romantic song as 'Barbarellas' could be about a club. That shows the sort of places he's used to going to. He *wouldn't* understand . . . I never go to discos."

Jensen always used to particularly annoy me with his Canadian/American boy accent. Perhaps I'm naturally prejudiced against Yanks, but I simply can't stand Wendy's pseudo-American vocals. How does she justify this contrived mimicry?

"Well, American accents do lilt and the Birmingham accent is very similar in a way."

Well, that explains it, doesn't it? I've often turned on the box and found myself totally stumped as to whether I'm watching *Crossroads* or *Dallas;* I'm sure you must have done the same. And on our way home, Kevin Cummins did remark on the strange resemblence between Birmingham and New York . . .

Like Wendy Wu's accent, The Photos are a fabrication: three fresh-faced young boys and a pretty girl, pure commercial bop-pop and a name that's instantly memorable (forgettable).

CBS have tried to programme them to give all the right and fashionable answers to the music press, but their brain-washing process has not yet been perfected. I'm treated to more contradictions and the fun continues . . .

Wendy: "We're not a manufactured image. I don't wear skirts on stage; I don't want to be a sex symbol. We're just kids on the street saying what kids on the street want to say."

(I didn't think *anybody* talked like *that* anymore).

Surely, I continue, one of the reasons CBS signed you was because of the marketability of Wendy Wu as a sexist product.

Wendy: "I'm a saleable item . . . we could have signed for half a million."

Wendy even admits that the record company saw them as the new Blondie, although she can't understand why they or anybody else should make such a comparison. She's so sincere in her attitude that I really believe her. She does realise, though, that many people dismiss the band as 'Blondie clones' and for this fixes the blame on a certain daily newspaper.

"The *Daily Star's* got a lot to answer for for that. When they did an interview with us they actually used a picture of bleedin' Debbie Harry in the paper. I hate them for that."

But does it not worry her that CBS want to cash in on all this by making the band conform to the Blondie patented formula for success?

"Nothing makes me worry about CBS because I'd be dead with worry by now if it did."

Yet I confidently expect this formula to produce at least two hit singles for The Photos by the end of 1980, and the band themselves see success as inevitable.

DURING MY several conversations with The Photos so far, I had attacked them for their manufactured image, their loss of control to CBS, their style of music, their Blondie overtones, their vocals and their lyrics. All this and I had only been on their tour a day! By now, they seemed to have concocted some strange notion that perhaps I didn't like them all that much. Rumours spread that I was illegitimate, and their paternal road crew began to make devilish plans to sabotage my hotel room.

I felt the band were now ready for my ultimate insult. You see, I actually doubted the credibility of their success in

terms of legitimate album sales. I had reasons for my suspicions . . .

The Photos after all are a relatively unknown band. Yet their debut album shot to no. 9 in the *NME* charts, and no. 4 according to the BMRB, in only its second week of release.

The band maintain they have built up a large following through constant gigging over the last year. Yet tonight they only managed to draw 600 people to Leamington Spa, virtually a home gig, being only 20 miles or so away from their native Evesham.

A more likely explanation of the album's success came my way quite by chance in Manchester the previous Saturday. I met someone 'in the know' who told me CBS had been giving away cameras to dealers in connection with The Photos album.

So what was Wendy Wu's reaction to this incredible album success?

"It was the biggest shock of the century."

When I suggest to her that I'm exploring the possibility that the record may have been hyped she fails to realise the serious implications. With typical naivety she shrugs it off as a joke.

"They (CBS) have all the ideas. If there's any cameras going round with our name on, we'd want one to take home as a souvenir for our mums."

Bass player Dave Sparrow is more forthright. He admits that the cameras do exist, though he says they aren't being used to induce dealers to 'mark up' chart return forms.

"The only thing I know about is hard sell."

And that's how he would categorise giving cameras away?

"Yes, I think so . . . Hyping cameras is like buying two jars of peanut butter, saving the labels and getting a free jar."

By MICK DUFFY

When I speak of the possibility of hyping to The Photos' immediate puppet masters, I'm talking to frightened men. Manager Oliver Mills disclaimed all knowledge of the cameras' existence, even though I told him the group had already conceded the point. He did say that Virgin in Birmingham had sold 75 copies of the album the day after The Photos had played that city. But, surprise-surprise . . . the manager of that particular store told me the figure was in fact 38. Overall he described the album as "one of the smaller sales" in his shop.

Mills referred me to Martin Nelson, head of promotions at CBS who in turn was "not prepared to comment."

I climb the 'no comment' ladder at CBS until I finally reached a man who is no longer a company squirrel. David Betteridge, managing director of CBS, admitted that cameras had been used as a "promotional devise." They were given to shops to encourage them "to push this record", it was all "straightforward and legitimate". He suggested I could check this with the BPI . . . So I did.

Pix: KEVIN CUMMINS

Richard Robson of the BPI told me of a 'code of conduct' that all its members, i.e. record companies, have signed. This code clearly defines the limits of a legitimate sales campaign, and all members are bound by law to abide by it. When I mention CBS and The Photos I am told, "The BPI doesn't really get involved with individual cases, but if CBS want to give away cameras it's entirely up to them. It does sound legitimate."

The only clause in the code which restricts the nature of gifts given to shops states that the goods must in some way relate to the group and/or its name. So Photos and cameras sounds OK. What if the group were called The Cars?

"It would be a bit expensive, but still legitimate within the definitions of the code."

So it seems that a code which, as Robson admits, was devised "to satisfy the public and the media" has few real restrictions and can be loosely interpreted by record companies without fear of reprisals.

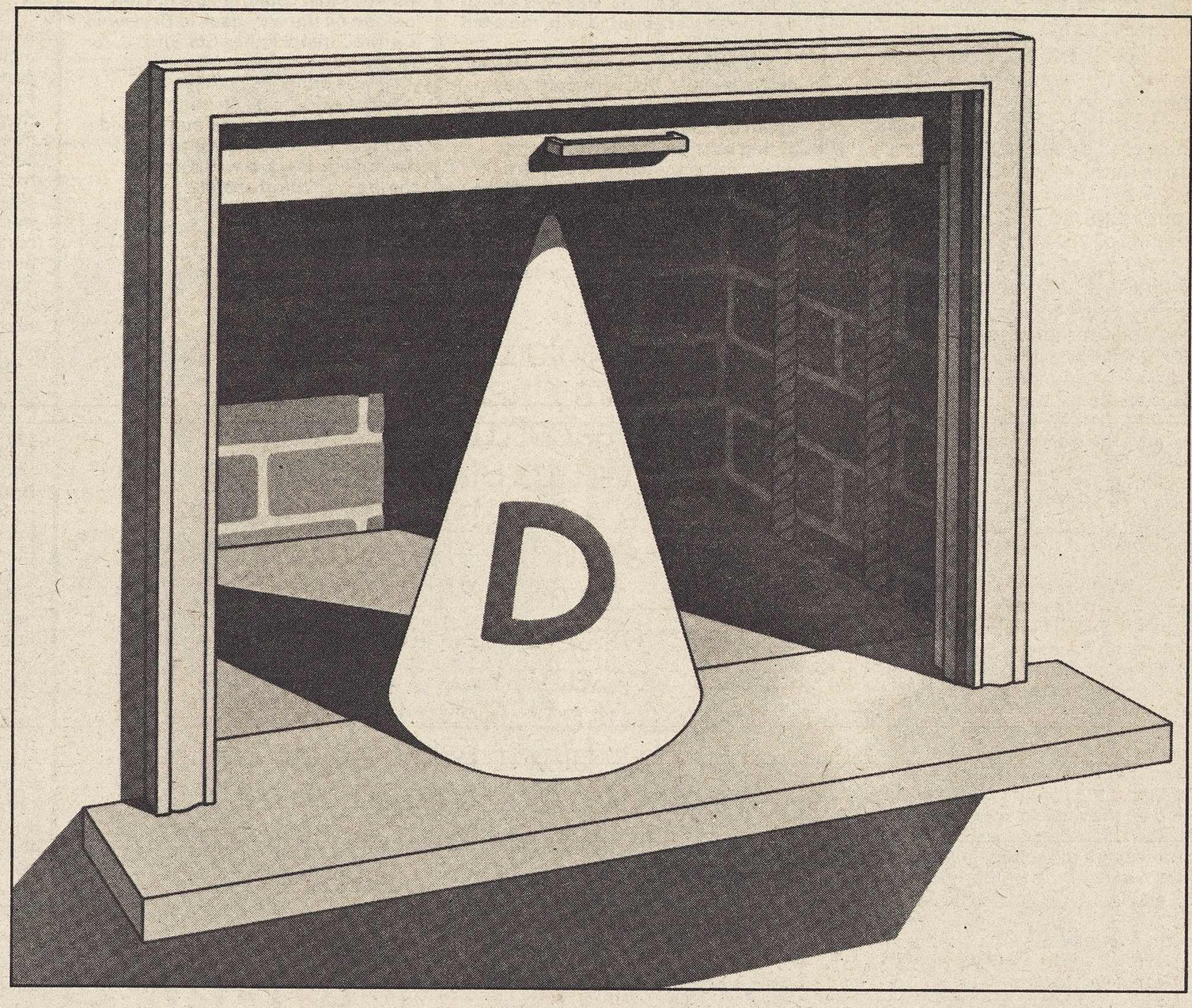
In fact, most record shops that I spoke to rarely received 'gifts' of any real value. Most companies only seem to give away T-shirts, posters and free records to dealers who promote their product well. As the manager of the Virgin store in Birmingham observed: "We certainly wouldn't expect to be offered something like that (a camera) . . . it wouldn't be normal."

It is clear then that CBS have employed abnormal 'hard sell' methods in order to 'break' The Photos. The success of the band is a model in modern marketing skills. Four demure little pawns have been moulded to shape; their music, their style, their whole image is part of a thoughtfully contrived plan. They are now almost pure product.

They will make money for CBS for a couple of years until they are squeezed dry; then they will be discarded, the innocent victims of an often unsavoury and ruthless business.

But then at least they'll be free.

THE KORGIS

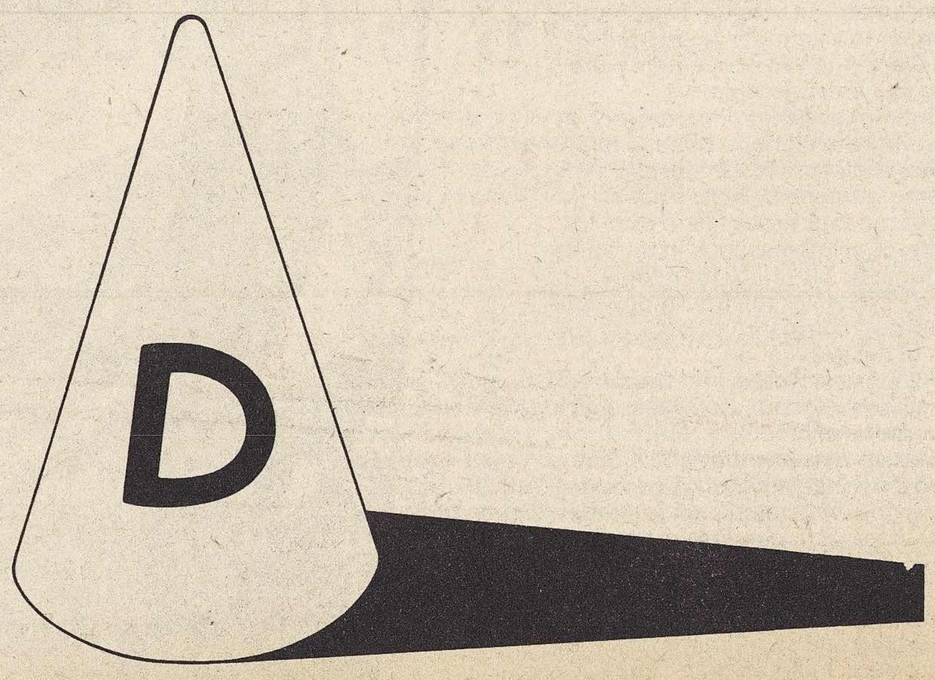


DUMB WAITERS

THE KORGIS 2ND ALBUM
INCLUDES THE HIT SINGLE
"EVERYBODY'S GOT TO
LEARN SOMETIME"

A RIALTO RECORD

ALBUM TENOR 104 CASSETTE ZCTEN 104
RIALTO RECORDS 4 YEOMANS ROW-LONDON SW3



HEAR THE ALBUM ON **01-409 2651**

YOUTH LETTAH FROM BRISTOL

WHEN THE slaves wearily crawled from the hold of the ship they found themselves in darkness as black as the boat's. More white men, more white faces than they'd ever seen, grabbed them and roughly manacled their skinny wrists to a wet wall.

The constant lapping sound was still the sea, although they appeared to be in some sort of enclosed space. Those not too enfeebled by the journey from Africa to think, wondered where they were. This strange wet stone room, so cold, with patches of light flickering on the low ceiling reflected off the water they'd hoped they had left behind, must have seemed a new and unimaginable hell.

Could there be horrors worse than a journey surrounded by the corpses of comrades?

Before their eyes could adjust to the light, the slaves heard the faint sound of laughter from above their heads and as their new masters tramped heavily up the stairs, snatches of jigs and reels. Then the heavy door banged shut on the music.

The slaves were familiar with the sound of bagpipes and accordions; the sailors played these alien rhythms on the decks at night. It almost seemed as if the white men were having a party specially to underline the slaves' misery.

But most of these whites had no idea there were starved slaves feet below their revelries. They were simply having their evening bevvy in a pub on the river Avon, quite unaware of the secret water entrance into the cellars — or even of the trapdoor in the floorboards that could, if required, hurtle an innocently drinking customer into another deep cellar, shanghai'd to whoever was paying the most for white flesh at that time.

People in St. Pauls, the West Indian district of Bristol, say you can still go into the cellars of the pub on the Avon, and, with the landlord's permission, marvel at the manacles still firmly embedded in the walls.

Bristol is a wealthy city, and much of its wealth was initially derived from slaves. There are secret caves where slaves would be bundled to die or survive, or maybe to be fattened up before being sold and shipped out again to the New World.

The first black people in this country arrived in 1500. They were the cargo destined for America, or here; the Caribbean slaves were routed via South America. And there are still black families in Wales descended from the original arrivals.

THIS IS the thirteenth consecutive year that the black population of St. Pauls has held its own street festival. But this is the first time the celebrations have warranted advance articles in the Sunday papers and spots on the TV news. And it's because on April 2 this year, the young blacks of St. Pauls — the ranking boys and youthmen — rioted during a police raid on a local black hang-out, the Black And White Cafe.

The raid itself was nothing new, just an annual occurrence. But outside there was tension as several hundred collected. And unfortunately it was too easy for that number to assemble when most of the Black And White clientele were (and still are) unemployed.

Unemployment in this country is currently the highest it's been for 30 years, and in the last 8 months unemployment for blacks has increased four times faster than for whites. The jobless total in the same period rose by 11.6% for people from Pakistan or the Commonwealth countries, compared to 2.5% for the rest of the population.

Yet these statistics merely confirm the evidence of our own eyes: that a generation of creative talent is frustrated because they know that even if a suitable job does come along, the white applicant is almost certain to get it, *despite* the efforts of organisations like the Commission for Racial Equality; itself distrusted by much of the black community for absorbing and sapping the strength of the black independent organisations.

Keith is a youthman from St. Pauls. He was there, he saw it all ... riot style.

"We were on our way home when we decided to check what was going on at the Black And White, just to have a go on the pinball machine. There were two white men sitting at the table where you come in drinking cups of tea, but we didn't pay them any mind, just headed straight for the machine with the girls on. When they suddenly jump up and tell us all that this was a raid and I was just about to win, me a tell ya!

"Well, it was all going OK like, no trouble really. Some people they found ganja in their pocket and took them off. But then they was just going outside, these two plainclothes, when one of them suddenly lifted all this ganja off the table and put in his pocket!

"That was it! You know what I mean? We just jumped on him and carry him off round the corner and just beat him up! Yeah!

"Then we was running back up the road and there was all this fighting going on — it lasted for five hours altogether. I ain't never seen anything like it. Everywhere was people punching and beating policemen! All these other policemen and cars came down and we started throwing stones at them and they just couldn't take it. They just run all the way back to Bridewell (Central Bristol Police Station). Yeah!

"It was brilliant ... brilliant ..."

Some said it was an attempted strip-search in the Cafe that caused a regular raid to escalate into war. For the ranking boys, it was a dream come true. Unfortunately afterwards, when the glow of battle had died down, nothing much seemed to have changed, and times they just get tougher every day.

> "On the colour TV in the corner, the news flash reports, 'All went peacefully at today's Carnival in St Pauls.' On the screen a laughing policeman hugs a middle-aged black lady into a rumba. The police had been extremely low-profile all day... and no arrests were made at all. Next to the TV the tall black man plays the pinball machine, hugging its width to his groin, squeezing the handle like a lover of long standing..."

The Man From Brixton Turns On The Light

FOR LAST year's St. Pauls Festival T-shirts were black and white, and announced: "Awareness".

This year's are red, green and gold. The 1980 motto is: Resistance.

When we arrived the events had already been on for half-a-week, including a day-long music festival and discos, domino matches, football and black films. We got there in time to see the Staunch Poets And Players run through a series of sketches on blacks arriving in England and confronting the *"British Shitstem"*; gags with a bias that the paranoid could have construed as anti-white. The final number was an emotion-charged chanting evocation of the glories of Jamaica, and a stirring bid for repatriation.

Don from Staunch says they only reflect black life in this country. I say, Yes, but you select what you reflect. He says he personally thinks about going back to Africa where he comes from, but of course black British people have the right to stay in Britain if they so choose.

Some of the festival is held in Inkworks, a former ink factory, now a black arts and social centre.

The old stone-flagged rooms are full of well-serious dreads, sporting impressively tall, narrow tams, army fatigues, painted canes that they lean on like shooting sticks, recalling Joshua's Rod of Correction.

Michael Manley, Jamaica's Prime Minister, carried a rod like that during his electioneering, to Win The Rasta Vote. He succeeded.

When Linton Kwesi Johnson appears the next night, the room is so packed they're three deep outside the door. There's no PA. I can't hear, can't see but I manage to wangle my way in. Linton without tapes, carrying the rhythm in his voice, impressive as ever. Linton reads 'Sonny's Lettah', his celebrated and moving anti-sus poem: a prisoner in Brixton Jail writing to his mother in Jamaica, explaining why he's up for murdering a policeman.

When Linton reaches his description of police beating up the young black, the audience laughs loudly, as if recognising a familiar joke.

At the end, Linton asks for questions. He answers one by saying he'd heard about the riots on the BBC World Service, while in Jamaica and that he hadn't been at all surprised.

He talks about Rasta to another, saying that whatever he says always gets distorted, but that he understands Rasta to be rooted in the Jamaican anti-colonial struggle of the '30s when the Bible was virtually the only available reading material, and that people had interpreted their struggle through it.

Rasta is important because it preserves a sense of dignity and cultural values, Linton continued, but he doesn't believe it's a vehicle for change.

None of the serious dreads in the audience disagrees: or if any do, they don't express it.

No more questions: Then Linton neatly switches roles and begins to ask the audience questions about Bristol.

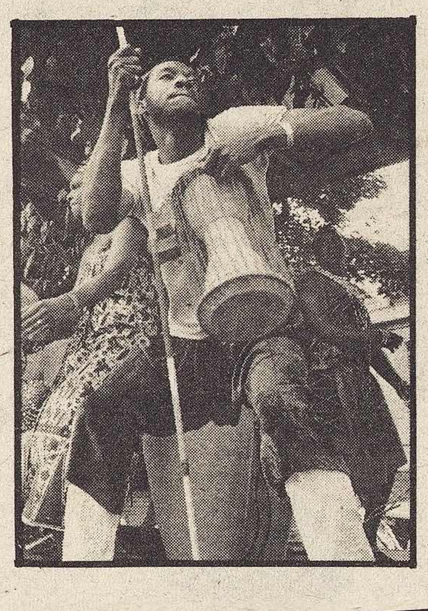
Where was there to go at night? What was the black population? But the audience giggles, fidgets and is reluctant to reply, cramped by his presence on stage, despite LKJ's attempts at role reversals. Yet later Linton talks to some young men in the yard about the riots.

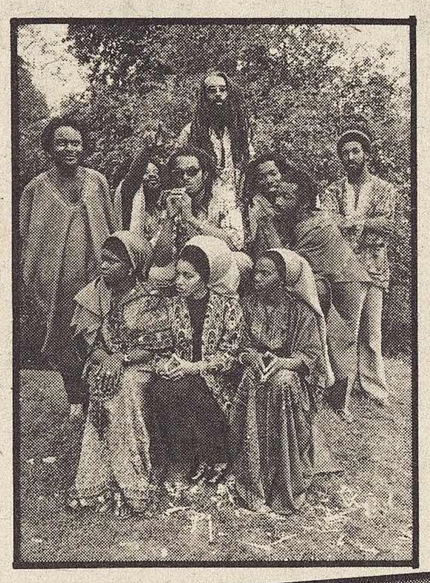
They say, "We enjoyed every minute of it."

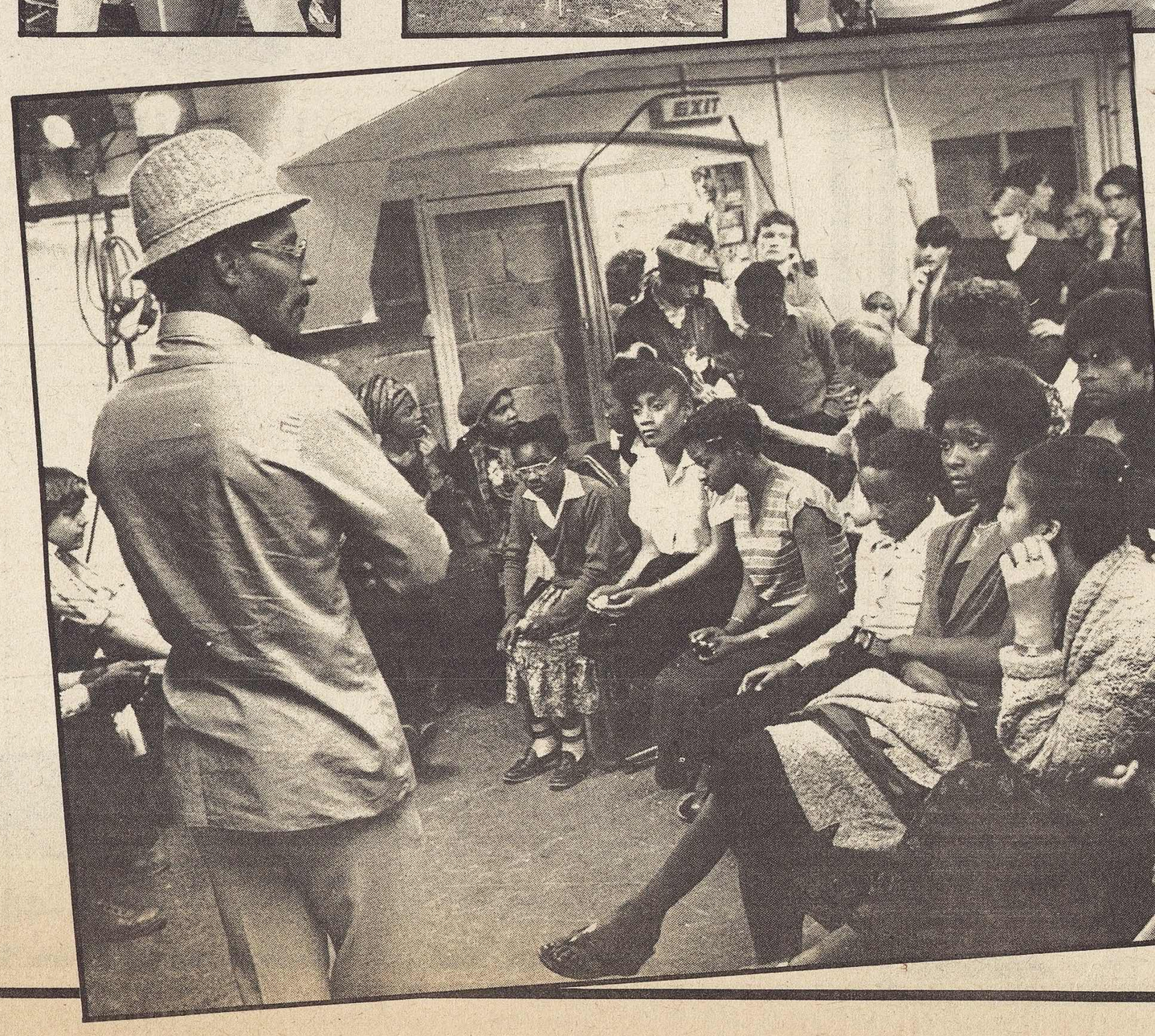
Linton says, "The second military victory; the first was the Ladbroke Grove Carnival in '76."

He knows about the logistics of social warfare.

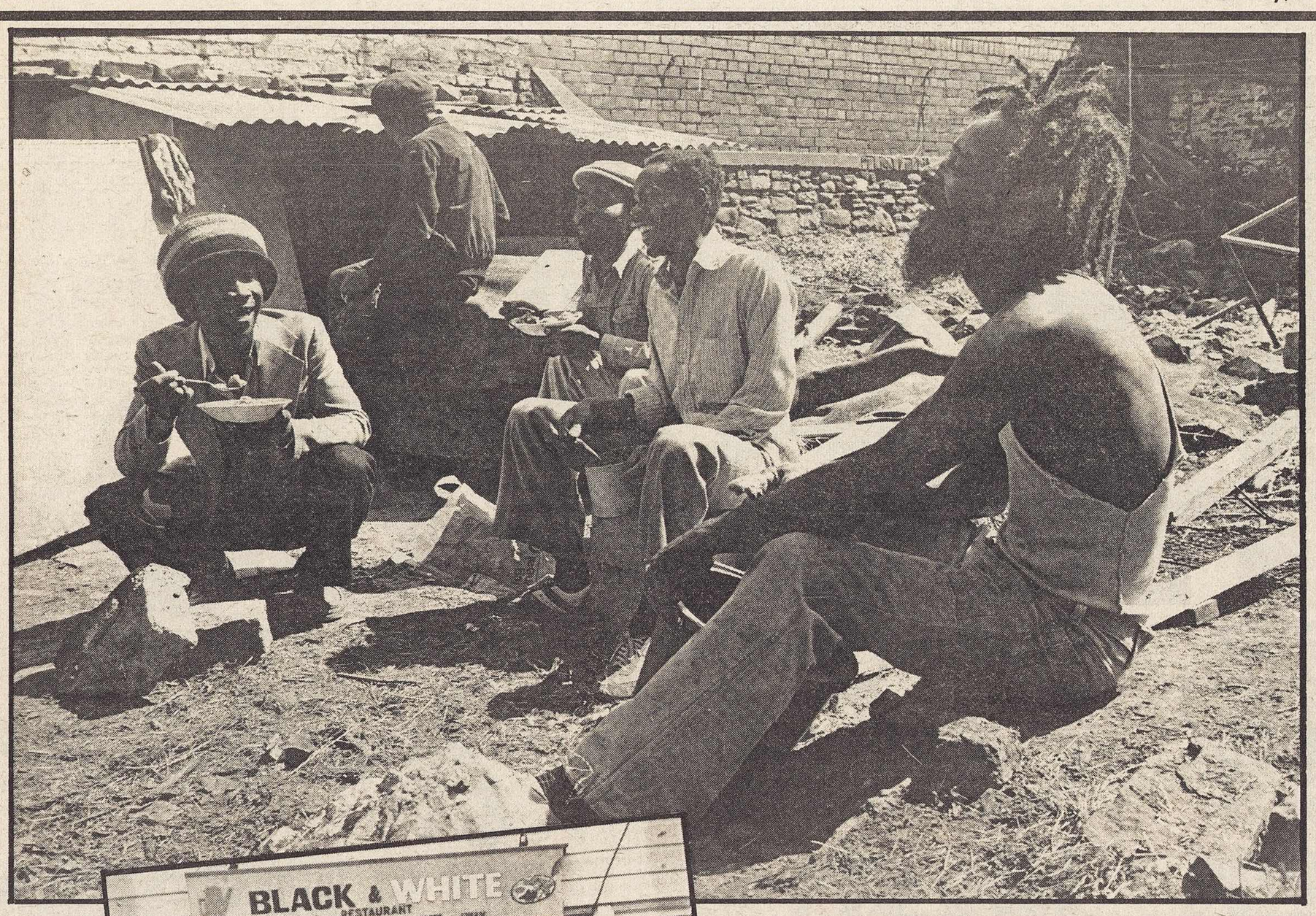
Linton's organisation Race Today is situated on Brixton's Front Line



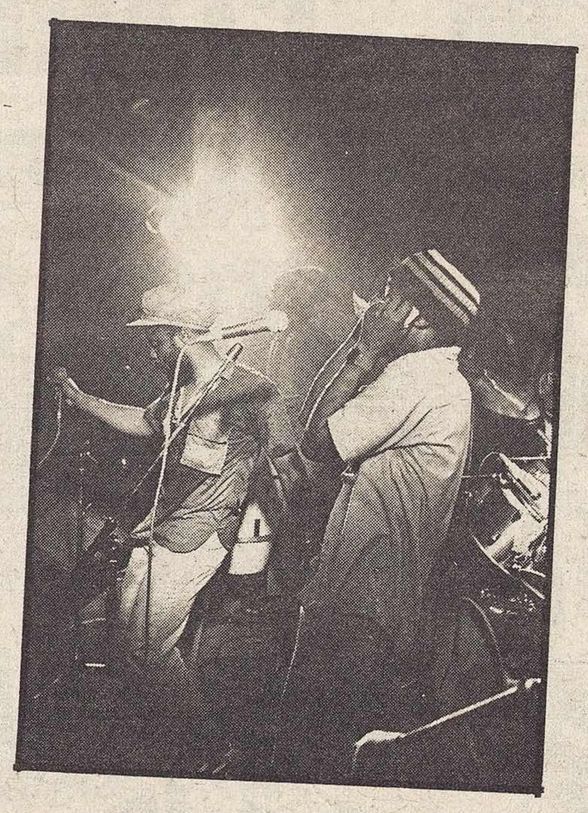




The people of the Bristol Carnival celebrate Resistance with (top left) exuberance, the serenity of Ras Messengers (centre) and going Lord Lokko Sounds. Left, Linton talks to the reserved locals. Far right, Sam brings a little bit of Trenchtown to the West, the boys visit the Black And White, scene of the riots, and Black Roots skank the night away.



This is Britain, 1980...



Report VIVIEN GOLDMAN

Photos JEAN BERNARD SOHIEZ

where they're now knocking down the whole area. They're awful slums, he says, ominously explaining that the new developments will undoubtedly have "nice wide spaces"; convenient open areas designed with crowd control in mind.

Since the riots, the same policy has been applied to Bristol. The roads at the top of St Pauls have recently been widened and will cut straight through the area. And already half the terraced street has been razed to the flat green lawn outside the council houses facing the Black And White cafe. Architecturally, the street now has a lop-sided feel, like a head shaved of half its hair.

It is incidentally the site of the old slave market. On April 2 1831, exactly 149 years before the recent riots, white workers in Bristol rioted against work conditions. On this same street. The police and army were brought in; many people were killed.

Then on Bristol's recent Blair Peach Memorial march, Hardy Desai — a young man representing Socialist Workers Party, Anti-Nazi League and the National Union of School Students — encouraged youths to throw stones and distribute leaflets. He wasn't around to bail the kids out of the cop shop.

When the Legalise Cannabis Campaign set up a stall outside the Black and White cafe on the day that MPs and Parliamentary sub-committees were due to tour the area, it was widely felt that St Pauls was suddenly the ideal playground for causes looking for "radical front lines" to give them credence. It was as if St Pauls' troubles were being cannily used by organisations who opportunely saw it as the vanguard of a black working class revolution, while not having cared a damn before; that they could sweep in and fan the embers of the struggle to a flame, without too much concern for local needs — or history.

Goats In The Garden A Rose In Spanish Harlem

THROUGH THE window of the terraced St Pauls house near the flyovers and underpasses of the city centre, we see an astonishing sight for a city — men cooking on a camp-fire, surrounded by chickens and hens scrabbling across the wasteland.

It's oddly Jamaican seeing a dread stirring a pot of banana and curry goat, dodging the hot sparks from the wood-fire in the open air. Sam is the chef, and he controls these gardens. They comprise his farm now, with goats in special huts. He's self-sufficient, Sam, never need go hungry.

Sam tells us funny stories about his childhood in Jamaica, acting out all the parts. One 16-year-old youthman is very quiet among his elders joking in the rare sunlight. Sam gives him a saucepan of stew and a spoon. The youth's eyes are huge as Sam describes beating a pan while he went to milk the goats.

"Sound systems, yes! They're a crucial part of black man's culture."

One man fixes the tarpaulin on the goat shed. The nearby traffic seems to be on another planet, and we're on a farm somewhere in the Jamaican hills. Sam tells us later it's the first time the boy has eaten the Jamaican food, heard that talk of "home".

Later that day, I see the youth at a sound system. He's surrounded by friends, and less forthcoming. The record on the sound system strongly advocates repatriation. How many of your friends feel that, youthman?

"Most of them."

Where would you rather go to — Jamaica or Africa?

He looks perplexed. "How can I answer that?" He blurts angrily. "I don't know."

The Big Day

EVERYBODY needs a little hustle nowadays, and Fred is no exception. On the big festival day, he stashes his xerox pictures of The Abysinnians, Keith Hudson and Hugh Mundell into a big box, and by the time The Ras Angels, The Pipes, Talisman and Black Roots have finished their sets he's sold about 100 of them at 50 pence each.

All round the Mina Road Park, stalls sell food and drink: fresh ginger juice; ital (organic wholefood) food of the dread and the hippy genus; fresh fruit; junk food; chapatis and popadoms and curries; T-shirts and buttons. There are stalls with pictures of Nicaragua; stalls with a range of lefty pamphlets; stalls with jewellery (handmade); stalls with scarves and men with tams. And men set up quick card games, or games where they flash money round fast between their fingers and all the onlookers bet. The PA keeps packing up.

The group's sound carries thinly across the Park. It doesn't make me want to dance, though people are paddling in rhythm in the river to one side of the stage. It gets colder and colder.

For me the women in the Ras Angels — and their drummers, the Ras Messengers — save the day. They're quietly determined sisters preaching Rasta doctrine with exquisite harmony and much soul.

The sister from the Ras Angels looks decorous in her long robe, embroidered over-dress and turban, but her words fit the symbology of militant fatigues. Like many Rasta women, she has the appearance of deep calm that goes with living by a prescribed code that can govern your life and give it structure, meaning.

"When we heard about the riots here it gave us hope. It means they must give respect to the black man now. We preach peace and love, but only after Armagideon."

Softly she quotes their song lyrics, chanted to the sound of heavy African drums:

"'Lock stock and barrel, soon start quarrel, they want us to go to Rome to do as the Romans do, but I say I live Rastafari, chant down Babylon.'

"Yes, sister, although we're peacemakers, we know there'll be a time when we have to pick up the gun.'

The Ras Angels haven't recorded yet; they prefer to play at places where "brothers and sisters are really doing something for the black struggle. Some feel that if they have a big house or a big car or a pretty man or woman, that's alright. But that's not the way it is."

By now, it's mostly black people left in the Park. The sound systems — Lord Lokko and Enterprise — are jumping. Fred and his friend are playing dominoes on top of a speaker box so tall they can hardly see the dots. Fred's friend's hat is *hard,* if you don't object to the sexist implications of that particular compliment. It's a felt Weatherman hat, big peak with a press-stud in the front and bold stitching up the back, red with brown panels up the side. He's also a fancy dancer, skanking and snapping his fingers as he plays. A pack of dominoes sticks out of his back pocket, very evident as he suddenly drops down low and impudently wiggles his hips to the bass and the DJ goes:

"The Babylon no like I/White people them no like I/The government no want I/But we will fight and fight/Or decide/To repatriate . . ."

Backtrack To The Blues

AT THE blues dance, a thin girl with short yellow hair calls me over into the corner. She wears a satin track suit, and jumps from foot to foot. Her sister is plump strawberries and cream in a long red velvet evening gown. Thin shoulder straps expose her breasts at a touchable angle, exotic fruits on display. She gazes round the dimly lighted basement with a detachment that's half street survival, half *Honey* mag fashion snap icy allure.

The room is shades of autumn, smoky browns and reds. It's 3.00am but early yet, and there are not many people dancing. It's mostly men standing around elegantly posed, constantly conscious of a non-existent camera. The few women — mostly white in this primarily black male environment — seem to be there for business as much as social purposes. The walls are covered with a dancing frieze of shadows, a monochrome light show.

"I hope he doesn't see us," says the girl. "It's that dread over there, in the red green and gold cap. See him? He's going to come over if he sees us, and try to get my sister to go off to a hotel with him, and if he does, we're in trouble.

"See, she's a hustler. I'm not but I hang around with her and keep her company. You need it round here, believe me.

"Do you like my outfit? I don't know, I feel really funny; too dressed up. But mind you, six quid for a satin jumpsuit's not too bad, is it? And my sister's dress. Sale.

"We left home — must be about three years or so ago. My sister was 18 then, I'm a year younger. My parents were mad as hell and beat her, then made her pack and get out. It was a black man she was seeing then too, and they just couldn't take it.

"There's five of us girls, and one boy, except one of my sisters is a lesbian, so we don't speak to her. I mean, we do speak to her if we see her somewhere outside our area, so to speak, but we just avoid it if we can.

Continues page 43

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The great rock'n'roll dwindle

BOW WOW WOW: C30 C60 C90 Go *(EMI)*. Malcolm McLaren returns with all his situationist instincts intact, sticking a knife in the music industry where it hurts the most. And the biggest joke of all is — it's a great record, and would be even if it was about stamp collecting.

'C30 C60 C90 Go' is, of course, a hymn of praise to the economical joys of home-taping: singer Bess Man runs riot through lines like *"A bip bam boogie an' a boogarooga / My cassette's just like a bazooka!"* while her ex-Ant back-up thrash out an arrangement so minimal it barely exists, being in the main no more than breathless jungle percussion. It works magnificently, thanks to the sheer spirit of fanaticism which seems to have gripped everyone involved. An instant classic, but of course; and all that remains to be seen is whether we'll be allowed to hear it.

It would, of course, be absurd to recommend that you actually *buy* this record — and yet illegal to suggest that you obtain it by any other means . . .

And talking of The Sex Pistols, which we weren't . . .

THE SPECTRES: This Strange Effect *(Direct Hit)*.
THE PROFESSIONALS: Just Another Dream *(Virgin)*. First release from the Matlock / Kustow axis comes with 'psychedelic' smeared all over and right through it. A little-known Ray Davies song, 'This Strange Effect' starts off enticingly with some sleazy *film noir* saxophone, but lapses soon thanks to Matlock's mannered, would-be spooky vocals which he breathes intimately down the mike. Partly enlivened by Danny Kustow's piously - reproduced Hendrixisms. One had hoped for more than this somewhat plodding and slightly silly song. The sort of thing which makes you think that maybe the '60s weren't such a good idea after all.

The Professionals, alias Cook and Jones (with bass by Andy Allen), trundle out the same old bulldozer sound that's stood them in good stead since the opening bars of 'Anarchy In The UK.' Not the strongest composition he's ever been involved with, 'Just Another Dream' sees Steve Jones struggling manfully to match his voice with the heavy metal monolith of his music, but not too convincingly. It's robust, basic stuff but it wants something extra to make it anything special — just like it used to have. Right now The Professionals remind me of a pedestal with no statue on top.

Which leads us to — and this is positively the last in the sequence . . .

4"BE 2": Frustration *(WEA)*. Despite hauling his brother in to produce the thing, Jimmy Lydon's vinyl debut is a scrappy affair that never sorts out where it's going. In between a hiccuping sax with a bad case of indigestion, over an incongruous discoey beat and just before a chorus who sound like the Hersham Boys' second XI, he manages to pack the first verse with rhymes of *"waitin',"* *"contemplatin',"* *"frustratin' "* and *'annihilatin'"* (P.F. Sloan where are you now and please stay there). This is all quite unfortunate because, for all the record's messiness, 'Frustration' itself adds up to a decent depiction of life at Her Majesty's pleasure, or so I imagine — reinforced by a picture sleeve that comes courtesy of Jock McDonald's brother. Better to come, maybe, but the B-side, a version of 'Can't Explain' doesn't inspire confidence.

ELISABETH WELCH: Stormy Weather *(Industrial)*. Pay no mind to the label: the air around this disc is pure, clear and sweet. Elisabeth Welch's rendering of 'Stormy Weather' is a masterpiece of delicacy and tact. Taken from *The Tempest* film's last scene, this performance captures a whole world of style — and style is instinctively linking the profound with the superficial. A simple, fragile song, her singing is beautifully poised between a tenderly poignant blues and tasteful camp, exquisitely dignified. She's been singing it since 1933, of course, but to say she knows her way round it would be crass understatement. The word is perfection. Sentimentalists among you might care to nominate it — secretly, for fear of ridicule — as your own personal record of the week. And promise, I won't tell a soul . . .

THE BODYSNATCHERS: Easy Life *(2-Tone)*. That 'Do Rock Steady' thing sounded too much like Girl Guides keeping warm with a sing-song to suggest that The Bodysnatchers had what true 2-Tonedom takes. This is a bit more like it. An ingenious, bubbly tune, 'Easy Life' possesses a set of intelligent, earnest words; its theme being the realism women will need if achieved freedoms are to mean anything, that equality is not its own reward but just a beginning. In other words, if you can't stand the heat get back in the kitchen. A pity, therefore, that the band's performance should be so irritatingly polite: more splash and swagger might make them more than just a 'nice' reliable outfit. Production by Jerry Dammers.

MARTHA AND THE MUFFINS: About Insomnia *(Dindisc)*. Pop/modern, anonymous. Greenish coloured. Not this time, I don't think.
KATE BUSH: Babooshka *(EMI)*. More luxuriant weirdness from sultry songstress with high-pitched voice. I like it. Should be a hit, unless it isn't: in which case it won't be. Anything else you'd like to know?

THE RUMOUR: My Little Red Book *(Stiff)*. Taken from The Rumour's next album, 'Purity Of Essence,' this old Bacharach / David song gets a disappointingly stolid treatment from The Rumour, though it'll doubtless sound delectable live. It jogs along sturdily enough but without ever really taking off into the outer limits of rock'n'roll delight. That tickly, insistent riff is attractive but begins to run out of steam pretty quickly, and it's not helped by dull, lacklustre vocals that don't seem sure whether to sound mature or cute. For the real business, search out Love doing the same number a decade and a half ago . . .

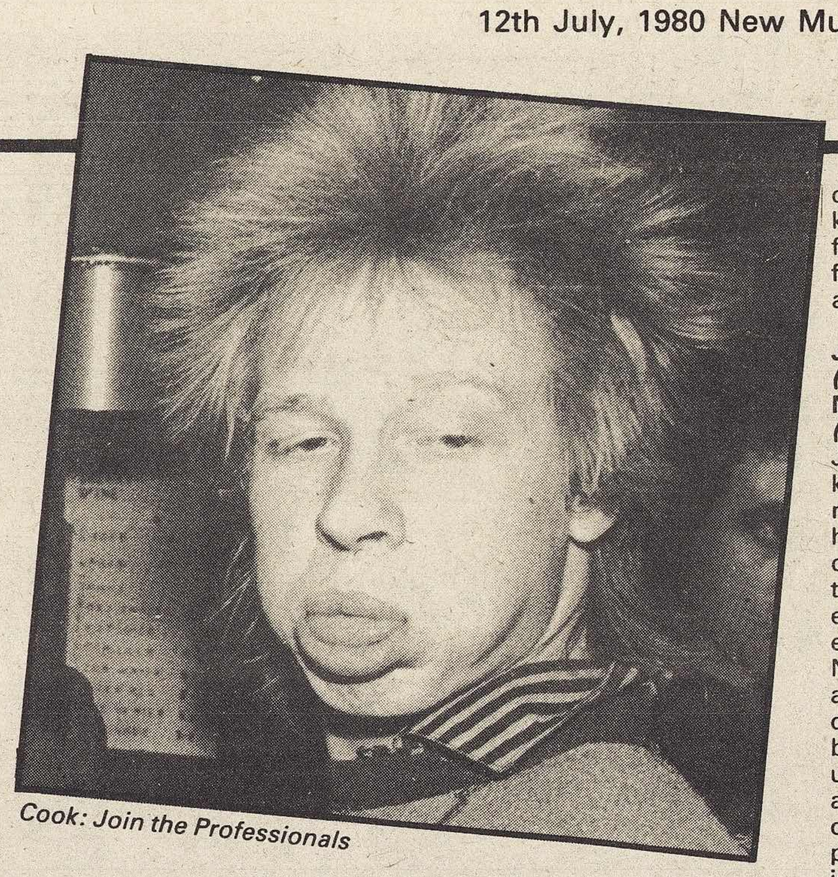
CHARLIE HARPER: Barmy London Army *(Gem)*. Subs' supremo in solo sortie; said to be some sort of tribute to James Pursey. Closely resembles classic description of human existence — nasty, brutish and short. (Not you, Charlie, the record . . .)

CUDDLY TOYS: Madman *(Fresh)*. Devoted posers still living in glamster-land, Cuddly Toys achieve something of a coup with this first UK release: an unrecorded number written by Marc Bolan with David Bowie (shortly before which ever one of them it is that's dead, died), with the treatment leaning heavily towards Bowie. And it's a good song: stark, sombre drama that the Toys handle adequately, if rather derivatively. You just wonder if their own material's going to be good enough to sustain a start this impressive.

TALKING HEADS: Cities *(Sire)*. Just a chip off the old 'Fear Of Music' block, of course, but still fine, fine, fine. Turn it over for a live version of the same song, but one that's got David Byrne unravelling the strings of his heart, and mind as well, with even more impassioned intensity than the studio cut.

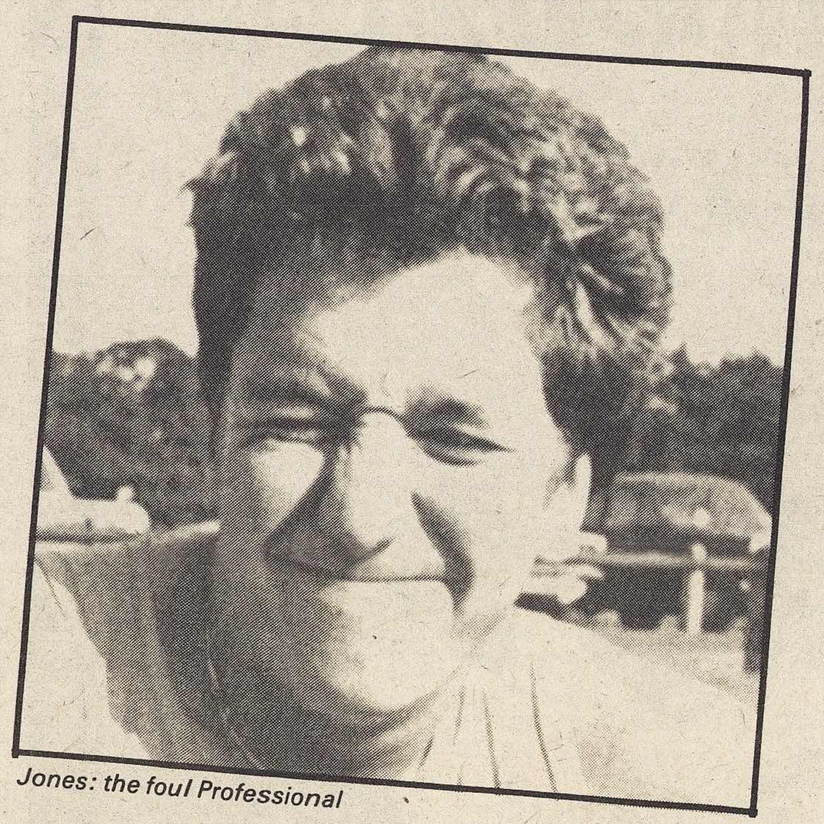
CARLENE CARTER: Ring Of Fire *(F-Beat)*. For those of you that only know Johnny Cash as something to be scribbled on slot-machines, this record by the man's step-daughter might be a painless way of curing your ignorance. Originally done by Cash himself, and written by Carlene's Ma, June Carter, the song gets up-dated by production from Nick Lowe (Carlene's husband, that is) and backing by Rockpile.

PAULINE MURRAY AND THE INVISIBLE GIRLS: Dream Sequences *(Illusive)*. The ex-Penetration lass, owner of a voice I'm strongly partial to, re-appears with The Invisible Girls — namely the Penetration bassist Robert Blamire, Steve Hopkins and producer Martin Hannett. And this is superb: sensuous, mysterious, intriguing . . . all chocolate-box adjectives, I know, but come take a listen for yourself. An album to follow, and I'm impatient already.



Cook: Join the Professionals

Malcy: Tape it or leave it



Jones: the foul Professional

Matlock: Spectre from the past

JOHN FOXX: Burning Car *(Metal Beat/Virgin)*.
NEW MUSIK: Sancturary *(GTO)*. All right, I realise that John Foxx is credible in all kinds of ways that New Musik never could be, but I find it hard to detect much difference in worth between these two exponents of the electronic art. Foxx is enigmatic and sensitive where NM are transparently shallow, and he probably has his mind on more than the Fun Forty, but he's ultimately unsuccessful at conveying any more than the hollowness of the style he's helped to pioneer. For all Foxx's glacier intelligence and technical influence, he never transcends; all that's left is an act that'll date quicker than Quintessence.

New Musik are strictly identikit; a fast-buck flavour-of-the-month job, peddling sub-Buggles soap suds. Oblivion beckons, I hope.

SMOKEY ROBINSON: Heavy On Pride, Light On Love *(Motown)*. Class voice caresses so-so disco number and comes close to triumph. Slick lyrics, too. But no epic.

BILLY JOEL: It's Still Rock And Roll To Me *(CBS)*. Round, black thing. Made of plastic. Tastes horrible.

BLACK SABBATH: Neon Knights *(Vertigo)*.
ANGELWITCH: Sweet Danger *(EMI)*. What more can I say? The old and the new and what's the difference and who cares anyway? (Note to my bloodthirsty, sub-literate HM pen-pals: this correspondence is now *closed*.)

OTWAY & BARRETT: DK 50/80 *(Polydor)*. Sounds exactly like a Japanese version of Plastic Bertrand's 'Ca Plane Pour Moi'. I enjoy it, but then I'm not feeling myself at the moment.

SHAKE APPEAL: My Own Way *(Rockburgh)*.
THE STROKE: He's Gone *(CBS)*. Two of the pleasanter light new-pop releases among this week's crop of monsters, though I'll be surprised if we ever hear from either again.

SAM COOKE: Another Saturday Night/Soothe Me/Chain Gang/It's Got The Whole World Shakin' *(RCA)*. Aaahh, bliss. A re-issue to treasure. In four simple cuts, made between 1960 and his death in '64 (shot dead in a motel), Sam Cooke — in no particular order — makes your spirit soar with soul elation, moves through the darkest depths of sorrow, shows a killer wit and sheer style, says more about specific realities than a clutch of documentaries, and swings you with music that could make a lamp-post dance. And these tracks are only a taster of what the man produced. When Cooke sings, the feel is real — and if ever it's going to be matched then it'll take more than today's rash of instant soul revivalist bands to do it, horn-charts and all. The Sam Cooke spirit might live on, but I suspect it's wearing very different clothes. Stop fakin' and get shakin'. That's one cat I wish they *could* bring back . . .

JONA LEWIE: Big Shot — Momentarily *(Stiff)*. A modest, unassuming slice of whimsey from the fellow that hides in the kitchen at parties; put this one on and even the ravers would come flocking out to join him. And yet it's a pleasantly odd little job — quirky is the word, I'm afraid — for all its lack of

■ *Continues over*

Reviewed by: PAUL DU NOYER

No She Ain't Related to MICHAEL or JERMAINE
No She Didn't Have a Hit With MY BOY LOLLIPOP
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THE NAUGHTY BUT NICE NEW ALBUM & CASSETTE FROM
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Singles

■ From previous page

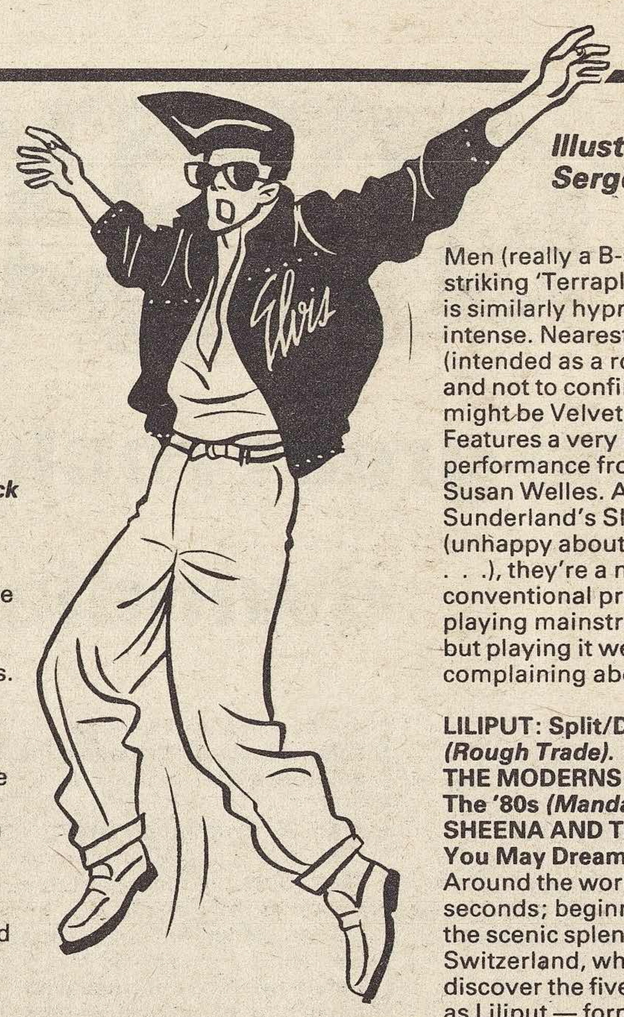


Illustration: Serge Clerc

commanding presence. Squiggly organ sounds, subtly produced.

ANDY FAIRWEATHER LOW: Let Ya Beedle Lam Bam *(Warner Brothers).*
ROCKY BURNETTE: Tired Of Toein' The Line *(EMI).*
THE DONKEYS: No Way *(Back Door).* Three more that I'll want to hear again, all from acts that sound as if they're ordinarily on the ordinary side — strong songs, in other words, with nothing that special about their instigators.

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS: Don't Do Me Like That *(MCA).* A couple of the less exceptional tracks (B-side is 'Century City') from the third, but first great, Tom Petty LP 'Damn The Torpedoes'. Slick, sweet and smiling, but do we really need it?

CUPOL: Like This For Ages *(4AD).* Pair of Wire men (Graham Lewis and Bruce Gilbert) behind this strange Arabic-packaged product. Guaranteed to worry sheep. Doesn't make me laugh much, either.

SWEET: Fox On The Run/Hell Raiser/Blockbuster!/Ballroom Blitz *(RCA).* Worth purchasing just for its truly grotesque cover-pic: four gay bricklayers, lipstick and stubble, beer-guts wrapped in satin. Already we're seeing the emergence of a generation that'll claim this stuff for its seminal influences. God help us all.

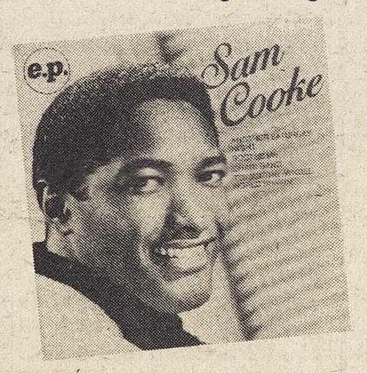
CHIC: Rebels Are We *(Atlantic).*
ANTONIO RODRIGUEZ: La Bamba *(Magnet).* The sublime and the other thing, and guess which is which? Ms Rodriguez' single lasts about five hours and is full of people blowing whistles, shouting "Arriba, arriba" and all, at a guess, wearing inane grins and roller skates. I think you can guess the rest.

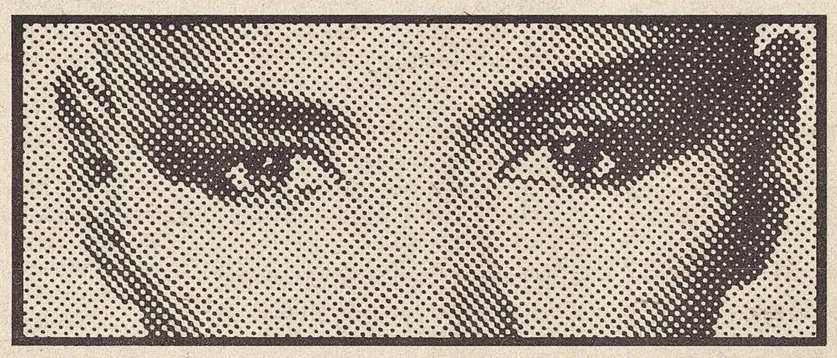
But Chic — ah well, Chic need to be listened to, a valuable corrective for dolts like me who forget that disco isn't all people blowing whistles, etc etc. Even vague Sham 69 style lyrics don't disguise the sheer spirit which runs through this record (said to be the best thing among otherwise disappointing new material). Another impeccable Edwards & Rodgers job. Let your art dance.

EYELESS IN GAZA: Kodak Ghosts Run Amok *(Ambivalent Scale).*
DISCO STUDENTS: A Boy With A Penchant For Open-Neck Shirts *(Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!).*
ANIMALS AND MEN: Shell Shock *(Strange Days).*
THE SHOWBIZ KIDS: I Don't Want To Discuss That *(Top Secret).* Apologies for herding all these into a ghetto for no better reason than that none are handled by major record companies, but if that's the only way to fit them in then so be it. Indeed, the four have little in common beyond standing out in this listener's mind from maybe three dozen other once-played unknowns. In quick succession, then:—

Eyeless In Gaza, actually from Nuneaton, are two musicians who've used organ, synth and broken stylophone to produce a stark and emotional song which deserves the very widest hearing. Aylesbury based, Disco Students score with a spooky, closely- observed slice of life-gone-slightly-wrong that lies somewhere in between Talking Heads and The Feelies. 'Shell Shock', from Somerset group Animals And Men (really a B-side to the less striking 'Terraplane Fixation'), is similarly hypnotic, dark and intense. Nearest comparison (intended as a rough guide, and not to confine/define) might be Velvet Underground. Features a very strange performance from singer Susan Welles. As for Sunderland's Showbiz Kids (unhappy about that name . . .), they're a more conventional proposition, playing mainstream pop-rock but playing it well and I'm not complaining about that.

LILIPUT: Split/Die Matrosen *(Rough Trade).*
THE MODERNS: Ready For The '80s *(Mandarine).*
SHEENA AND THE ROKKETS: You May Dream *(Alfa).* Right. Around the world in 80 seconds; beginning amidst the scenic splendours of Switzerland, where we discover the five girls known as Liliput — formerly called Kleenex, until that firm's legal department stepped in and threatened to wipe the floor with them. I've often wondered if this band owes its distinctive vocals to the practice of rehearsing from separate mountain tops. Perhaps so. 'Die Matrosen', admittedly, is relatively restrained: just a few jauntily whistled riffs, and a mix of thick sax and brisk beat. 'Split', though, is more characteristic: crash, bash and shriek. Invigorating. As are The Moderns, from Sweden. A more orthodox guitar-rock foursome, these boys betray a sense of cultural isolation by singing of all things new and progressive, yet using the same old musical language. It's nevertheless an above average song; and they show both the potential and the intent to develop into something interesting. Sheena And The Rokkets, meanwhile, already have. Hailing from the land of the rising sun (that's Japan, you know) this odd combo stare out from promo pics looking all the more inscrutable for being wrapped from head to foot in cling-film. Lead singer Sheena isn't so much a punk rocker as a Spectoresque chanteuse, and 'You May Dream' is full-blown Nipponese pop. Why not pick up a copy next time you're in Yokohama?



GRACE JONES
NEW SINGLE
PRIVATE LIFE

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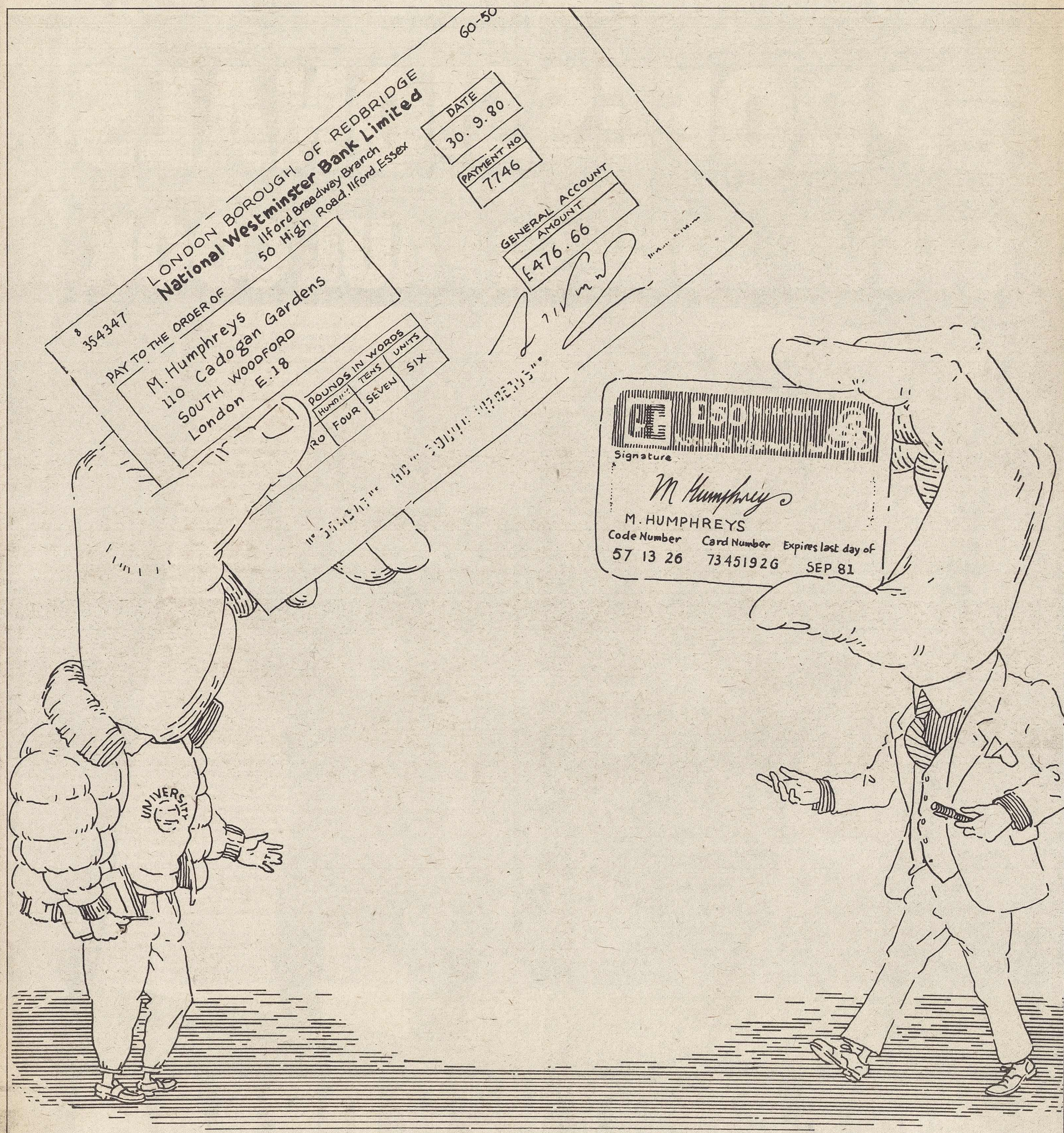

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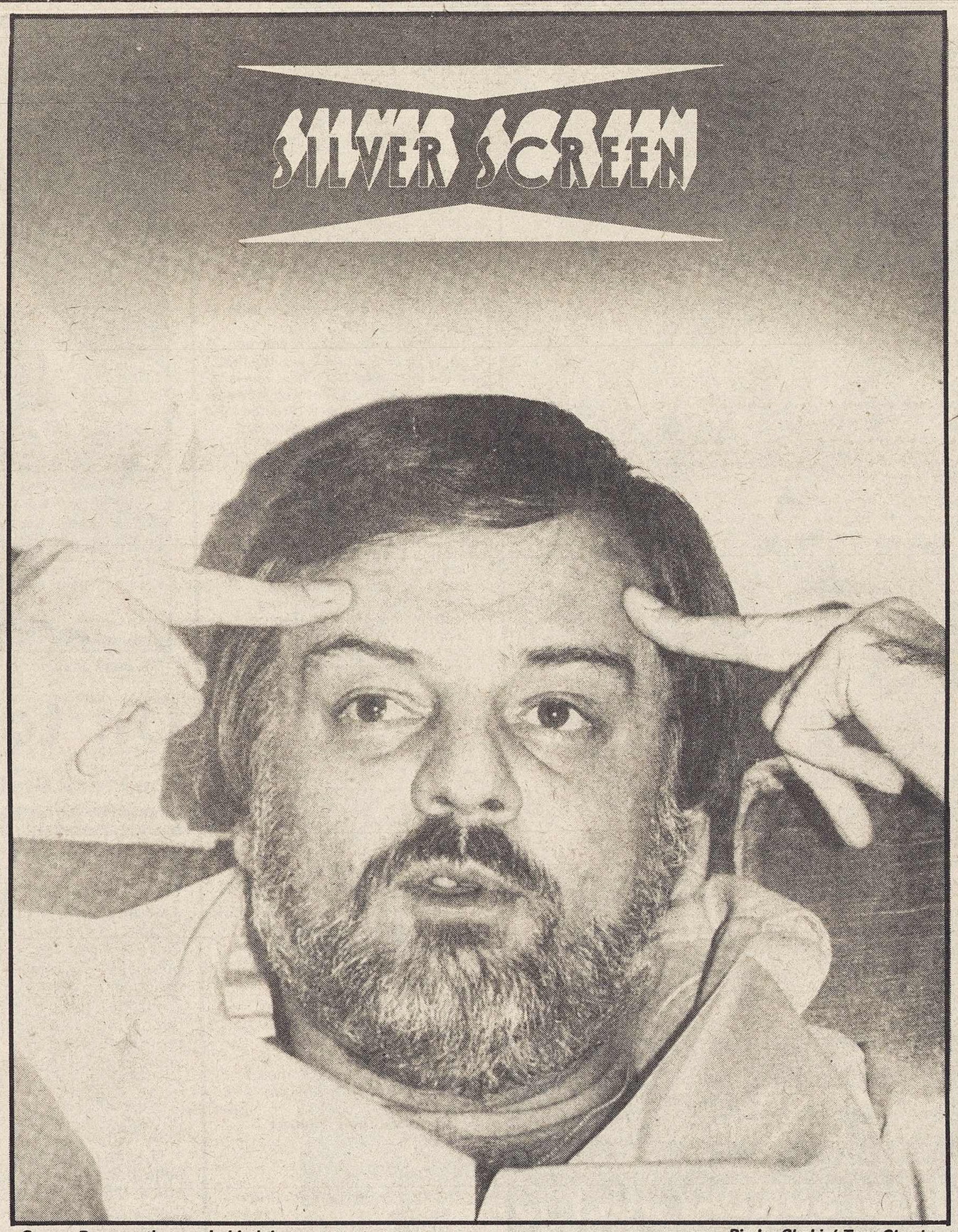

George Romero, the man behind the monsters — *Pic by Shakin' Tom Sheehan*

Where's your art at, Romero?

ANGUS MacKINNON meets the man who's made zombies respectable

"I'D ALWAYS BEEN interested in film on one level or another. In fact I was arrested when I was 14 for throwing a burning dummy off a roof in the Bronx. I wanted to film it but the cops picked me up instead. Maybe I'm still making the same movie . . ."

Thus George A Romero, the 39-year-old American director of *Zombies.* A strikingly tall, massive man whose talk's as sharp as his editing, Romero studied painting, design and then drama at Pittsburgh's Carnegie-Mellon Institution before leaving to form his own commercial film company. After five or six years of TV ad. work he scripted and directed his first feature, the relentless *Night Of The Living Dead* (1968). To his surprise the film, which had been financed by friends and shot in dime-pinching black and white, repaid its outlay several times over and has subsequently been established a "cult classic".

Wary of the pitfalls of casting himself to type Romero resisted pressures to make a *Night II* and instead produced *The Affair* (1972), a romantic comedy after *Goodbye Columbus* which "no one wanted to see. It was, I guess, a career error".

The following *Jack's Wife* (also 1972) was more ambitious. Centred on a bored suburban housewife married to a successful attorney, the film sees her mistakenly attribute to occult causes traumatic changes she is in fact forcing on herself. Whatever, it was heinously mis-promoted — "It was neither a witchcraft nor a sex film, and yet they called it *Hungry Wives* and trailed it (Romero groans at the memory) as 'Caviar in the kitchen . . . Nothing in the bedroom'. About 17 people went to see it. I like it though, and I'd like to remake it."

Romero reverted to more familiar ground with *The Crazies* (1973), an unpleasantly believable depiction of a small American town occupied by the military after a spillage there of a chem-war strain that contrives to turn law-abiding citizens into murderous psychotics.

"It was based on a short story written by a friend and intended to be at its simplest an explanation of what's normal and what's crazy, and how you draw lines between the two. That bio-weapons spill — it was a device, nothing more. The early '70s were an emotional time; we were angry over Vietnam and finally spinning out of the '60s. The film's very frontal in its anti-military attitudes. Nothing Nixon did ever surprised me . . .

"And no, order is definitely, deliberately *not* re-established at the end. That traditional format of good guys beating bad guys and saving the day — it's totally unrealistic, and rarely happens. I'm not interested in heroes as such, nor in setting up a disruption of order in society just to see it restored. The only order I tend to see emerging from such situations would be very Right, very redneck, like that at the close of *Night.*"

LATER IN '73 Romero, ever jealous of his independent status, formed the Laurel Group Inc. with stockbroker Richard Rubinstein. Subsequently Laurel has supported itself by making, among other things, television documentaries and by establishing a small, select publishing house.

"You have to insist on creative control of all aspects of your film, and you can't do that unless you negotiate from a position of strength. We're not into dealing with majors after contracts have been signed, in changing the small print. Committee film-making rerely results in good, committed cinema."

Martin (1977) was the first feature film to emerge from Laurel and, along with *The Crazies,* probably represents the apogee of Romero's work so far. A callow teenager, Martin may be either a gen-u-ine vampire or a socially maladjusted psychotic, and on this constant ambiguity hangs much of the film's fascination.

"Being a zombie doesn't necessarily mean you're a bad person . . ."

"Although I had to make up my own mind about Martin whilst making the film for the purposes of consistency, I really don't care what people make of him. That distinction doesn't matter as much as the other points I was trying to make — that the boy's problems, whatever they are, are exaggerated by the disintegration of American middle class values and also by the way we respond to so-called 'monsters' among us. We either try and rationalise them away with science and statistics or place them on another, more superstitious level. Neither approach really gets to grips with the thing."

And so to *Zombies* (a.k.a. *Dawn Of The Dead*), not so much a sequel to *Night* as a parallel development of its themes.

"I chose to set the film in a vast shopping mall because such installations are replacing the cities. They've got everything — cinemas, skating rinks, miniature golf courses, the whole riff. They're a ' stable' environment; you see old people in wheelchairs taking the air there, and young people hanging out there at weekends. These places are perfect temples to the great media god that tells us 'that's what we want and there's the place to get it.'

"Maybe I overstated the supermarket as temple of consumerism motif — in fact I thought I had as I finished the film — but I was very conscious of it throughout. I remember watching the people in the mall one day and thinking 'that's it, that's me too, that's the way we're all being charted to move'. You know, 'don't think, just consume'.

"It's been said that the violence in the film is over the top, too extreme, but I had my reasons. I wanted to have this desensitising approach to see if I could really bring an audience to come to terms with the implications of violence by over-exposing them to it. I happen to think that's much more honest than just pruriently shocking people out of their seats every eight minutes or so . . .

"I sense an incredible wave of 'if you can't beat them, join them' sentiment in America these days. Cinema audiences are like Johnny Carson audiences; they react when they're flashed reaction cards. *Zombies* is, I'll admit, made along those same lines, but with a positive purpose, so I can reach an audience and then maybe bring them back to more communal, thinking, caring attitudes. That's why it has to be extreme in a way, but I think there's sympathy there too, for the humans who are trapped and for the zombies, who're sad, pathetic creatures really, not monsters at all."

As for the future, Romero's next film will be of *The Stand,* a novel by American horror writer Stephen King whose *The Shining* has recently been filmed by Stanley Kubrick.

"I like Stephen's work. It's very committed, not ashamed to be what it is, which is more that can be said of so many products of the mass media communications industry these days.

"Cinema especially has been reduced to the level of being 'a show'. The majors are giving vast budgets to finance B-movie themes. There's no hard information, no real confrontation in there at all. Instead you've just got a false Utopianism, you're just told 'It'll be alright on the night on your TV' — which is just frothy, irresponsible bullshit. You really have to kick against that."

(George A Romero's ***Night Of The Living Dead*** *and* ***The Crazies*** *will be shown at London's Scala cinema on July 18.)*

● *more Screen overpage*

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Friday July 11
L'HOTEL DE LA PLAGE: Continuing BBC2's short season of French films is Michel Lang's soft-centred comedy set in a Britanny hotel at the height of Summer.

BALL OF FIRE: Recommended Hollywood comedy scripted by German emigre Billy Wilder *(Some Like It Hot, Fedora)* and directed by Howard Hawks; it's about seven professors, researching a dictionary of slang, who hire stripper Barbara Stanwyck to help them out. **(BBC 1)**

Saturday July 12
THE PINK PANTHER: Never as funny as you remember it, the first in the Inspector Clouseau cycle is heavy enough on gentle chuckles to render it watchable. Directed by Blake Edwards and starring, of course, Peter Sellers, Robert Wagner and Claudia Cardinale. **(BBC 1).**

THE MAD GHOUL/DR TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS: The weakest double thus far in BBC2's late night horror season. The first-named is a 1943 Universal staple with David Bruce as a doctor held in a state of living death by mad scientist George Zucco. *Dr Terror's* strings together five tales through the device of eccentric Dr Shreck reading the Tarot of his travelling companions to wile away a train journey.

Sunday July 13
THE GUNS OF NAVARONE: Gregory Peck, David Niven, Anthony Quinn and Stanley Baker grimace their way through the war heroics of the Alistair Maclean novel about a commando group's attempts to put German guns on a Greek Island out of action. Made in 1961 by J. Lee Thompson. Big bangs. **(ITV all regions)**

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Box Office

London

1. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Director: Irvin Kershner)
2. **Friday The 13** (Sean Cunningham)
3. **Zombies** (George A. Romero)
4. **The Final Countdown** (Don Taylor)
5. **Kramer vs Kramer** (Robert Benton)

Regions

1. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Irvin Kershner)
2. **Last Feelings** (Knott Noane)
7. **Adult Fairy Tales** (Harry Tampa)
4. **Midnight Express** (Alan Parker/**Taxi Driver** Martin Scorese)
5. **Exorcist** (William Friedkin/**Exorcist 2: The Heretic** (John Boorman)

(Screen International)

The Black Stallion: no sex please, I'm Dorian Williams

On to a winner

The Black Stallion

Directed by Carroll Ballard
Starring Kelly Reno, Mickey Rooney and Teri Garr *(United Artists)*

WELL it's not much like *Apocalypse Now.* Francis Ford Coppola's involvement with *The Black Stallion* is purely business — as executive producer on behalf of his own Zoetrope Studio he's merely put his money where his mouth is and actively encouraged Carroll Ballard, an award-winning director of independent short films, to bring a 1941 kids' adventure story to the screen.

The result has rung a few bells at the America box office. Maybe somebody in this country will have the nous to place such simple faith in instinct. Maybe somebody will bang Rank's gong.

Horse saves boy from sinking ship; boy feeds horse on remote island; they fall in love. How could it fail? This first part certainly doesn't, Caleb Deschanel's camerawork and Coppola Sr's music combining to evoke an exotic romanticism. The boy (Kelly Reno) and the horse (Cass-ole, and a few doubles) do their bit, too.

Once back in America (played by Toronto), things become a mite too familiar. Mickey Rooney's grizzled old horse-handler's got to be there to psyche up the nag for a race, right? And the boy's mum (Teri Garr, wandering around in a Valium haze) must relent and let the lad leap on the saddle, mustn't she?

Rousing stuff, though, and handsome as all hell. God, alone with James Ferman, knows why it's got an 'A' certifcate. I know it's a stallion but, really, there's none of that.

Monty Smith

ALMOST OVERLOOKED

Long Weekend

Directed by Colin Eggleston
Starring John Hargreaves and Briony Behets (*Bordeaux Films*)

THE Australian film comes of age with *Long Weekend* which, like *Picnic At Hanging Rock,* wears its affiliations with the French film school proudly and not too self-consciously. *Et pourquoi pas?* It was voted best film at the Sitges Horror film Festival and won the Jury prize at its Paris equivalent. The skeletal plot has been employed in other movies; organically in *The Birds* and *The Frogs,* and inorganically in *Duel, Burnt Offerings* and *The Amityville Horror.* It simply involves two 'civilised' people crossing the frontier of their ersatz existence and being confronted with the hostile elements of the other 'side' (in this case Nature, offended by Man's desecration and inhumanity to life) — a situation they are neither psychologically nor physically equipped to cope with. That they are doomed from the start is inevitable — she can't even drop a frozen chicken without some significantly dramatic music. Yet nothing can be taken at face value and no centimetre of film is wasted. If it were simply a Technology v. Nature movie it would pass muster. That it implies more with effortless direction is remarkable, and shows Eggleston using the lessons he has learned from Hitchcock via Chabrol and Truffaut. A diluted force perhaps, but a force nonetheless. The performances are superb, easily holding their own against Eggleston's symbolist approach, and the cyclical imagery — disturbing from the kangaroo knocked down in the beginning to the spider crab crushed beneath the wheels of the land cruiser at the end — Eggleston wields irony like a rapier. A neat, effective, disturbing movie, and it is no accident that one's ultimate sympathy lies with the whimpering dog abandoned in the immovable cruiser without hope of rescue . . . . at least through any human agency.

Neil Norman

Guyana — Crime Of The Century

Directed by Rene Cardona Jr.
Starring Stuart Whitman, Joseph Cotten and Brad Dillman (*Barber Rose International*)

THE sole justification for dramatizing a contemporary tragedy, like the Jonestown mass suicide, would be the illumination of the bare facts brought to us by the news media, thereby increasing our understanding of the affair. However, Mexican muckraker Rene Cardona isn't interested in doing anything that worthy — though he's made exploitation of human suffering his profession, he's not even very good at it. His Rev. James Jones figure (called Johnson to protect the innocent) hasn't character enough to lead his 900 followers across the street, never mind to concentration camp paradise in South America, where he commanded, like a demi-god, his gullible congregation to take their own lives. How he managed such absolute control over so many people hasn't been properly explained and, needless to say, Cardona's film doesn't enlighten us. A barely functional narrative gets the sort of performances it deserves from forgotten Hollywood vets (how could Joseph *Third Man* Cotten sink so low?) headed by stilted Stuart Whitman in the Johnson role. Nothing's revealed, excepting one film-maker's ugly propensity for profiting from others' pain, this being the fifth in his sordid line of real life disaster movies that began with the tasteful *Survival* — about cannibalism in the Andes. Ugh.

Chris Bohn

TWO STORIES STRAIGHT FROM HELL

WILLIAM PETER BLATTY'S THE EXORCIST x

Directed by WILLIAM FRIEDKIN

ELLEN BURSTYN • MAX VON SYDOW
LEE J. COBB • KITTY WINN
JACK MacGOWRAN
JASON MILLER as Father Karras
LINDA BLAIR as Regan
Produced by WILLIAM PETER BLATTY
Executive Producer NOEL MARSHALL
Screenplay by WILLIAM PETER BLATTY based on his novel

JOHN BOORMAN'S FILM OF EXORCIST II THE HERETIC x

A RICHARD LEDERER PRODUCTION

LINDA BLAIR • RICHARD BURTON
LOUISE FLETCHER
MAX VON SYDOW
"EXORCIST II: THE HERETIC"
KITTY WINN • PAUL HENREID as The Cardinal
and JAMES EARL JONES
Creative Associate ROSPO PALLENBERG • Directed by JOHN BOORMAN
Produced by JOHN BOORMAN and RICHARD LEDERER
Written by WILLIAM GOODHART • Music Composed and Conducted by ENNIO MORRICONE
Technicolor

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WHERE ARE ALL THE NICE GIRLS ?

SEEZ 25

STIFF

"If 'Up Escalator' doesn't make it, I won't be destroyed. I've got used to running the course. It's been four years."

ON 'THE Up Escalator' the most exciting moment is during a song that may yet prove to be Graham Parker's most crucial composition to date, 'Empty Lives'. He emerges from a backdrop of revved-up stinging guitar lines alternately at odds then totally in sync with each other, and the muscular unrelenting rhythm section to rail at the listener with his most belligerent, pleading tirade of a manifesto ever.

"Give me water/Give me cocaine/Give me something lethal/Something that leaves a strain/But please don't let me feel that emptiness again."

This is feverish pleading rock'n'roll music highly calculated in its form and fervour, yet vehemently spontaneous in its delivery.

When Parker and The Rumour reach that point where they are set for top speed acceleration, the singer grabs his moment, holding back the killer punch in order to tease, to scat a succession of *"don't make me's"*, one second almost playful, the next veering on the catatonic, until Parker careers down on his prey, conducting the final KO in a blaze of brutal, full-focus fireworks.

Analysing the force that shapes a number like 'Empty Lives' might seem an unorthodox, even pointless way of introducing the latest instalment of the Graham Parker saga; yet nowhere else can I find such a pointedly relevant statement to put this part of the story into.

When I began work on this assignment four weeks ago, things appeared highly optimistic for Parker: 'The Up Escalator' had just hit the stores, trumpeted by a formidable ballot of raves from the music press and powered by a lavish advertising campaign by Stiff Records, Parker's new label in Britain after a wretched four years and five albums imprisoned within Phonogram's uninspired grip. So it seemed the perfect time finally to answer the question that has always clung to any study of Graham Parker: exactly why has this man been exiled from an audience appreciative of his talents and able to drop-kick his product into the Top Tens of the world with the same force as . . . well, Elvis Costello is the obvious comparison, not to mention kindred spirit.

CERTAIN short-comings have been obvious, the record company troubles playing a principle role, whilst any number and variety of further grievances could be used as evidence.

"There's really only room for one small, twitchy obsessive to make it in the rock market-place," stated somebody who worked with both Parker and Costello. "And fuck the whole merits and artistic comparison shtick, the only relevant reason why Elvis Costello has made it where Graham Parker hasn't is because Costello has Jake Riviera managing him and Park has Dave Robinson.

"Riviera — whatever one thinks of his tactics — is very strong, unstoppable and inspired enough to create the right blend of mystique, style and magnetism to frame Costello's image and music.

"Robinson simply doesn't have that vision; plus he spreads his energies over too wide an area."

Dave Robinson, a burly thick-set character, forever stalking about with a piercing, mildly disdainful look in his eyes well complemented by a brusque, no-nonsense burr that penetrates an otherwise disinterested sounding Irish brogue, certainly has an imposing 'front'. The butt for a 1001 impersonations (many of them hilariously spot on) usually performed by former Stiff associates who claim that Robinson is impossible to truly dislike even though he may (or may not) still owe them a bob or two, he seldom allows his guard to slip beyond mild irritation even as he makes it plain to this writer that were such-and-such a story — however trivial — actually to be captured in print, then all manner of mayhem might ensue.

"It seems that your articles are considered compulsory reading by certain branches of officialdom," he mutters nonchalantly. "So I think it would be better if you left out that bit."

I don't mention the contention regarding management directly, choosing instead simply to plump for fact.

In the four years of their existence, Parker & The Rumour have only made the vaguest impression on the charts, singles-wise, with 'Hold Back The Night' and 'Don't Ask Me Questions' both stranded in the lower echelon of the Top 30 for a brief moment. Their biggest selling album — the double live 'Parkerilla' — also happens to be their worst. It's antecedent, the superb 'Squeezing Out Sparks', sold considerably less both here and in the States even though the ensemble had extracted themselves from the stranglehold of Mercury and signed with the more sympathetic Arista label.

In cold mathematical terms, Robinson reckons that Parker has approximately 35,000 fans in the UK "who religiously buy his records", some 200,000 US devotees, plus pockets of fervent admirers in Australia, Sweden, Holland and Japan.

Ironically, at a time when as Stiff's top dog he is placing a sizeable chunk of company finance into promoting 'The Up Escalator' album, Robinson has officially stepped down as both manager for both Parker and the Rumour. The Rumour contract expired on April 1 this year whilst Parker's linkage with the sanguine Irishman ended in November last year.

"Both Graham and the band are handling their own affairs at present. It was agreed that contractually, were Graham to sing with Stiff, then my position as his manager would cease. Obviously I'm still deeply involved in his career."

But how did Robinson feel about Parker's manager-less position?

"At the moment he doesn't need a manager for any specific purpose. Later on, possibly. He's decided to give touring a rest for the time being. He's getting married and is generally re-evaluating his career. After four years of anything — particularly touring at the intensity Graham and the band have been — you've got to stop and reconsider your options.

"The onus is on Stiff right now. With the problems Phonogram have caused by releasing that dire compilation, we're having to do deals with record shops; a lot of deals have had to be implemented on a sale and return basis. It's a risky business but I feel that a lot more could be achieved with just a little more pressure."

When queried about the G. P. commercial inaccessibility problem, Robinson's nonchalance remains fully intact.

"When he started, G.P. was before his time. He's always stood out but a lot of people tend to back away when they're confronted by that little bit of reality. If you're too real you run the risk of alienating the punters."

IT WAS Robinson who was sharp enough to conceive and implement the mating of one Graham Parker — an angry young man of no previous pedigree with a forceful line in cutting, passionate compositions and an abrasive feisty delivery — with The Rumour, a collection of hard-bitten veterans and celebrities from the fading pub-rock era who lacked personality and the precious x factor that makes a band more than the sum of its parts.

It was an extremely canny manoeuvre in that it took a decisive stand against the drab *'Route 66' and three pints of lager* state of debris that the pub rock movement — which had accompanied the Durys, Wilkos, Costellos, Lowes and other outsiders — had reached by the beginning of 1976.

Parker had something to say and a tenacity to his delivery almost totally at odds with the usual jovial thump-ups. The mood in London was changing fast. With the New Wave already sparking over in New York when 'Howling Wind' came out, it was clear that, aside from obvious debts to the Stones, Dylan and Van Morrison, Graham Parker was something very special.

Signed to Phonogram by Nigel Grainge, the latter's departure to start the Ensign label — best known for housing the Boomtown Rats —caused relations 'twixt the Parker camp and the label to deteriorate at a rate only surpassed by the US outlet, Mercury whose tawdry campaigns advertising new Parker product were particularly offensive.

The years from late '76 to early '79 illustrate the constant labours of an artiste and his band caught in the stupefying ever-onward motions expected of bands who enter the market-place. Tour followed tour, the pace became more and more gruelling, band members more and more irritable, and the purpose — well, what was the purpose?

"That was the thing, the point where I realised something had to change," Parker states. "We were playing Australia and I'd personally reached the stage where playing a gig had become an extremely forced, tiring ritual. When I'd started out, I was determined to give the audience a good healthy shot of reality. After three years of trying to get something across, I realised there was no point in just . . . bashing my head against a brick wall."

GRAHAM PARKER is seated in a small, sparsely furnished room in the Stiff offices that acts as headquarters for interviews. He has completed a photo session and, although visibly fatigued from the day's duties, is nonetheless clearly concerned about addressing yet another series of questions with clear, well measured replies.

He is amiable, optimistic and a good deal healthier-looking than you're led to believe by the group photo on the inner sleeve of 'Escalator', where a deathly grey pallor and brutally etched cheek-bones make him look like a vampire caught in the harsh light of day.

"Yeah, I'm in good spirits. I feel very optimistic actually. I know that what I'm doing is good, is worthwhile, I've still got complete faith in my songs. It's simply a case of me realising that the things I write about tend to scare people. I'm too direct. Then again, I don't know any other way of writing a song. I don't bang out a bunch of nice, pleasant twee pop flannel because I can't. I don't know any other way of writing. Situations occur that affect me directly and that's usually when a song takes shape.

"I'm not even 'prolific', not by any means. Some songs take literally months to complete, others happen all at once."

The dialogue shuttles around a variety of subjects, always returning to one main topic: Parker's problems communicating his work to a suitably large audience. I mention one mutual colleague — ironically now a very successful figure in the rock biz — whose composing talents became so cursed by the blight of commercial failure that he lost all confidence in his work, only choosing to continue because he felt himself useless at tackling any other vocations. Parker claims never to have entertained such doubts.

"Certainly not after 'Squeezing Out Sparks', anyway. In fact, though I can now look back on the old albums and see certain numbers as being pretty duff, at the time I always believed in them . . . like 'Heat In Harlem", which is pretty ludicrous coming from some white guy from England who's only driven through the fuckin' outskirts of the place in a taxi. Sure it's dumb, but I'm not ashamed of it being a very naive song. With the possible exception of 'Parkerilla', which failed to really capture us at our best live, I don't regret anything I've put out.

"In fact, I feel that maybe if we'd been a huge overnight success, then possibly I wouldn't have come up with songs as strong as the stuff on 'Sparks' or 'Up Escalator'. I don't know what would've happened under different circumstances but with 'Sparks' there was a very real sense of arrival. Yeah, I came into my own with that album, most definitely. That and 'Howling Wind' are easily my favourite albums. There's a sense of achievement to them. I listen to those two records and I can hear myself and the band really seizing the moment. The best rock music always has that feeling of . . . you take your chance, reach out and aim for something special. Obviously it's prearranged to a certain degree but there's a special feel.

With 'Howling Wind' there's the sentimental thing of it being my first record, but there's also a passion lurking there. And 'Sparks' is the next big step with the passion very much to the fore. Those songs are for real. Sure I get pissed off that a record — like 'Sparks' in particular — hasn't sold more, because it's good, but there are consolations. When we were doing 'You Can't Be Too Strong' live, a lot of girls would come to the front of the stage and put out this great vibe — they related to the song very strongly."

But is the 'consolation' of being a big cult-figure enough?

"No, of course not. That's why we've always changed producers. Jack Nietzche did an incredible job producing 'Sparks'. With Jimmy Iovine, who produced 'Escalator', it was down to pushing forward the music, sharpening the creases, getting a sound that came across strongly on the radio which is something all the other records haven't had."

Iovine, a short impish figure with a puck-like face and a constant grin for photos, made perfect sense as the choice of producer for 'Escalator' in that he has the rare ability to produce records that transform an artiste's cult status into mass acceptability. Patti Smith gained a top ten single and top twenty album from Iovine's sharp practice — it was he who snaffled 'Because the Night' from Bruce Springsteen in order to attain that particular coup — whilst Tom Petty's excellent 'Torpedoes' album (another Iovine project) took up a lengthy residency in the top three of the US album charts during the months Iovine worked with G.P.

A flamboyant excitable character, Iovine was chosen by Dave Robinson after playing 'Because the Night' to Parker who was duly impressed by the overall sound, and impact: "He has the knack of making a small group sound very strong," says G.P. Iovine evidently thrives on the challenges that breaking an act like Parker presents. Certainly he has pulled out all the stops for this shot, personally doing interviews to promote the album, not to mention getting Bruce Springsteen to croon on one track ("Isn't that the greatest? Those two guys singing together on a song is fantastic. You can't do much better than that," enthused modest Jim to *Rolling Stone* a couple of issues back).

"THE BAND itself didn't hear about Springsteen singing on 'Endless Night' until later on when we were back in London and Graham was doing overdubs with Iovine. As soon as the news came through, I had these horrible visions of Springsteen going *'Whaa! whaa! whaa!'* all the way through the song."

Martin Belmont, the Rumour guitarist who looks like a debauched rugby teacher with a mild Keith Richards hangup, laughs at his moose-voiced take-off of Springsteen's 'Badlands' croon.

"Actually, it's funny, that, because during the 'Stick To Me' session with Nick Lowe, Graham started messing around doing this piss-take of Springsteen singing 'Jungle-land'. Nick had the tape rolling and he's still got a copy of the thing. One presumes Springsteen hasn't heard the tape."

Belmont's moments of hilarity tend to undermine the reason for our interview, which follows some days after the Parker session. *NME* was on the streets again, carrying Charles Shaar Murray's review of 'Escalator', a critique that gave GP's muse a clean bill of health but came down hard on his compatriots, both Iovine and more particularly the Rumour.

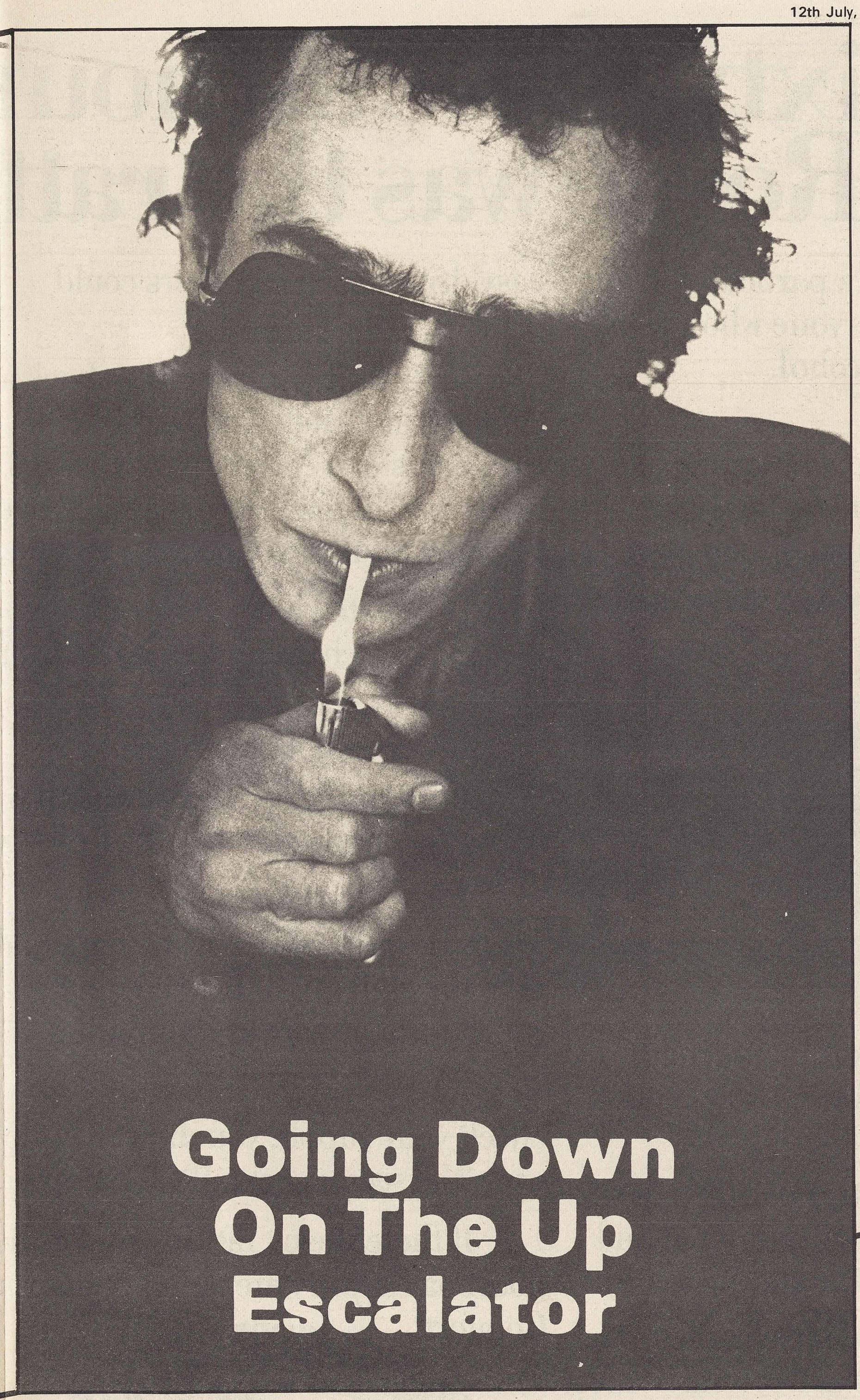
After expressing surprise that the paper had reviewed the album at all after six weeks of inertia, Parker seemed shaken by the charges levelled against his cohorts. "If anyone's to blame for the faults people see in my records, then it's down to me. That's how I wanted the record to sound, that's how I wanted my songs to be arranged. The buck always ends with me," he stated categorically.

Belmont meanwhile is simply bemused. "I just can't understand what Charles Murray was on about. I mean, for the songs on 'Escalator' we really went out of our way to rearrange our approach. Graham is dogmatic about what he wants but we still have quite a say in the arrangements. 'Empty Lives', for example, was constructed around a riff I worked up and for which Brinsley invented a counterpoint.

"You see, all that stuff about the 'Frogs/Krauts' album (CSM places the last Rumour album in high esteem), well that was Bob Andrews' album more than anyone else's. And since Bob left . . ."

Hold on. The rumour is that Bob Andrews no longer wishes to work with The Rumour in a subordinate capacity to Graham Parker but that he's still a member of the band where their solo ventures are concerned.

"No, that's not so. Bob has nothing to do with the Rumour anymore in any capacity. We told him . . . hmm I don't know if this is really fair but . . . well, the fact is that both Graham and the group seriously got to thinking about Bob's role within the outfit and we asked him to leave. Basically he doesn't like touring and would get very antisocial, which caused problems. Then we'd come off the road and



Going Down On The Up Escalator

Nick Kent investigates the rise and abrupt fall of Graham Parker And The Rumour's commercial success and smells a rat. Photography Anton Corbijn

he'd suddenly perk up and start 'phoning us up. It was just decided that for all concerned it would be best if we went our separate ways. Bob's got into producing for Stiff and he's already had a hit with that Jona Lewie song, 'Kitchen at Parties', which proves he's doing the right thing. Meanwhile we've finished the new Rumour album which I'm really pleased with."

The third Rumour album — 'Purity of Essence' — will be out soon and once again the group is a drastically altered creature from its previous incarnation. As a four piece, the Rumour mingle non-originals with their own material with agreeable if unspectacular results. The music is straightforward 'beat group with taste and flair but negligible personality' fare.

The contention that the Rumour on their own will only act as a hobby for the members in between bouts with Parker is reinforced when Belmont remarks that a Rumour tour isn't currently on the cards, "because Brinsley & Steve are the singers and Brinsley finds that he can't co-ordinate singing and playing guitar properly at the same time, while the idea of a drummer doing the vocals doesn't really make sense to us."

Belmont meanwhile has been touring with Elvis Costello and the Attractions, depping for Steve Naive after the latter was involved in a car crash that killed his fiancee's best friend. Asked whether he would seriously sign on with Elvis in favour of Parker, Belmont allows himself a sly grin.

"Well, first of all I just think I'm really lucky to have been asked to play with the most talented guys around. It's certainly very rewarding playing with Elvis and," he adds, again slyly, "I've certainly been tempted although I've not been asked. Because I do want to make a lot of money. But Graham and The Rumour come first. Morale is very high right now. Obviously I want to be there to see us make it."

ALL THESE quotes were garnered some four weeks ago when 'Escalator' had just come out and had bulleted into the US charts at a mercurial speed, affording its creators a real hope of the key break-through Parker and the Rumour have worked towards for over four years.

Since then the record has apparently peaked and is slipping down the charts with the same urgency it ascended. The ensemble went to Los Angeles to appear on a new TV comedy series *Fridays* (which draws an agreeable seven million viewers per week) and played 'Stupefaction' and 'Empty Lives' but, when asked, both Belmont and drummer Steve Goulding held out slim hopes for the record taking off. 'Stupefaction' hasn't broken as a single in the States while 'Love Without Greed' has been delegated to Radio One's B List. The precious hit single so desperately needed has yet to manifest itself.

Meanwhile the band members remain at home with their videos wondering just what to do when the odd session call or summit meeting at the Stiff offices doesn't take their minds off the dilemma. Dave Robinson meanwhile murmurs about "the risky business" of the music biz recession and while the 'Up Escalator' goes down the cracks, I'm left wondering at the true strength behind Parker's words when he talked about his vocation.

"If 'Up Escalator' doesn't make it, I won't be destroyed, I've grown accustomed to *(laughs)* the loneliness of the long distance performer. I've just grown accustomed to running the course. It's been four years but, fuck ... I've grown resigned to the fact there are no easy answers to the hang-ups and the bring-downs and the depression.

"And, like, there's no easy answer to why I'm not going to keep asking the questions. 'cos that's where the songs come from, that's what keeps me moving and thinking. I only need to know what I'm in this game for. That's enough."

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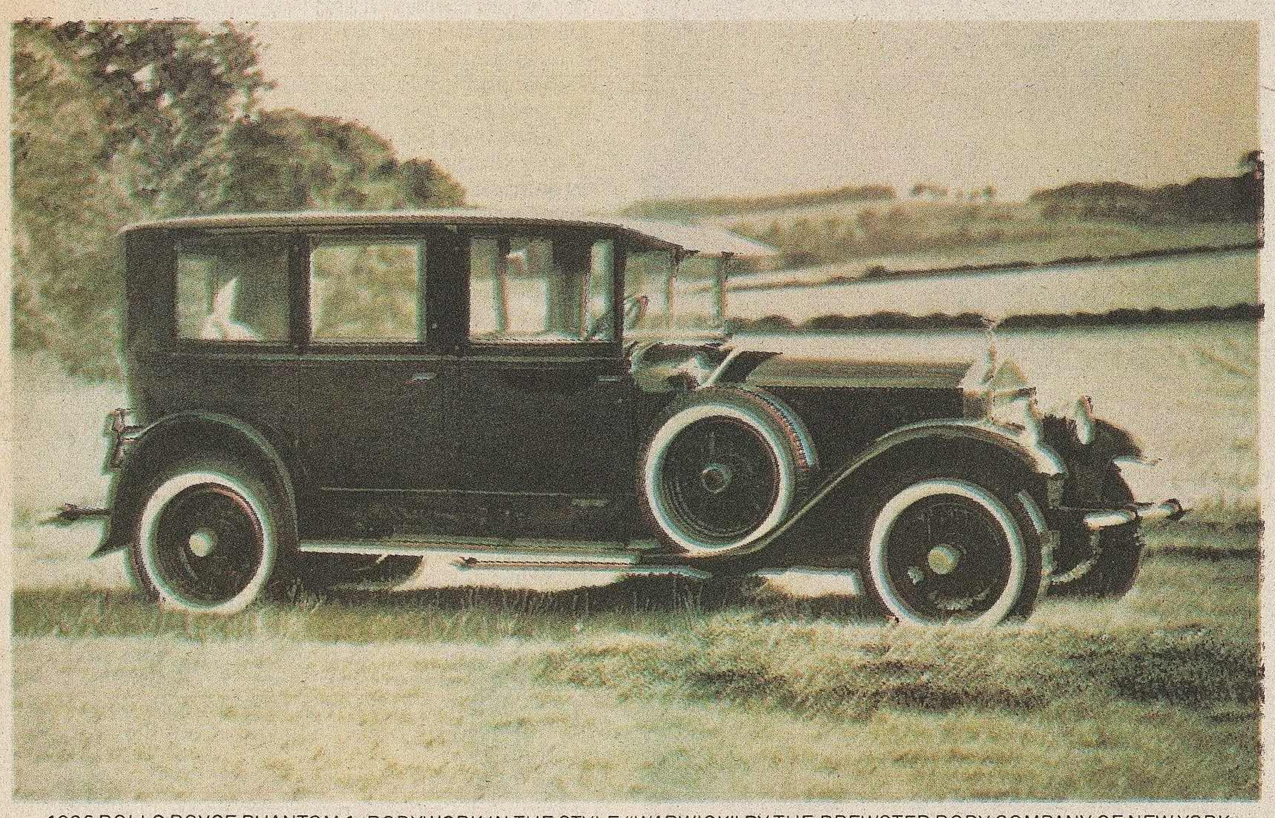

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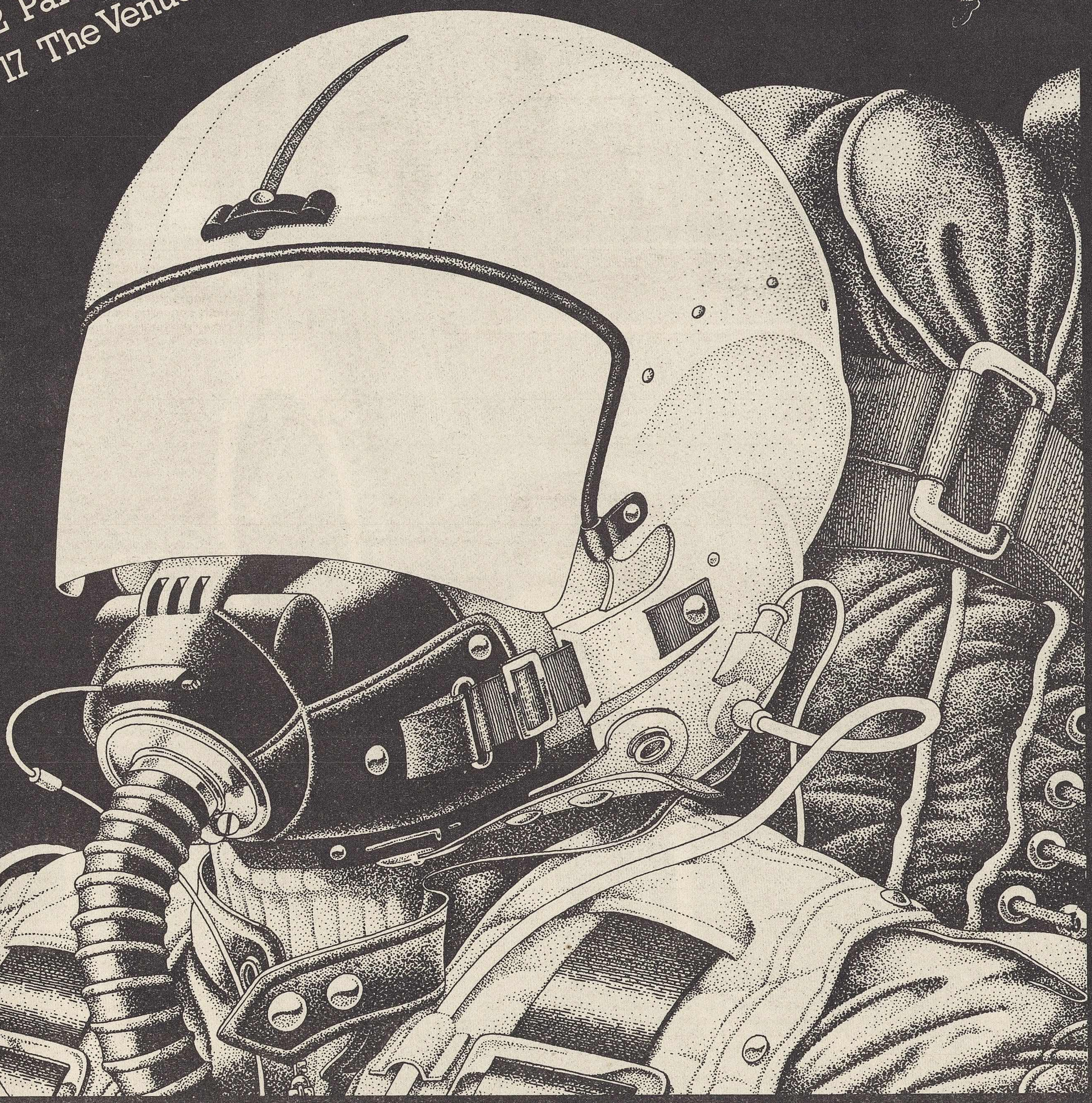

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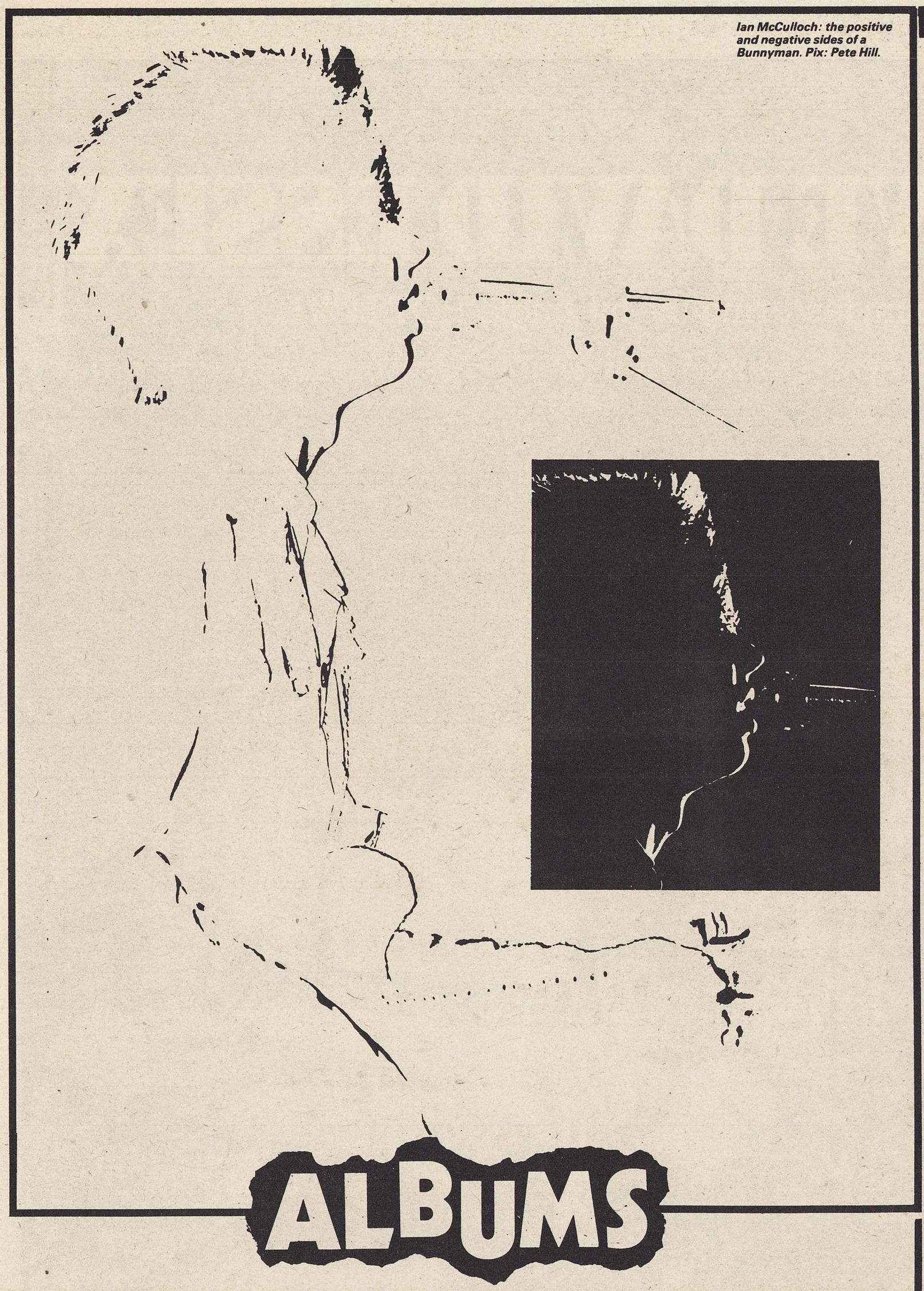

Ian McCulloch: the positive and negative sides of a Bunnyman. Pix: Pete Hill.

ALBUMS

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN
Crocodiles *(Korova)*

THE TRANSFORMATION of Echo And The Bunnymen from the appealing but erratic beatniks of a year ago to the dynamic modern rock group of today has been little short of remarkable.

It has been a painless change of style but one in which the effects could hardly be more marked. The haunting semi-acoustic strains of their original Zoo 45 'The Pictures On My Wall' are a far cry indeed from the hard, vigorous funk of the recent 'Rescue' single.

If 'Rescue' hinted broadly at the shift that had taken place, then 'Crocodiles', the debut album, confirms it in the most gratifying manner. There truly is a different kind of tension at work now.

So what is it all down to? Well, on the most basic level, the recruitment of drummer Pete De Fraties in place of the drum machine 'Echo' which formerly provided the rhythmic backdrop has toughened up the sound considerably, giving things a solid and imaginative root.

But there is more to it than that. Singer Ian McCulloch's gruff voice has matured magnificently, so that every song is now infested with a rare soul and intensity. In common with all great rock and roll from Springsteen to The Sex Pistols, Echo And The Bunnymen now sound *hungry,* and a lot of that hunger can be traced back to the sense of desperation and urgency in McCulloch's vocals.

If McCulloch and De Fraties give the Bunnymen the essence of their new-found strength, then the embroidery and embellishments are left to guitarist Will Sergeant and bassist Les Pattinson. Sergeant is the star of the show musically, his gothic, jangling guitar motifs often stretching miles into the distance behind Pattinson's elastic bass.

Together they have a great sense of rock dynamics, though a lot of the credit for that could also go to the production team of — no, not Martin Hannett! — Chameleons Bill Drummond and Dave Balfe and Original Mirrors guitarist Ian Broudie. The three men at the controls create a sound full of body and depth without the aid of convoluted studio trickery, the odd splash of resonant echo aside: there is very little on 'Crocodiles' that couldn't — or indeed, hasn't — been reproduced live.

The Bunnymen betray a host of influences throughout the album. There are shades of both Jim Morrison and Iggy Pop in McCulloch's voice, shreds of Wilko Johnson in the vicious crosscut riffing of Sergeant on the title track (or is that you, Andy Gill?) and definite aspects of Talking Heads in 'Rescue', while the chilling organ melody on the re-vamped 'Pictures On My Wall' certainly owes something to Pere Ubu's '30 Seconds Over Tokyo'.

But this crocodile is no imitation skin, and the whole is far greater than the sum of the various inputs.

McCulloch's lyrical landscape is scattered with themes of sorrow, horror and despair, themes that are reinforced by stormy animal/sexual imagery. There are resemblances to Joy Division in places, although McCullough's words are never as intensely personal.

'Crocodiles' and 'Rescue' deal with fear and eventual breakdown, desperation which takes the victim even closer to the edge on 'Going Up', where ambient mood music drifts into a semi-acoustic rocker with a haunting *"Let's get the hell outa here"* refrain.

But the message filtering through the darkness is primarily one of hope on 'Pictures On My Wall' and 'All That Jazz', which employs to devastating effect the same relentless rhythmic thrash that drove PiL's 'Annalisa' and Magazine's 'The Light Pours Out Of Me'.

'Villiers Terrace', meantime, is an awestruck and amusing account of people rolling round on carpets, mixed-up medicines and drugged debauchery, lifted by very Bowie-ish staccato electric piano.

Not every track is as successful. 'Pride' is a disposable recollection of parental hopes and fears, 'Stars Are Stars' an obscure dirge salvaged only by a few crisp minor chords, and 'Happy Death Men', a rambling closer which goes nowhere, reminding one of the Bunnymen's still erratic live form.

One last thing. Forget all that jazz about the creeping return of hippiedom, despite the cryptic "flowers and their hair" message scratched over the run-off grooves.

'Crocodiles' is destined to be one of the contemporary rock albums of the year. And, yes, you can dance to it.

How long before their picture's on *your* wall?

Adrian Thrills

A portrait of sin and redemption

LOU REED
Growing Up In Public *(Arista)*

'GROWING UP IN PUBLIC' finally spells out what Lou Reed's records since 1976's 'Coney Island Baby' have been murmuring in varying dissonances: that the inspiration so obvious in his Velvet Underground work, and so offensively lacking in the first four years' worth of solo product, has returned fully intact. Reed is at last ready to tackle issues with a candour and fervour that make this, his first album of the '80s, one of the most courageous efforts of his whole career.

In many respects, 'Public' is a dramatic break in stride from the musical ground Reed and his band have been mining since the ensemble signed with Arista a few years ago. 'Rock'n'Roll Heart' was pretty much expendable, but with 'Street Hassle' Reed returned spiritually to the dark heart of 'White Light White Heat', though he was now working from a more structured, jazz-infused standpoint. This attempt to inaugurate a vibrant mating of jazz and rock that sidestepped the glibness of so much 'fusion' music was given totally free reign on the follow-up 'The Bells', with mixed results. Lester Bangs hailed it as the strongest brew since Miles Davis' brilliant 'On The Corner', but the music was too hit-and-miss by half for my taste.

'Public' forsakes this angle for the time being, perhaps because Reed realised that his experiments weren't as fully realised as they could be, and would thus afflict the record's central message. Indeed, Reed's designation of the composition of all the tunes on 'G.U.I.P.' to resident keyboard player Michael Fonfara (whose tenure with Reed stretches back to the mid-'70s) is proof of the man's determination to concentrate staunchly on the lyrical content.

'Growing Up In Public' is in fact Lou Reed's most defiantly autobiographical record to date. Where previously he was usually concerned about constructing characters for his songs, be they the junkie narrator of 'Heroin' — who resurfaced on the key monologue of 'Street Hassle's' title track — or 'Candy', the girl through whose eyes the passion play of 'Velvet Underground 3' was focussed, 'Public' is all first person declarations. Direct antecedents in Reed's songbook can be located as far back as 'Kill Your Sons' (an old Velvets' song finally recorded for the otherwise lamentable 'Sally Can't Dance') and as recently as 'The Bells' best track, 'Families'. 'Growing Up In Public' simply focusses on Reed's past — the family frictions that caused him to undergo electro-shock therapy as a teenager being but one of the issues that he now views in retrospect as having shaped his life.

More crucially, the album ties together all the loose pieces of a psycho-analytical jigsaw to grant us a self-portrait of Reed, a middle-aged man who's produced both work of genius and hideous parodies of the same, finally finding a focus for his life.

The record, made just after his second marriage, also is a celebration of love as life's ultimate healing power.

'How Do You Speak To An Angel', the opening track, sets the scene perfectly: *"A son who is cursed with a harridan mother/Or a weak simpering father at best/Is raised to play out the timeless classical motives/Of filial love and incest"*. The bearings are pinpointed with unflinching honesty, as Reed details past tribulations that caused him to first rebel, to parody and ultimately to fully comprehend himself.

'My Old Man' is full of loathing as Reed, the son, recalls how his initial adoration of his father turned to hatred and vehement contempt: *"I was sick of his bullying . . . And when he beat my mother/It made me so mad that I could choke . . . And can you believe what he said to me/He said 'Lou, act like a man'."* Reed has never sounded so totally committed. The performance has a ferocity that makes virtually all previous deliveries tame by dint of their calculated 'distance'.

The same commitment positively explodes from the performance of a song like 'Standing On Ceremony', where Reed re-enacts the events of his mother's death: *"Remember your manners/Will you please take your hat off/Your mother is dying/Listen to her cough"*.

From the intense railing of these past recollections to the grand finale of 'Smiles', 'Think It Over' and 'Teach The Gifted Children', where the singer exults in the redeeming force of love, Reed slips in several wry, brilliant songs like the title track with its superb insights and, particularly, 'The Power Of Positive Drinking', which boasts a lyric as great as its title.

There are no weak tracks here. The consistency is absolute because the issues Reed has chosen to address are so intimate they demand a complete commitment.

'Growing Up In Public' may well be Lou Reed's greatest statement on the subject of sin and redemption because it is so crucially personal. Certainly the strengths of the record's concept (a dire word but I can't think of a better one right now) transcend the mere adequacy of Fonfara's music or the fact that 'Teach The Gifted Children' is a blatant re-write of 'Take Me To The River'.

But to criticise this album for its musical lapses is to miss the whole point. Lou Reed, now approaching forty, has stripped away all artifice and is speaking from the heart, addressing universal issues every bit as vital as his former concerns. For that reason, 'Growing Up In Public' is probably the best piece of work Lou Reed has ever been involved in. All human life is there, including yours and mine.

Nick Kent

HOT LOVE DAVID ESSEX

The new album featuring the hit single 'HOT LOVE.'

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Flattery will get you everywhere

CHIC
Real People *(Atlantic)*

CORPORATE entertainment: like Public Image Ltd and The Human League, Chic are an organisation. Or rather, they are a highly organised consumer service, hiring their skills out to others (Sister Sledge, Sheila B. Devotion, Diana Ross) as well as using them on their own behalf. The Chic sound — powerful, refined, spacious, elegant — is almost irresistible when correctly applied: i.e. when they're doing a good song and the speakers are up to it and you're dancing.

Their vision is seductive: anyone can feel attractive when dancing to it! Chic music flatters the listener quite beautifully. In a library of pop, where Tom Waits is a book of poems from City Lights, The Cramps are an EC comic and Kate Bush is a volume of Gurdjieff with pressed flowers between the pages, Chic are an upmarket glossy magazine, a sumptuous elegant production where style is all.

Chic's albums are peculiar things: their music is always at its finest when experienced in public, at a volume only possible at home if all the neighbours went on holiday simultaneously, and in a dancing situation. Their albums seem like periodic pauses to collect their latest singles and to experiment with goals other than the achievement of the ultimate dance-floor stunner. The singles are the lynchpins (but of course!).

'Real People' contains a lot of more than serviceable dance grooves and a few nice lines (the title song is full of delicious ironies, as in 'Rebels Are We', and '26' — as in *"on a scale of one to ten my baby's a 26"* — is a gem), but a disturbing sluggishness — exemplified by some less than acute string arrangements — seems to be weighing the Chic sound down. Also, Nile Rodgers is indulging himself in some flawlessly executed but misconceived guitar solos which are by no means as beguiling as his clipped, stuttering rhythm chops.

The last track 'You Can't Do It Alone' — in which a male vocalist informs his departing girlfriend that she's bound to screw up everything she touches if she attempts anything at all without his aid — is possibly the most patronising song I've heard all year: emotional blackmail of the subtler kind.

It might be more practical for those not inclined to compile their own 'Best Of Chic' — the official Greatest Hits album is so poorly mastered that the tracks are shadows of their former selves, as Danny Baker pointed out at the time of its release — from their friends' records to wait until '26' and 'Rebels Are We' are available as singles (preferably of the 12" variety) and then use them at parties for the purpose for which they were intended.

I'm not sure you'll be allowed to buy this album unless you can prove that you've got a potted palm in the house, anyway.

Charles Shaar Murray

Style, Chic-style. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

SHEILA AND B. DEVOTION
Sheila And B. Devotion *(Carrere)*

THERE ARE those who always find it more profitable to follow the procession than attempt to lead it. A perfect example of this is French singer Sheila, who for close on 20 years has portrayed the model pop star — a puppet.

Meticulously dressed three months behind high fashion but just ahead of the High Street, Sheila has diligently maintained the same blank smile and obediently sung and danced her way through whatever material has been thrust before her: one-dimensional perfection. Be it thoroughly daft French language covers of transatlantic hits, or the kind of over-emotional trash that only the Gauls can appreciate, Sheila has weathered constant changes in public tastes to become something of a minor institution back home.

It seems only right and proper that such endurance be suitably rewarded.

In 'Spacer' Sheila secured not only that elusive international hit but, judging from Chic's current offering (the 'Real People' LP), possibly also the Organisation's last truly inspired moment.

Even so, those who look beyond the skeletal riffs of the 12-inch disco cut can corroborate that Chic are still far more in tune with the so-called Modern World than those industrial overalls theorists who are so very hung-up with kitchen utensils and TV sets.

Chic's image is intentionally *designer* created, symbolic of materialistic America's narcissistic obsession with acquiring style. And it's no coincidence that throughout this album, Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards simultaneiously feed and destroy many of those myths and fantasies of the affluent society.

In 'Charge Plates And Credit Cards' a society constantly encouraged to become live-now/pay-later addicts comes under scrutiny — *"American Express became my green and white and black lover"* — whilst 'Cover Girl' explodes an image partly perpetrated by Chic themselves: the whole designer disco sleeve illusion of the Good Life. *"My skin is wash and wear, got rainbows in my hair/Oh what a sight, I've got the flair that makes people stare/And I'll go anywhere the price is right."*

Chic appear here to delight in playing both ends against the middle. If during 'Your Love Is Good' they indulge themselves in such cliched sexual metaphors as *"Like the finest candy I'll never eat/The taste of your lips just can't be beat"*, then for 'Mayday' (the new single) they write their own weird language, complete with bizarre punctuation: *"Papa Zulu X-Ray/ my readings / 4-9er / 3;-3 / distress signal squelching / I hope someone will rescue me."*

Naturally Sheila delivers the lyrics without a shred of passion and a degree of ice cold detachment that Debbie Harry strives for and that would do Nico most proud.

Roy Carr

No sense innocents

SILICON TEENS
Music For Parties *(Mute)*

LOOKING for a good time? Then keep looking. This isn't it.

Some people see The Silicon Teens as a vastly amusing idea, stylishly satirical, or even delightfully subversive. They're a sort of cartoon concept group, an anonymous *nom-de-disc,* behind which hides a man called Daniel Miller. Miller, Mute supremo, is also known as The Normal, creator of 'TVOD' and the Grace Jones-covered 'Warm Leatherette.' But more than anything, the Teens sound like an overstretched private joke; and a clever-clever vehicle to take their maker on long trips down his personal memory lane, new technology in the boot. In the end, one feels excluded and uncharmed.

What you get, firstly, is eleven quick, gimmick-ridden goes at covering hit-picks from the '50s and '60s — like 'Memphis Tennessee', 'Just Like Eddie', 'Judy In Disguise' and 'Yesterday Man' — all performed in the same fizzy synthesised way, all of unvarying chirpiness.

Mixed in with these are three originals — gormlessly entitled 'TV Playtime', 'Chip'n'Roll' and 'State Of Shock Pt.2' — and they fare no better than their fellows; the effect is still a kind of aural toothache.

In its packaging, 'Music For Parties' simply gurgles with ersatz innocence and implausible cutesy-goofiness. The mystery group — that's Darryl on vocal, Paul on electronic percussion, Jacki and Diane on synthesisers — come on as a wholesomely happy gang of coy little crooners, in whose collective gob butter just would not melt. They are produced by someone called Larry Least (most micky-taking, to be sure) and claim to work only during school holidays. Winsome, lose some . . . that's the way it goes.

Paul Du Noyer

DIRECT HITS
Collisions At Teen Junction *(Bootleg Records)*

IN THE Rough Trade menagerie of self-financed records, a thousand anonymous bands are waiting patiently in their slot for you to buy their vinyl and take it home. Some you've never heard of, others are vaguely familiar from that hazy, groggy night when you came home drunk and fell asleep listening to John Peel. But one record amongst the nondescript hordes which could easily have survived your alcohol-induced amnesia is 'Collisions At Teen Junction'.

Direct Hits are an embryonic form of gaudy pop perfection. As yet their songs are jagged and rough, often marked by amateur flaws, but are oddly appealing in a humble sort of way.

Lead singer / writer Kevin Durkin's treatment of love (the theme of the album) is as touching (or not) as *True Love Confessions;* an ambiguous mixture of melancholy and absurdity means you don't know whether to laugh or cry.

Onstage he evokes the same sickly pathos as Charlie Chaplin; he's always the jilted lover, the suppressed underdog. His attempts to gain audience sympathy are pathetically nauseating. But on this LP, without the alienating visuals, his personal diary of teenage heartbreak is much more effectively communicated.

The sound is fragile and weak. Softly soulful vocals are layered onto cheap jangling guitars. There are no over-dubs, nearly every track's a straight live take; Direct Hits are no masters of studio technique. In fact a professional producer would almost certainly corrupt their naive charm and stifle their haphazard sense of adventure.

This is perfect garage band pop. It's what every high school band would love to achieve. Catch them now before they grow up.

Mick Duffy

see me

ULTRAVOX
Vienna *(Chrysalis)*

IT'S BEEN two years since the release of Ultravox's last album 'Systems Of Romance', but on the surface little has changed. This is surprising considering the departure of their passionate programmer John Foxx who, going by his first solo record 'Metamatic', took the blueprints with him and subsequently improved upon them.

Foxx was both the spirit and driving force of the band. He reputedly introduced their all synthesizer line up, using them to flesh out his obsessions with European art — namely German Electronic music and French new wave movies. But with Ultravox he never quite realized his potential; thus when he split, he left them with a legacy of only partially evolved ideas that they've nevertheless decided to pursue.

Unlike Foxx, however, they haven't developed them to any degree. In Midge Ure, they 've got a singer capable of approximating Foxx's passion, but they need a writer to match his new-found precision 'Vienna' is an album of gaudy, sometimes magnificent, but mostly hollow edifices, housing songs that replace Foxx's elliptical imagery with clumsily verbose descriptions of similar scenery.

Whereas before they would draw upon European ideas direct, 'Vienna' is seemingly derived from Hollywood films of the continent, like *Julia*. It's similarly full of glamour and lacking in true essence. Songs are cluttered with suitable modernisms and daft statements, like *"Is a European legacy / A culture for today?"* ('New Europeans').

In 'Private Lives' they update Scott Fitzgerald's all-night parties, at which the gay young things dance to writhing synthesizers.

However, the opening instrumental 'Astradyne' is okay, combining as it does primitive stomp and stirring synthetic romp.

By side two, though, Kraftwerk's influence becomes overbearing. 'Mr X', a scanty mystery too obviously stated, could've come directly from 'Man Machine', with its gently see-sawing stacatto rhythms. The following 'Western Promise' is more Hutter stutter, while the title track is saved by Ure's overblown delivery and a fine arrangement that contrasts manufactured noise with the more natural sound of Billy Currie's viola.

Yet, despite their wanton plagiarism and less clearly defined ideas, 'Vienna' will probably be the album that makes Ultravox, because, unfettered of Foxx's commitment, they're free to compromise themselves a touch to suit comtemporary tastes. Ultravox of today fall somewhere between Midge Ure's hard rock poise and their old art school pose. Less aloof and more willing, their obsession with style fits present tastes.

But if passion ever comes into fashion again, they'll mourn Foxx's departure.

Chris Bohn

The chains of freedom

EDDY GRANT
Love In Exile *(Ice)*
JIMMY CLIFF
I Am The Living *(Warner Bros)*

THE PROBLEM with freedom, artistically speaking, is knowing how to handle it once you've won it. Some artists seem to lose motivation after succeeding in the struggle for independence, while others retain it only to lack the discipline to exploit it further.

Eddy Grant falls in the latter category, even though he's come far since his Equals days. Now owning his own label and pressing plant, and with the excellent reggae funk hit 'Living On The Front Line' behind him, he's got virtually free license to release what he wants. Unfortunately, that hasn't worked in his favour this time.

His new album comes produced, written and mostly performed by Eddy alone, and by the closing track 'Everybody Dance', you're beginning to wish for some restraining influence on him in the studio.

Given a separate producer, his lax but sweetly absorbing funk would've been clipped and better shaped for maximum impact. Instead Grant lets his reggae-tinted soul licks lapse into a disappointingly soporific groove, especially on those tracks on which he turns himself into an ensemble through multi-tracking.

Fortunately, there's some hope in the sparsely arranged 'Nobody's Got Time' and the bitterly ironic 'Preachin' Genocide'.

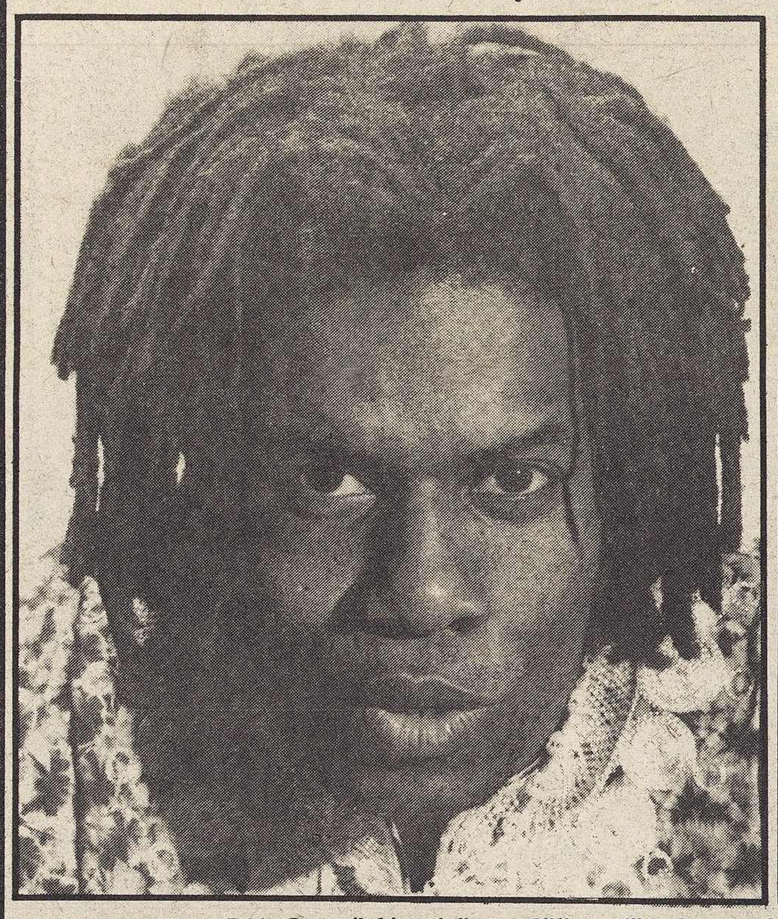
Jimmy Cliff's history is more tragic. One of the first distinctive voices in reggae, he established a strong gun-totting image for himself in *The Harder They Come*, only to shun it later in favour of a softer focus soul appeal for the American market. Consequently his output has become increasingly bland, despite that fine voice, and 'I Am The Living' continues the decline.

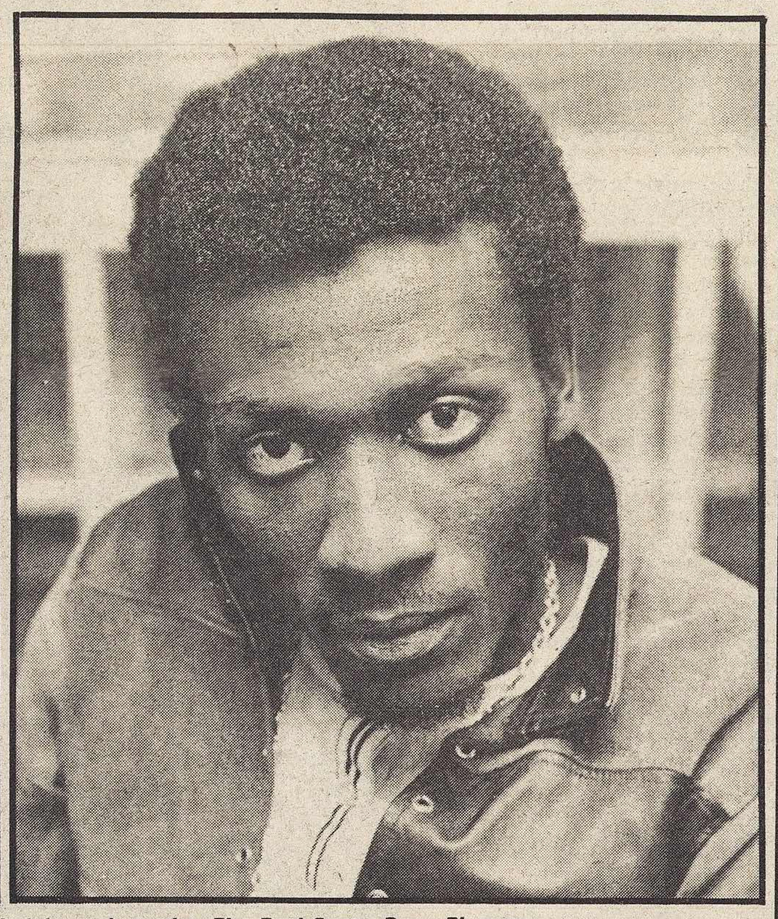
It's accelerated by his choice of Tom Scott and Gene Page as occasional arrangers. Their heartlessly sleek touches merely highlight the clumsiness of Cliff's present writing.

Cliff is right to look for help, but he'd do better to relinquish control to a producer sympathetic and tough enough to reject the writer's shoddier songs in favour of material better suited to his sadly underused abilities.

After all, freedom also means recognising who your friends are, and that means admitting that sometimes you're your own worst enemy.

Chris Bohn





Eddy Grant (left) and Jimmy Cliff — still trying to mix 'n' match musics. Pix: Paul Canty, Barry Plummer.

FRANKIE MILLER
Easy Money *(Chrysalis)*

'EASY MONEY', like all Frankie Miller albums, is a let-down. Miller has a great, rasping R&B voice but he never seems able to make it work on record. Despite finding what seem like ideal contexts — with Allen Toussaint on 'High Life' or with James Brown's former bandleader Troy Seals and some ex-Motown musicians here — he somehow fails to get the right material, the right arrangements or the right feel. Maybe it's a simple lack of imagination: But the result is that 'Easy Money' is too often just cliches jostling for position.

While a few tracks — 'The Woman In You', 'Gimme Love' — sound like second-rate copies of Dr John, the raw, pounding R&B that used to be one of Miller's hallmarks is entirely lost. He can still go through the motions, recycling all the hoary old R&B phrases to glib, perfunctory riffs, but gestures like a song called 'Cheap . . . Thrills' are simply cheap . . . shots, not to say a little desperate.

There's a dilution of spirit, a hollowness here, as if Miller were aiming *this* R&B towards the delicate sensibilities of Radio One. Maybe he's feeling old and a little scared — better the safety of a Top 40 hit than the kudos of a fiery but struggling cult hero.

Such suspicions are enhanced by the *four* icky MOR ballads on offer. 'Why Don't You Spend The Night' is a downmarket rerun of Bob Seger's 'We've Got Tonite' and the comparison tells against Miller. The soul and grit have gone, replaced by a mellow, almost jaunty tune that fails to impress itself on either material or listener.

What does impress, and the album's one success, is a version of Jo Jo Zep's 'So Young, So Young'. The feisty reggae feel of the original is abandoned for a punchy, dramatic reading that, for a few minutes, really strikes sparks before the record tails away into another of those dreadful ballads.

'Easy Money' could well be a commercial success — it's so bright and jolly — but it's a waste of a great voice.

Graham Lock

JO JO ZEP AND THE FALCONS
Screaming Targets *(Warner Bros)*

THREE YEARS ago Jo Jo Zep and his mob wouldn't have got a sniff; they wouldn't have dared to bring their ornamented, archaic Australian drivel to the dangerous shores of punk infested England. But when the likes of Lowe and Costello came to be described as 'the acceptable face of new wave', it was clear that punk's bitter juices were being gradually diluted until finally they would be flushed away forever.

And now the ageing flabby flops of Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons think it's safe once more. They've crawled out from under their stone and sailed all the way to England — and just to offer us the same type of middle-aged, mildewed music that once provoked anarchy in the UK, and may yet do so once again.

'Screaming Targets' sees the band flirting with the well-worn style of The Doobie Brothers and the more gentle moods of Graham Parker and the Rumour; there's no hint of originality. Satin smooth soul is mixed with anaemic R&B by six sluggish musicians who all look old enough to be my dad.

The album includes a new version of 'So Young', once available as a single over here, the best track the band have ever produced. Unfortunately, they have chosen to butcher the delicate, skipping guitar work of previous versions with the blundering axe of some gross heavy riffing guitar hero.

Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons are in Britain at the moment to play a few dates — mostly on the pub circuit. I don't expect their horizons to expand any further; they're very much the import to export.

Mick Duffy

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Immediate Story *(Immediate)*

The Levi's Rock Box *(CBS Special Projects)*

AND WELCOME back to another star-studded episode of *Yesterday's Sounds Today*, a game that any record company can play. Virgin play it by licensing Immediate product from NEMS (the previous owners) and disgorging a 17-track compilation with a small novel's worth of liner notes, CBS play it by licensing vast amounts of stuff — 80 tracks in all, and if you think I'm listing them all you're nuts — from every label on the planet and cramming it onto five albums which are then stuck in a box with a horrible picture of some early '70s HM band on the front. It is then mail-ordered on behalf Levi's.

The Immediate collection covers the ground: lots of baby pictures of the superstars (Stewart, F. Mac, Clapton), a few great one-offs (P.P. Arnold's 'First Cut Is The Deepest', The McCoys, 'Hang On Sloopy'), the odd '60s oddity (The Nice's 'America', The Small Faces' 'Here Come The Nice' and 'Cara-Lin' by The Stranglerloves, which sounds like the inspiration for all the Gary Glitter hits of the '70s) and a convoy of records which should have been left to moulder in case anyone discovered that they were never any good in the first place.

The CBS/Levi's enormity is a giant, misconceived THING which crushes the listener under so much good, bad and evil rock and roll that the good stuff almost fails to stand out from the rubble that surrounds it (Public Image between The Dickies and The Only Ones?). One of the five LPs concentrates on '77-'79, another on '66-'69, and that leaves three wherein things sink so low that something like Elton's 'Bennie And The Jets' sounds like a masterpiece and Ian Hunter's 'Once Bitten Twice Shy' sounds lame. Values smear, standards blur . . . there's one album which appears to be devoted entirely to bands who sound like Deep Purple, and a peculiarly nasty experience *that* was.

CBS appeared to have used their position as 'parent' company to include material by acts like After The Fire and Starjets who they sure as hell wouldn't have bothered to lease from other labels, but what's more at issue is the unstated assumption — foreshadowed by the sleeve — that HM is 'real' rock and that everything else is a dilution. As a representation of what music has appeared over the last fifteen years, it's about as even-handed and open-minded as the *Daily Express*.

If this is what 'rock' means, then no wonder people are going off it in droves.

Charles Shaar Murray

hear me

Empty vessels

THROBBING GRISTLE
Heathen Earth *(Industrial)*

"CAN the world be as sad as it seems?" reads the legend on the cover of this, the fourth Throbbing Gristle long-playing artefact. For TG, this statement obviously has the status of a rhetorical question, rather than a disinterested enquiry: of *course* the world is as sad as it seems, they're saying. What they overlook is that the world is also as happy as it seems, or as boring, or as exciting: the world is all that is the case, and the case depends on what you choose to see. And TG naturally choose to see the sadness, just as others choose to see the sweetness and light. As to *why* they choose to see only what they do . . . well, that's a matter for psychoanalysts, or, more pertinently, publicity agents. But we'll get to that by and by . . .

'Heathen Earth' was recorded live in TG's studio on 16/2/80, before an invited audience of about twenty people. "The object", reads the liner note, "was to make a record of TG performing live without the often unpredictable influence of adverse playing conditions on the music and on the technical quality." "Adverse playing conditions" presumably includes dissent and associated brickbats, one imagines.

So, what of the music?

Side one opens with electronically reprocessed cornet and a variety of noises put through a varispeed. This goes on for a while (a *long* while), then a drum-machine shuffles in, Cosey Fanni Tutti sets up a frantic guitar figure, and Genesis P Orridge's dreary, doomy monotone relates a miserable little tale (of which, more later), accompanied by wind noises and the usual *musique concrete* bric-a-brac. This goes on for a while (a *long* while). The guitar and vocals stop, and the sound collage continues, occasionally abetted by a rhythmic figure every now and then. There is lots of echo and assorted electronic frippery.

The side ends. It has lasted just under 27 minutes.

Side two starts with a Cabaret Voltaire-esque section which would be okay if it didn't go on too formlessly for too long. Then there's an exceptionally tedious exchange of spoken vocal fragments, repeated with lots of echo and varispeed, just so's you know it's 'experimental' and 'avant garde': the same old, same old old-hat tic-tac signifying system which thousands know and love *(because* they know it). Then there's the album's "best bit", a jerky electronic rhythm fronted by treated cornet splashes, over which Genesis rants on and on, in the manner of: *"don't do what you're told, do what you think, etc"*. That Genesis believes his listeners need to be told not to do what they're told is quite revealing, not to mention ironic.

The side ends with a meditation tape sign-off telling us we have *"enjoyed this experience of relaxation"*. This relaxation experience has lasted a total of 48 minutes.

Musically, it's evidently obvious that TG, like CV, are more successful the further they depart from avowedly "avant garde" (read: noisy, free-form or formless) music, and the nearer they get to something approximating to the great beast rock and roll (read: possessing a rhythmic core). They're also that much more experimental, too, all this avant-garde free-form noise crap having been done to the death years ago by others. To coin a phrase: it don't mean a thing if it don't mean a thing.

The trouble is, most of this music doesn't mean a thing. So, where should we look for the meaning of 'Heathen Earth'? In the lyrics, maybe . . . ?

The miserable little tale I referred to earlier is called 'The Old Man Smiled', and it's full of pessimistic, misanthropic references to junkies, corpses and the like. A couple of samples: *"And the old man smiled as his/Prick started to twitch twitch twitch/And little drops fell out of the end onto the floor"*. And later: *"And the old man smiled as the vein swelled and the blood came/As he stuck the needle in his arm"*.

How fantastically decadent, man! That this drivel could have come from any of half-a-dozen pretentious, masturbatory 'novels' written in the late '50s and early '60s by old bore William Burroughs is not without significance here, for the kind of people who're taken in by Burroughs's full mythologising are exactly the kind of people who'll acclaim 'Heathen Earth' as a meaningful addition to the world's corpus of bloated 'decadent', 'experimental' art.

What's even more significant is that TG should trot out such tired, allusive subject-matter as this, for, in a quaintly pompous fashion, it matches perfectly with their utilisation of methods, ideas and concerns long since discredited or sucked dry in one art-field or another. The ghosts of yesterday's men still cast long shadows, it seems.

The other lyrical fragment, from whence cometh the quote which opened this tirade, is similarly misanthropic and pessimistic, but couched in more abstract, meditative terms. For instance: *"there's not much on this planet/that makes it worthwhile . . . there'd be no harm done/if most things were destroyed/including us . . . no one really deserves to survive/there's no logic or value in the human race . . . a few nice people doesn't mean we should stay"*, etc.

Hmmm. Does this mean what I think it means, and if so, is it sincere? There's only one sure test of whether such a pronouncement is pure cant and humbug, or an honest cry from the heart: as has been said before, *"the way out is through the door/how come nobody uses it?"*

Andy Gill

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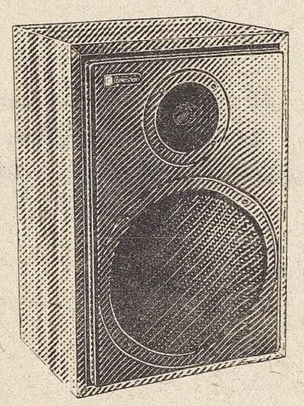

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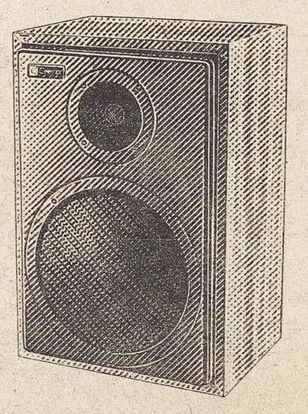

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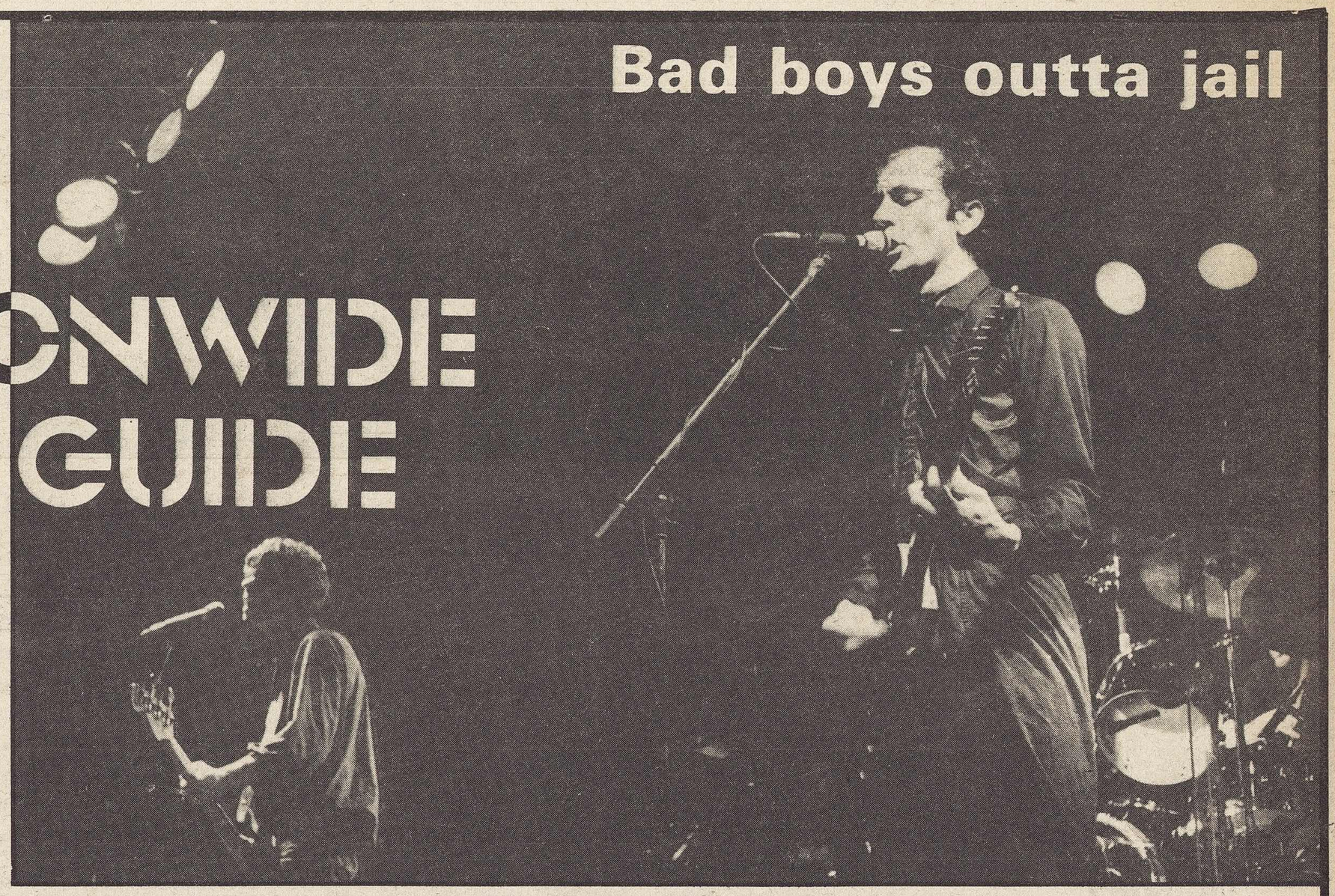
THE STRANGLERS are back on the road, following the traumas of their incarceration across the Channel. They're in action this week at Crawley (Thursday), Bristol (Friday), St. Austell (Saturday), Southampton (Sunday), Ipswich (Monday) and Birmingham (Wednesday). And they're previewing material from their uupcoming album 'Meninblack'. They need the money, so go and see'em and buy the LP!

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



Thursday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Little Willy**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Vision Collision/The Xpectz**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Birmingham Top Rank: **Steel Pulse**
Blackburn Cloggers: **Vin Garbutt**
Bracknell South Hill Park: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **156 Band**
Brighton Concorde: **Reward System/Objeks/The Relatives**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cheltenham The Centre: **Nigel Mazlyn Jones/Dave Reeves**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Stains**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **The Stranglers**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Sneakers**
Derby Blue Note Club: **Sub Zero**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **The Outpatients/ The Penetrations**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Girlschool**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Bob Marley & The Wailers**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Significant Zeros**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Pagan Altar**
Hanley Rose & Crown: **Otway & Barrett**
Hastings Chatsworth Hotel: **Pat Halcox All Stars**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Arrogant/The Attendants/On The Air**
Holywell Assembly Hall: **The Spectres-/Seventeen/The Grids**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Rio & The Robots**
Leicester Fossways: **Agents**
London Belgrave Square Fair: **The Valentines/Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jimmy Lindsay**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Brian James & The Helions / Mike King Band**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Realists/Misty**
London Finchley Torrington: **Juice On The Loose**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Ram Jam Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Flatbackers/Roy Sundholm**
London Fulham The Cock: **Treatment**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **U-2**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Adventures**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Lemons**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Mickey Jupp**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **The Fabulous Poodles/Trimmer & Jenkins**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Time Flies**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Becket: **The Books/The Idiot Dancers**
London Putney White Lion: **Seven Year Itch**
London Richmond Snoopy's: **The Works**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Speedball**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Barnes Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Gina & The Rocking Rebels**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Kleen Heels**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **The Rhythm Squad**
London Victoria The Venue: **Voyager/The Vandells**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Japanese Toy/Purple Haze**
Long Eaton Soldiers & Sailors: **Strange Days**
Maidstone Queen's Head: **The Pulsaters/Performing Ferrets**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Kyle/Kiddie Sextet**
Manchester Mayflower: **The Freshies/The Cheaters/Spurtx/Janetix**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Direct Hits**
Manchester Rafters: **Cabinet Voltaire**
Manchester (Romilly) Grey Horse: **The Cheaters**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Johnny G**
Newcastle The Delby: **Made In England/ Armageddon**
Norwich Tudor Hall: **Delegation**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Paisley Bungalow: **Cuban Heels**
Peterborough The Halcyon: **Sacre Bleu**
Plymouth Honicknowle Youth Club: **S.P.Q.R./The Revs/ The D.S.**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Samson**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **Famous Names**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Abalon**
Preston Warehouse: **The Things**
Salford University: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Sheffield The Penguin: **Dick Smith Band**
Southend Scamps: **Steve Hooker Band**
Thornaby The Club: **Taurus**
Todmorden Dog & Partridge: **Dave Berry**

Friday

Bedford Horse & Groom: **Spud & The Fabs**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Briton**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **The Wide Boys/The Italians**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Bracknell Folk Festival (for three days): **Johnny Collins/Cosmotheka/John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris/Strawhead-/Roaring Jelly/Spreadthick and many more**
Brighton Alhambra: **Sharafia**
Brighton The Centre (for three days): **Brighton Country Festival with Matchbox/Poacher/The Duffy Brothers/The Hillsiders and many more**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Stranglers**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Greyhound: **Sledgehammer**
Croydon The Cartoon' **Seven Year Itch**
Dundee Bonar Hall: **Jan Hammer Group**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Fun City**
Eton The Christopher: **Motley Crew**
Falkirk Magpie: **The Significant Zeros**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Bob Marley & The Wailers**
Grassington Town Hall: **Muggins Blight/The Gips/Internal Beat/David Edwards**
Hatfield The Forum: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Hull Blind Institute: **Delta 5**
Kingston Three Tuns: **On The Air**
Knaresborough The Mitre: **Treatment**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Taurus**
London Alexandra Palace: **Dizzy Gillespie/Savoy Sultans/Kenny Ball/Acker Bilk/Chris Barber/George Melly etc.**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Method/The Rookies**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Fabulous Poodles**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Spider/The Chevrons**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Works**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Whirlwind/Afghan Rebels**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Cadillacs/ The Jerks**
London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Kicks/ Madrigal**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **U-2**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Boss**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Members/Temporary Title**
London Marquee Club: **Samson**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Snatch 22**
London Putney White Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey/Eddie Thompson Trio**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. YMCA: **The Monochrome Set/Modern Eon/The Civilians**
London Victoria The Venue: **Headline/Tough Stuff**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Steve Hooker Band/Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Company**
London W.1 Gulliver's Club: **Skin Tight**
Luton The Blowins: **The Beez**
Manchester Ashton . Spread Eagle: **Loud'n'Lazy**
Manchester New Century Hall: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Manchester Portman Bars: **The Cheaters**
Manchester Valentine's: **Dave Berry**
Melksham Assembly Hall: **The Tarts**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Girlschool**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Hempstalls: **Strange Brood**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Sacre Bleu**
Paisley Bungalow: **Snapshots/Defiant Pose**
Peterborough Focus Club: **Bastille**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **Les Barker & Mrs Adkroyd**
Retford Porterhouse: **X-Effects**
Rugby Benn Hall: **Swinging Cats/God's Toys**
Sheffield Penguin: **Otway & Barrett**
Sheffield The K.G.B.: **Dick Smith Band**
Slough Merrymakers: **The Photos**
St. Austell Polgooth Inn: **Metro Glider**
Stockport Disraeli's: **A Sudden Sway**
Wolverhampton Cavendish Suite: **Eclipse**
York De Grey Rooms: **The Passions/The Mistakes/The Vectors**

Saturday

Bath Moles: **Eric Blake**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Au Pairs/Next Step**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Trespass**
Brentford Red Lion: **Seven Year Itch**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Civilians**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **The Cruisers**
Chase High School: **The Samples-/Reversed Labels/The Spotty Boys**
Chichester (Goodwood) Trundle Hill, free: **Ptarmigan/Jennie & The Joystix/Deja Vu and five other bands**
Coventry Weavers Arms: **Double Yellow Lines**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Samson**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Diz & The Doormen**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **Bob Marley & The Wailers**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **The City Limits**
Folkestone Leas Clif Hall: **Hawkwind**
Fort William Milton Hall: **The Significant Zeros**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
Hull Charleston Club: **Vardis**
Kingston Three Tuns: **The Valentines**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Famous Names**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Otway & Barrett**
Lincoln Monks Rd. Club: **Strange Days**
London Alexandra Palace: **Ray Charles Orchestra & The Raelets/B. B. King-/Muddy Waters/Zoot Money/Morrissey Mullen etc.**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Split Rivitt-/Kicks**
London Camden Music Machine: **Jayne County/Martian Dance**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Temporary Title**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Ram Jam Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Realists/Bernd Weber & The Last Resort**
London Deptford Star & Garter: **The Prize Guys**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyond: **Protex-/Academy**
London Fulham The Cock: **Telemacque**
London Hackney All Nations Club: **Blackstones**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **First Aid**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Talk**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Mickey Jupp**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Swinging Cats**
London Marquee Club: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Sons Of Cain**
London N.19 Caxton House: **The Straits/Charge/Pete Zero**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Martin Keashaw's Jass**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Johnny G Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Embryo**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey/Eddie Thompson Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Hedgehog**
London University Union: **Rubber Johnny**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Step/The Scene**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **U-2/Modern Jazz**
London Westminster Hospital: **Kicks**
London W.9 The Chippenham: **Which We Talk**
Manchester Denton Youth Club: **The Salford 'jets/Pure Product/Zanathus/ Twilight Zone**
Manchester Valentine's: **Dave Berry**
Manchester Zodiacs Club: **Nine Below Zero**
Norwich The Griffin: **Razor Bill**
Paisley Bungalow (lunchtime): **Johnny Yen**
Peterborough Black Horse: **Sting**
Retford Porterhouse: **Girlschool/Taurus**
Shifnal The Star: **The Exhumed**
Southampton Guildhall: **Flying Saucers**
Stamford (Lincs) Open-Air Festival: **Bordello/Time Out/Sacre Bleu**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **The Stranglers**
Watford Mex's New Palace: **The Garden**
Watford Red Lion: **Watch With Mother**
Weeley Village Hall: **Final Demand/Tightrope**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bolton Farnworth Club: **Dave Berry**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **The Quick**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cannock Troubadour: **Double Yellow Lines**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Trimmer & Jenkins (lunchtime)/Rockola (evening)**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Delta 5**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Flat Out**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **Another Pretty Face/The Flowers**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **The Significant Zeros**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Outrageous Flesh**
Ipswich Kingfisher: **Dangerous Girls**
Launceston White Horse: **The Revs**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
London Alexandra Palace: **Van Morrison-/Dave Brubeck/Stanley Clarke/Carmen McRae/Georgie Fame/Osibisa/2nd Vision etc.**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sharafia**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **First Aid**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Resistance**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Set/The Jackals**
London Finchley Torrington: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Marmalade**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Tearjerkers**
London Fulham The Cock: **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Ram Jam Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Swinging Cats**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Broken Home/Eric Blake**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Rod Hamer Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Split Rivitt**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Dee**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Hawkwind/Inner City Unit/The Androids Of Mu/Beatrix etc.**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Ron Russell Band**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Seven Year Itch**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Oakham Rutland Anchor (lunchtime): **Sacre Bleu**
Paisley Bungalow: **End Games**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Wally Whyton**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **The Charts**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Stranglers**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Bob Marley & The Wailers**
Stevenage Gordon Craig Theatre: **Pat Halcox All Stars/Sweet Substitute**
Torquay Pelican Inn: **Metro Glider**
Watford Mex's New Palace: **The Garden**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Sub Zero**

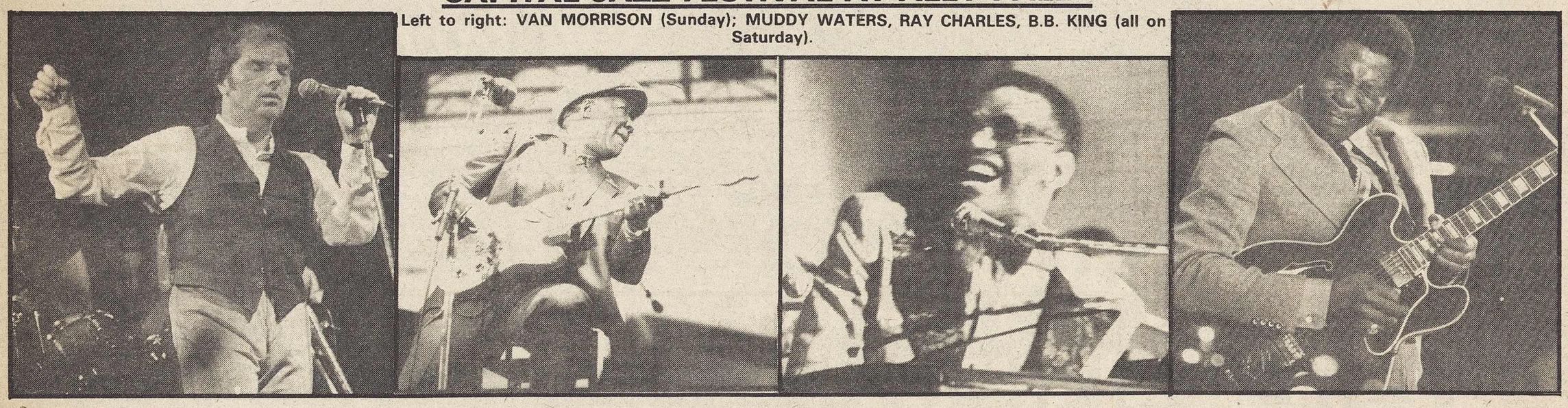
Monday

Bath Rock Spot: **Metro Glider**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Ice**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Otway & Barrett**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **China Town**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Ammonites**
Bristol Granary: **Samson**
Cambridge Raffles: **Dolly Mixture**
Dundee The Sands: **Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **State Secret**
Hull Wellington Club: **Sledgehammer**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **The Stranglers**
Leeds Bar-Bardos Club: **Dave Berry**
Leeds Marquis of Gransby: **The City Limits**
Leicester Fosseway Hotel: **Seventeen**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Cheap Perfume/Square One/On The Air**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flatbackers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rock Garden**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Elgin Marbles/The Skavengers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Tearjerkers**
London Marquee Club: **Tresspass/Bastille**
London New Cross Star & garter: **Malchix**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Little Roosters/Spoof Order**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Dizzy Gillespie/Art Pepper/John Lewis/Kai Winding/Lee Konitz etc.**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Demons**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

CAPITAL JAZZ FESTIVAL AT ALLY PALLY

Left to right: VAN MORRISON (Sunday); MUDDY WATERS, RAY CHARLES, B.B. KING (all on Saturday).



REST OF GIG GUIDE

London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Cuddly Toys/The Four Kings**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Agents**
Merthyr Tydfil Tythe Ballroom: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Bad Publicity**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Elkie Brooks/Richard Digance**
Paisley Bungalow: **Spies**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **The Look**
Stafford Top Of The World: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Salford Jets**
Watford Bailey's: **Tommy Hunt (for a week)**

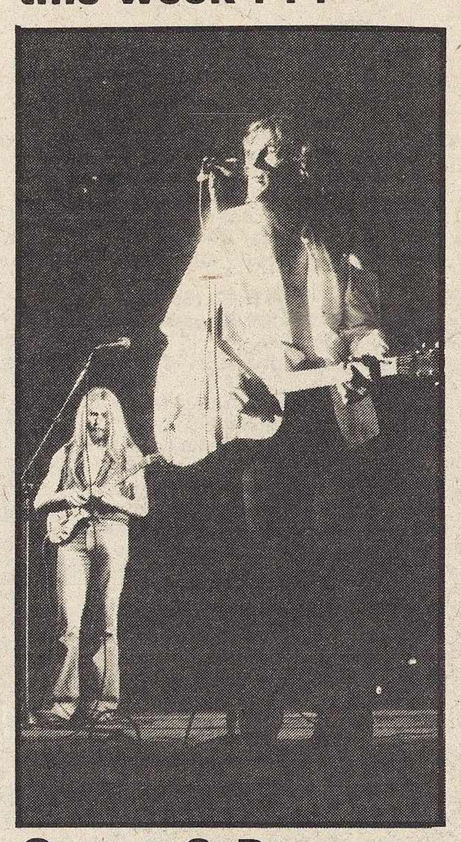
Tuesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Airplix**
Birmingha Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Contax**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Jayne County**
Cambridge Raffles: **The Confessors**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Visitor**
Eastleigh Concorde Club: **Pat Halcox All Stars/Sweet Substitute**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Matrix/Flight 19**
Edinburgh Playhour Theatre: **Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis**
Fareham Princes College: **Girlschool**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
Ilkley Wells Rd. Youth Club: **Toxic**
Keighley Kings Head: **The City Limits**
Leeds Warehouse: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Lincoln Inn: **Otway & Barrett**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Tearjerkers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Roy Sundholm**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Real To Real**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Gas**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Wildlife**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Fabulous Poodles/Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Spider**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Any Trouble**
London Marquee Club: **The Purple Hearts/The Skavengers**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Mutiny**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Graham Humphries Band**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A' Beckett: **The Paranoids/Jane Kennoway**
London Putney White Lion: **The Soul Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All Stars Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Local Heroes**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Flying Saucers**
London Streatham Cat's Whiskers: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Apartment/The Electric Guitars/Art Objects**
Manchester Ashton Birch Hotel: **Direct Hits**
Norwich Cromwells: **Winner**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Brendan Kidulis & The Stroll**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Elkie Brooks/Richard Digance**
Paisley Bungalow: **The Significant Zeros**
Portsmouth Locarno: **The Lambrettas**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **White Spirit**
Yeovil Johnson Hall: **Samson**

Wednesday

Aberdeen Dee Motel: **The Significant Zeros**
Bath Moles Club: **Creation Rebel**
Bexhill De Warr Pavilion: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Bicester Red Lion: **Spud & The Fabs**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reality**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M. S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Stranglers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **The New King Snakes**
Cambridge Raffles: **Lonely**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chorley Park Hall Leisure Centre: **Denny Laine Band**
Coventry General Wilfe: **Seventeen**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Second Line**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **Southbound**
Hereford Rotters Club: **The Exhumed**
Liverpool Original Club: **Dexy's Midnight Runners/The Black Arabs**
London Camden Brecknock: **Agents**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Sinceros**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Ram Jam Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Any Trouble**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Books/The Lasers**
London E.3 Earl of Aberdeen: **The O.K. Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Academy**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Expressos/Metro Glider**
London Fulham The Cock: **Darryl Way Band**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Beez**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Gas**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Kim Lesley Quartet**
London Old Kent Road Thomas A' Beckett: **The VIP's/Modern Jazz**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Campbell Burnap Quintet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **M.I.5**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Weapon Of Peace/Ruby Turner/The Sussed**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Combo**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Lonnie Donegan**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Mickey Jupp**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Amalgam**
Manchester Ashton Birch Hotel: **Loud'n-'Lazy**
Newcastle Cooperage: **Matchbox/Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Paisley Bungalow: **Diaomon Head**
Peterborough The Fleet: **Girlschool**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Torquay Town Hall: **The Lambrettas**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Samson**

And on the road this week . . .



Otway & Barrett

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NINE BELOW ZERO
JULY
9 ALBANY EMPIRE, Deptford, Charity For Kids
10 CROMWELL's, Norwich
12 ZODIAC'S, Manchester
15 THE LIMIT CLUB, Sheffield
16 & 17 THE MARQUEE, London
18 PORTERHOUSE, East Retford

ANY TROUBLE IN LONDON

JULY
15TH: HOPE AND ANCHOR ISLINGTON †
16TH: THE 101 CLUB CLAPHAM †
17TH: NASHVILLE WEST KENSINGTON †
18TH: THE ROCK GARDEN WC2
19TH: THE THREE TUNS, KINGSTON
21ST: THE MOONLIGHT CLUB NW6
22ND: GOLDEN LION, FULHAM
23RD NELSON'S CLUB, WIMBLEDON †
24TH HALF MOON, HERNE HILL
25TH: DINGWALL'S DANCEHALL

PEOPLE BEARING ANY TROUBLE
LP'S ADMITTED FREE AT THESE GIGS †

STIFF RECORDS
ANY TROUBLE

THE CHILDRENS CRUSADE
MAP OF AFRICA
ARMCHAIR DETECTIVES
ACKLAM HALL - PORTOBELLO ROAD
FRIDAY JULY 11TH - 8.00PM - LATE
BAR + FOOD
TICKETS £1-00
AVAILABLE - ROUGH TRADE, HONKY TONK AND SMALL WONDER RECORDS

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, N.W.6.
Wednesday 9th July £1.25
JANE KENNAWAY & STRANGE BEHAVIOUR + The Jackels
Thursday 10th July £1.50
MO-DETTES + The Directions
Friday 11th July £1.50
ROOT JACKSON & THE G.B. BLUES CO +Steve Hooker Band
Saturday 12th July £1.50
U2 + Modern jazz
Monday 14th July £1.50
FRESH RECORDS PRESENTS
CUDDLY TOYS + The Four Kings
Tuesday 15th July £1.50
HEARTBEAT RECORDS PRESENTS
APARTMENT + Electric Guitars + Art Failure
Wednesday 16th July £1.50
GRADUATE RECORDS PRESENTS
WEAPON OF PEACE + The Ruby Turner Band + The Sussed

STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane
West Hampstead, N.W.6
Friday, July 11th
DAVE CHAMBERS with SYNDICATE
(Electric Jazz)
Saturday, July 12th
COMBO PASSE
(Jazz)
Sunday, July 13th
THE CITY GENTS
(Country Music)
Tel: Peter 624 7611

THE CRYSTAL PALACE,
ANERLEY HILL, UPPER NORWOOD, S.E.19
IDIOT DANCERS
+ HEROES + D.J.
FRIDAY JULY 11th
£1 Adm. Doors open 7.30 pm
Strictly no under 18s

the RESISTANCE
SUN JULY 13th
101 CLUB, CLAPHAM
101 ST. JOHN'S HILL
S.W.11.

SNATCH - 22
Friday 11th July
Putney Star & Garter 8pm

ROTTERS
ST JOHNS PRECINCT LIVERPOOL
051 709 0771
Tuesday 22nd July 8 pm—2 am
Porterhouse Promotions Present
UB40
+ Deemus Mint
Advance Tickets £2.50 from: Rotters, Probe, Virgin and Phoenix Records,
Must be over 18. No dress restrictions.
No membership required

101 CLUB
101 St John's Hill
01-223 8557
Wednesday July 9th
THE GAF + STILLETTO
Thursday July 10th
LICENCE + Modern jazz
Friday July 11th
THE WORKS
Saturday July 12th
THE RAM JAM BAND
Sunday July 13th
RESISTANCE
Monday July 14th
ROCK GODESS
Tuesday July 15th
REAL TO REAL + The Razz
Wednesday July 16th
ANY TROUBLE + Leisure Lotion

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN
BRIAN JAMES & THE HELIONS
THURSDAY 10 JULY + SUPPORT
WHIRLWIND
FRI. Music is more muscular than the sparse rockabilly of their debut album on Chiswick. So if you don't have a pony tail or a duck's arse, don't fret you can still enjoy them.
REALISTS
SAT 12th + LAST RESORT
THE SET + THE JACKALS
SUN 13th. 7.30 till 12. COME EARLY!
THE GAS
TUES 15th + SUPPORT
THE BOOKS
WED 16th "More danceable than Talking Heads, wittier than Devo..." reported Time Out.
THE DELTA 5
THU 17th
HUNGRY AFTER THE GIG? OUR RESTAURANT NOW STAYS OPEN TILL 6 A.M. TUES. THRU TILL SATURDAY.
The Doors open 8-45 till late, except Sunday when it's 7.30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails night thru. Our restaurant is open 7 days a week ~ 8.30 AM till 6.00 AM. Most days. Phone for details. We are on the corner of King St. & James St. old Covent Garden (100 mtr. from Tube Station).
PHONE: 240 3961

LIVE PAGE

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

HAWKWIND

INNER CITY UNIT

OUT ON BLUE SIX

BEATNIX *featuring magic michael*

ANDROIDS OF MU

ANDY DUNKLEY *f.m. on the road*

LIQUID LEN and the LENS MEN

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2

EXTRA SHOW—SUNDAY 20th JULY at 3·30

TICKETS £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

PLASMATICS

WITH GUESTS **VARDIS**

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W6

FRIDAY 8th AUGUST at 7·30

TICKETS £3·50, £3·00, £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS, OR ON NIGHT.

THE *Venue*

160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5882

Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W.1. Postal Applications (P.O's only) from The Venue.

Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am.

Wed 9th July £2.50
4D RECORDS presents
CREATION REBEL
+ THE MOTHMEN
+ MEDIUM MEDIUM
DEAD AIRMEN
+ LONDON UNDERGROUND

Thurs 10th July £2.00
VOYAGER

Fri 11th July £3.00
HEADLINE
+ ROUGH STUFF
(featuring Alan Spennor & Diane Birch)

Sat 12th July £3.00
THE STEP + The Scene

Tues 15th & Wed 16th July £3.75
1 THREES featuring JUDY MOWATT, RITA MARLEY & MARCIA GRIFFITHS & Tyrone Downie, Earl Lindow, Carlton Barrett, Aston Barrett, Alvin Patterson & Steve Golding

Thurs 17th July £2.00
JO JO ZEP & THE FALCONS
+ Support

Fri 18th July £3.00
ROOT JACKSON with the G.B. BLUES BAND + Support

Sat 19th July £3.50
HINKLEY'S HEROES

Sun 20th July £3.75
An Evening with
MIKE McGEAR
for The Save The Whale Campaign
featuring GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES, JOHN GORMAN, ANNE NIGHTINGALE, TERRY JONES, MICHAEL PALIN, BRIAN PATTEN, LIVERPOOL EXPRESS + SPECIAL GUESTS
All proceeds to the Friends of the Earth 'Save The Whale'

Thurs 24th July £2.50
THE FABULOUS POODLES
+ Support

Fri 25th July £3.00
LIVE WIRE + Support

Sat 26th July £3.00
9 BELOW ZERO

Sunday 27th & Monday 28th July £4.50
JACK BRUCE & FRIENDS
Billy Cobham, Clem Clempson, David Sancious.
One Show Sunday, Two Shows Monday
Monday 21st & Tuesday 22nd July
Phone Box office for details
834-5882

Tuesdays, 29th 30th 31st July £3.50
ROCKIN' DOPSIE & HIS CAJUN TWISTERS

Friday, 1st August £4.00
DON EVERLEY

THE OLD QUEENS HEAD
133 Stockwell Road, S.W.9

Wednesday 9th July
SOUTHSIDE
Thursday 10th July
KLEEN HEELS
Friday 11th July
BRUNEL
Saturday 12th July
THE PAPERS
Sunday 13th July
DEMON PREACHER
(Lunchtime)
RAZZ
(Evening)
Monday 14th July
SPEEDBALL
Tuesday 15th July
LOCAL HEROES

FOR DETAILS OF
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ALTERNATIVES on Broadway
CLARENDON HOTEL
On the roundabout, Hammersmith

This Thurs July 10th 8pm.
U2
+ Medium Medium
+ Midnite Lemon Boys
Tickets £1.75 in adv. from usual shops & agents. £2 on the door.
This show is the last of the regular Thursday series. Watch the press for future gigs, or tel. 568 0678 for info.

JANE KENNAWAY and STRANGE BEHAVIOUR
at
Wednesday July 9th
Moonlight Club, West Hampstead
Monday July 14th
NASHVILLE
(with 3 Minutes)
Tuesday July 15th
Thomas A' Beckett, Old Kent Road
Monday July 21st
Greyhound, Fulham
(with 3 Minutes)
Wednesday July 30th
Moonlight Club, West Hampstead

3 MINUTES
appearing at:
Monday July 14th
Nashville
(with Jane Kennaway)
Monday July 21st
Greyhound
(with Jane Kennaway)
Bumper value from Deckstar

DUSTBIN MAN
The rock show with the new clear ingredient

Mon - Thur 8-30
Fri & Sat 7-00 & 9-15
from 14 July
£4 £3 £2
Students Mon & Tues £1
cheaper previews July 10 11 12
ARTS THEATRE 01 836 3334

GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 10th July £1
ROY SUNDHOLM BAND
+ The Flatbackers

Friday 11th July £1
THE CADILLACS + The Jerks

Saturday 12th July £1
PROTEX + Academy

Sunday 13th July £1
THE TEARJERKERS + The Heroes

Monday 14th July 50p
ELGIN MARBLES + BOOGATTI

Tuesday 15th July £1.50
FABULOUS POODLES
+ Trimmer & Jenkins

Wednesday 16th July 75p
THE EXPRESSOS + Metro Glyder

NINE BELOW ZERO
JULY 16 & 17
THE MARQUEE, London

YMCA
112 Gt Russell Street, London WC1
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Y - Studios *presents*

Friday 11th July £2.50
MONOCHROME SET
+ MODERN EON

Rearranged date
SECTOR 27 with Tom Robinson
NEW DATE AUGUST 15th, from July 19th
Tickets £2 adv. — £2.50 on door

Friday 25th July £2.00
PASSIONS
+ THE AU-PAIRS

THE BECKETT
320 Old Kent Road, SE1

Thursday 10th July 75p
ON THE AIR + Idiot Dancers

Monday 14th July £1
LITTLE ROOSTERS + Spoof Order

Tuesday 15th July 75p
THE PARANOIDS + Jane Kennaway

Wednesday 16th July 50p
THE V.I.P.'s + Modern jazz

FOR DETAILS OF
LIVE!
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Bristol fashion

From page 21

"We got kicked out of our flat three weeks ago. The police were on to us.

"We always come to the blues, stay all night a lot. There's nowhere else to go, is there? Last night we slept in someone's van.

"But you want to watch these men down here, they're all full of sweet talk. You don't want to believe any of it! We should know, we've worked right here for years now. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, they're the good days. Because that's when the men get paid, silly!

"But the riots were bad for business, really. You don't get quite so many of the big cars down here, not since then. A lot more of the girls are rolling now — beating up their customers and taking their money. That just scares off new people. But still, we make £80 a night — £5 for straight sex. We don't like funny stuff.

"Did you hear about the hustler yesterday? The police were just about to pick her up when she got onto him first and beat him up! It's nice to hear about it being the other way round for a change, isn't it? I know I shouldn't laugh.

"Oh no, here he comes!"

Her sister is smiling flirtatiously at the tall dread, pale face a polished oval opal against the dark wall. Now she's frowning in our direction.

"See," the younger whispers. "If she can't get him to leave us alone without getting him upset, I'll have nowhere to stay tonight, and she doesn't want to leave me behind. She's made a date with another fellow soon, too, and he could be turning up at any minute. I don't know what we'd do then! I just tell her she doesn't need to give either of them any money, not now she's got me with her.

"Well, what did he say?"

The coy smile's dropped like a mask from her sister's face, she turns to us and giggles.

"He just said, how much money did I have, and I said, only £9.00 and I've got to pay for a taxi. So he just said, I'll sort you out later then and went away!"

She swings back against the wall, composed again, eyes flickering through and beyond everything — the couples grinding in the dark vee of shadow behind the speakers; the few ranking boys stepping in grape-treader style in front of the bulky cabinet at the end; the middle-aged men swinging their hips to the calypso rhythms; the two white girls in pedal-pushers pumps and pony-tails determinedly dancing together, willing a wall around them; the other white girls in the stiletto sandals and tight satin disco pants. More people are dancing now, and Bob Marley sings:

"And then you draw bad card . . .
I want to disturb my neighbour,
'Cos I'm feeling so right,
I want to turn up my disco,
Blow them to full watts tonight
In a rub-a-dub style . . ."

Some of the youthmen won't go to that blues, because it's what Marley describes on 'Uprising' as a pimper's paradise. But the circuit for blacks in Bristol is ever shrinking as two cultures clash . . . New blues should spring up like mushrooms, as old ones are stepped on, but the cycle has been slowed down by police pressure, and because of trouble with Noise Abatement Societies.

Will Jamaican culture ever give up ganja and all-night music? Will 'English' culture every give up beer and football?

They're Trying To Tighten The Noose, But Sometimes They Loosen The Rope.

IT STARTED when Bristol's Bamboo Club burnt down the night before the Sex Pistols were due to play. The blame could have been put at any number of doors, and *was*. The club had just hosted a Rock Against Racism, so it could have been the NF. Or perhaps it was the anti-punk rednecks out for the Pistols. Or . . . it could even have been somebody who'd benefit financially . . .

Continues page 52

Blondie —THE BOOK

NOW! The definitive book on Blondie. Blondie, the group, Deborah Harry, the woman. How Debbie and Chris started the group in 1973 and have lived together ever since. Their early days in punk rock. The tours with David Bowie. How Debbie changed from brown-haired shyness to sultry blonde in clinging red jumpsuit. Dramatic, sometimes shocking, often just plain funny, this is a book no Blondie fan will want to be without. Over 80 big pictures, including 30 in full colour.

A Mail Order Music Book-of-the-Month Selection

Mail Order Music, Camden House, 71 High Street, Newmarket, Suffolk.

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Please send me my personal copy of BLONDIE by FIRST CLASS MAIL.
I enclose **£4.45** (includes 50p post/packing).

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NME680 (BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

LIVE!

A FESTIVAL OF ELECTRONIC WEIRDNESS ON RUE DE MANCHESTER, BRUSSELS

"One should not worship machines any longer, or use them as workmen. One should collaborate with them."

IT COULD never happen here . . . In Brussels, there's a bleak backstreet where the rain falls and almost washes the grime off the cobblestones. It's grim; it's industrial. It's called the Rue de Manchester.

And in this aptly-named road stands a vast empty warehouse, several storeys high. Today its rooms resound to the echoing jokes of a Mancunian sound crew — a soundcheck for The Durutti Column. Meanwhile upstairs, four hundred foot above, some young Belgians scuttle about, busily building an exhibition of Manchester's Factory Records. Still others, on other floors, are preparing different events, like a bizarre 'exhibition of smells', or the recital of Erik Satie music, or else the non-stop show of art films. Or rolling in barrels of beer. Or hanging up framed displays of pubic hair.

For tonight, or so it's hoped, the whole of this dull city's hip bohemia is going to converge on the Rue de Manchester, scene of a mixed-media festival to be dedicated to the memories of Pablo Picasso and Jean Cocteau.

And Jean Cocteau — who, it might as well be stressed, was never in any way involved with films of underwater exploration — he's the inspiring light which guides two more of the night's attractions all the way to this unlikely place.

Bill Nelson, for one, is now flying in; his interest in the late French poet / film-maker / novelist / artist / everything even extends to naming his label Cocteau Records. Richard Strange, for two, the retired Doctor Of Madness and now of Streatham, is struggling Brussel-wards by boat-train, with just his guitar and manager and hand luggage; another Cocteau disciple.

Also on his way is one Richard Jobson, Scotsman and Skid; the rumour goes he's threatened to read out his own poems. We wait, and we wait . . .

Slowly the Belgian evening darkens, and this cold huge building begins to fill (although it never fills enough, unfortunately, for the commendable young promoters to recoup all the francs they've spent). On every level the kids spill through the gloomy rooms, eyes wide to see in the blackness, media-greedy, culture-hungry. Up on the Factory floor, they're filing past the glass display cases of Factory artefacts, or else staring with reverent awe at a video of Joy Division.

Elsewhere, the avant garde movies are flickering, and Satie sounds are stirring. In the makeshift cafes, with the wicker chairs and fern plants, there's a menagerie of dandies holding court; intense artists, politicised students, style-obsessed hoodlums, gossiping fops, aesthetic refugees.

Down on the ground, the first of the English musicians is Richard Strange (like the rest, he'll perform a guitarist-and-tape-machine duo) and he'll have to compete like a sideshow in a fairground. Around the stage collects a curious crowd of gawkers, ranging from winkle-pickered intellectuals to slightly-wrong EEC skinheads — apparently Anglophiles all, after their various fashions.

But it's nothing like Thursday night in the Music Machine . . .

RICHARD STRANGE had intended to come here today anyway, as a spectator. Then, when the Monochrome Set pulled out, he got pulled in. So Brussels gets to see what London has only seen a few times itself, namely Strange's ambitious one-man concept act, 'The Phenomenal Rise Of Richard Strange'.

Planned as a parallel novel-and-album package, the show's origins lie in the months he spent in hospital, those the result of a mental breakdown which he suffered after dissolving The Doctors Of Madness.

Strange talks with a dry sense of the ridiculous, as well he might, wearing such a dickie bow. He's like a seven-foot gnome, with the most infectious laugh and a learned mind that spins with ideas both absurd and serious.

He explains his 'Phenomenal Rise' this way: "It's a political fantasy; it's about the point where rock'n'roll and politics meet — and that point isn't The Clash! Ha!

"Strange is a former rock star, who's learned the techniques of putting over an image to the public, who decides really as an academic exercise to go into politics — quite cynically, like it's a toss-up between that or doing another American tour really . . . And instead of becoming more jaded or cynical, which is probably what happens to politicians normally, he starts to care, and that feeling of responsibility is his eventual downfall."

The real Strange, who confesses a permanent inability to distinguish Bob Geldof from Sir Keith Joseph, isn't so concerned with the elevation of rock as with the trivialisation of politics.

"The way a film star can be the next President of the United States — I find that terrifying, and hilarious. It's inevitable, the star politicians will be the stars on TV — with about as little concern for substance as Olivia Newton-John."

A long, sinisterly humorous streak in spectacles, hat and raincoat, Strange slides on stage to the strains of Brecht & Weil's 'Mac The Knife'. The projector throws up an image around him. The Revox unwinds. With a cinematic panache and a stock of parody rock postures, Strange enacts his tale; the story unfolds song by song. Tonight, the mucky acoustics and the confused, uncommitted crowd make Strange's intriguing pretensions partly unsuccessful. But it's a fascinating set, which deserves to be seen.

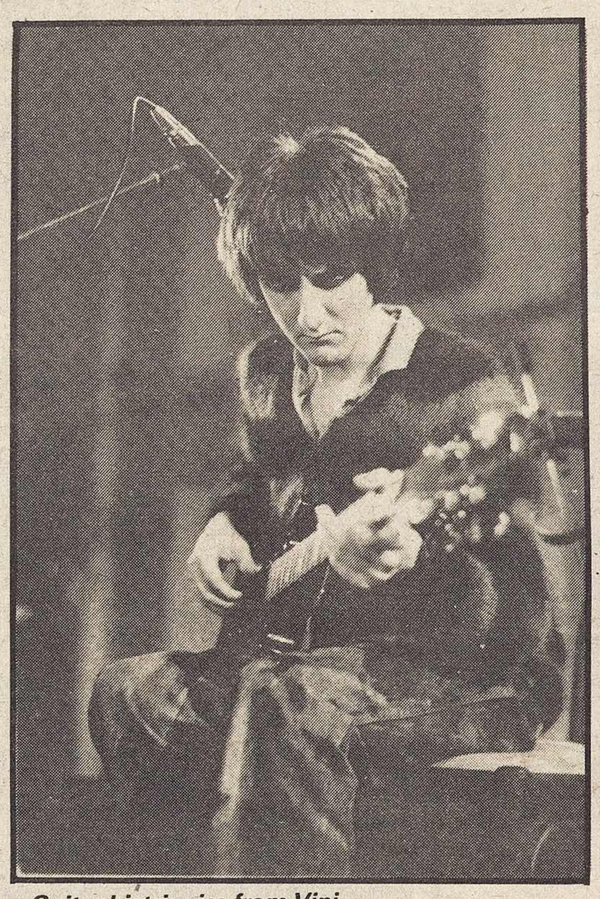
And yet, could it ever give Pink Floyd a run for their money? "There *is* going to be a movement behind me," he predicts with quiet certainty. "I know that because I'm feeling the signs already. But I'm not ambitious in the numbers game; I'm interested in qualitatively rather that quantitatively. I get letters from people saying 'Yes, I understand', rather than saying 'You are fab'. Ha! Ha!

"That's the difference, and long may it be so."

Far-fetched? Maybe, but as Jean Cocteau says:

"The principle of Novelty becomes very difficult to recognise when our age forces us to remove from it its usual attributes of Strangeness."

No. I don't understand it either.



Guitar histrionics from Vini.

Nelson the bell-boy accompanies Our Man In Havana (some Dick called Jobson).

THE NEXT morning, those of us without plane tickets had to get up two hours before we went to bed, just to catch the boat home. Strange suggested that we wake Bill Nelson up and tell him to get our bags out to the taxi — a jibe inspired, partly by jealousy, but mostly by Bill's new outfit, a fetching little blue number which makes him look not unlike a bell-boy or a QE2 steward.

But, to be fair, Bill Nelson has had a lot on his mind lately.

Problems began with the break-up of Red Noise, the band he formed — as a successor to Be-Bop Deluxe, of course — in his continuing search for the ideal line-up. Even before that, he'd been nursing the idea of Cocteau Records.

"It was something I wanted to do a year and a half ago, when I was still with EMI." he explains, in soft Yorkshire tones.

"I wanted to start a label just to put some music out that was different from what Red Noise or Be Bop Deluxe did. And it was a bit difficult at the time to get EMI interested in financing the label. And then, of course, when they got taken over by Thorn's so many people got made redundant, bands as well . . ."

In short, Bill Nelson found himself back in Yorkshire, with no band and no contract, and a lot of spare time. All available cash, rather than financing another band, went into setting up Cocteau as an independent entity, free of artistic constraints.

"When you have some success, there's pressures put on you not to take the sort of risks you want."

Working in his home studio — when he hasn't been producing local bands — Nelson's been developing what he calls "the more esoteric end" of his music.

The more commercial results will soon surface on an album called 'Quit Dreaming And Get On The Beam' from which we already have the single 'Do You Dream In Colour' — itself the niftiest thing he's done in years. More low-key releases, of very experimental stuff, are also envisaged. A new band should emerge "when it's economically viable".

Back at the warehouse, meanwhile, Bill's not carrying bags for nobody. Onstage he plays some fluidly thoughtful guitar as always, but leans heavily on the assistance provided by both his pre-recorded tapes and his brother Ian, who's contributing a lot of very good saxophone. I've never been a great fan of Nelson's — I can respect his cleverness but find something a bit glib and precious about it; I could never get emotionally involved — but the first number raises hopes straight

Tom and his new man, Stevie B. Pic Peter Anderson.

Sector 27

Nashville

THE TOM Robinson Band were, for me, always a group to admire from a distance. Their staunch idealism could always be praised and encouraged, but the actual musical reality was often staid and predictable.

When their ultimate lapse into cliched, ham-fisted tradrock arrived with 'TRB Two', it was undoubtedly for the better that Robinson elected to disband the group and start again from the roots.

And that has resulted in Robinson getting kicked off EMI, provided Glen Matlock with a guitarist and given us Sector 27, a more approachable animal than the cloying monster that TRB were threatening to become.

Superficially, Sector 27 are more self-consciously moderne than TRB could ever hope to be, yet, at the core, their music remains almost as safe. Considering that they had been supporting Santana in Oslo the previous evening, the band came across with remarkable freshness on the Nashville stage. But their enthusiasm did little to compensate for the dullness of the snarling, grinding rock that made up the majority of the new set.

Onstage, Robinson is like some benign, wacky aunt, joking his way through the gaps between Songs and establishing an almost unique warmth and intimacy: the bond between performer and audience that exists at his gigs truly is something special.

But behind the chumminess and impish grin, his anger and

In a Strange daze *Pix David Corio*

away.

'Positive Reaction' is an instantly likeable song. And yet the second, called 'Eternal Return', proves more typical of the set — and that, unfortunately, I found less than rivetting. The format emerges: long instrumentals (slightly like the Bowie/Eno stuff), meticulous and tasteful, reliant on taped hammer-and-anvil percussion.

Nelson admits that the new act is at a "very embryonic" stage. "I would have liked to have had some kind of printed thing so that the audience would understand that they didn't necessarily have to stand there and watch it as a performance in fact."

His aim was providing something to complement the other activities in the building, to leave and return to at will.

"I was very nervous about doing it to start with because it was the first time I've actually given a performance of that kind. But I enjoyed it so much it might be worth doing again some time, if I had a bit more time to prepare the tapes."

What was it Jean Cocteau said, about his plans to make a record? Ah yes:

"One should not worship machines any longer, or use them as workmen. One should collaborate with them."

Then again, Jean Cocteau never had a hit in his life.

THOSE WHO stayed to the end of Nelson's act were duly rewarded. For a climax, he brought on his special guest Richard Jobson: dressed to kill and raring to make a show of himself.

From a slim black note-book, to the accompaniment of Bill and his brother and the tape-machine, the spivvish Skid proceeded to read out a poem about Fritz Lang, the legendary pre-war Dunfermline goalkeeper. Perhaps I misunderstood the words — but what with the bad sound, and Richard's rather rich Fife accent . . .

But that's a difficulty we might soon overcome, because Jobson tells me that he's working on a book of poems, to be done in collaboration with Jill Mumford, the illustrator whose work graces the *Gasbag* page from time to time. A publisher is sought, one possibility being the outlet formed by Paul Weller.

The Skids themselves, currently looking for new management, seem uncertain about their future at Virgin given the Kremlin-style purges going on there: "I dunno. Ah, they're nae gonna drop us — we're one of the money earners!"

He's earning his money tonight, all right. 'Hangmen Also Die' gets followed by a feverishly rendered piece with evocations both of tropical exotica and Berlin in 1930 — just two of the thousand elements in the mad, stylistic kaleidoscope which seems to possess Jobson's mind these days. (His table-talk is a frantic grabbing of names, new influences; from Duchamps and Sartre to Wilde and *fin-de-siecle* Salon society.) He's alive. Onstage he'll pose and dance to his poetry, and campaign-shout it like a southern diplomat.

Above all, there's his new suit — an all-white, Our Man In Havana affair ("Graham Greene on speed," sneers Richard Strange; more jealousy) that sets off his favourite Just A Gigolo persona to a tee. Afterwards, he'll confess to disappointment with the muted reception which the crowd affords him. Then, with a grin and a glass of lager, he vanishes.

Vini Reilly — who is The Durutti Column, and who follows next — does not wear a new suit, nor does he dance; but he does just fine. A frail, unassuming performer, Reilly sits with his guitar and tapes, and constructs music that's delicate and beautiful, and Brussels likes him best of all.

From a nervous "Can yer start the tape, John?" at the start, to a heartfelt "Ta, yer grea', yer beautiful!" at the end, you sense his assurance growing. A good gig.

Yes, but what's Jobson up to? At that precise moment a white vision lurches towards me. "Paul! How ya doon? Ah've just pooled this chick!"

What did he mean? I meant to ask, but he'd gone again — intoxicated, no doubt, by the sheer excitement of his revolutionary performance that evening.

But Herr Jobson would do well, I think (as would we all) to ponder the words of Jean Cocteau:

"I detest originality. I avoid it as much as possible. An original idea must be used with the greatest precaution, or one looks as though one is wearing a new suit."

Get, as they say, out of that . . .

Report
PAUL DU NOYER

Photos
DAVID CORIO

27 ways to lose your label and friends

concern burn undiluted. The songs — all new with the exception of the TRB single 'Bully For You' — are not as overtly political as before, but the subject matter is hardly softer. The militancy lives on with the difference that the sentiments now come minus the sloganeering; a positive step forward.

'Take It or Leave It' concerns the major label/independent discs debate, and manages to include a cynical and unnecessary dig at the small labels; a dig that has taken on an ironic twist in the light of Tom's decision to put out a single through the independent Faulty Products set-up.

'Where Can We Go' is a love song in the Pete Shelley mould, applicable to either sex in contrast to the exclusively gay slant of some of the earlier TRB stuff.

'One Fine Day', with Stevie B's swirling guitar and Derek Quinton's hypnotic syndrum perfectly complementing Robinson's 12-string, runs against the general musical conservatism and is definitely the highpoint in the set, although the significance of the bandage Tom tied across his brow for the song was lost on me.

But the remainder was largely a disappointing degeneration into tired riffing and screeching solos, the debut single 'Not Ready' being a case in point.

Yet Robinson is still a force and Sector 27 may still emerge as true contenders. But, until the beat becomes a bit more flexible, I'll keep my admiration a safe arm's length away.

Adrian Thrills

The Spectres

Rock Garden

FORGIVE me if there's some mistake, but Glen Matlock's Spectres are looking more and more like some sort of undercover plot to reform the original Tom Robinson Band. Initially, it was just ex-TRB guitarist Danny Kustow who teamed up with the former Pistol but now Tom's original organist Mark Ambler has also thrown in his lot.

Unlike Spizz, who changes just the name of his band every year, Matlock seems to alter the entire personnel, this current incarnation being the third coming of the prince regent of pure pop since his departure from the Pistols.

Unlike his two previous post-Pistolian combos — the ill-fated Rich Kids and last year's concerted jamming exercise The Jimmy Norton Explosion — The Spectres might just turn out to be Matlock's perfect band, although Ambler's debut was not a particularly auspicious one, the keyboards cutting out on the second song and continuing to play up throughout.

Matlock himself is very much the centre of attention onstage, curiously slouched in front of the mike with his bass slung low across the hip and used to provide melody lines as much as rhythmic noises on an impressive batch of new songs.

Matlock is chirpy and personable, his voice making up in gritty determination what it occasionally lacks in character and range. Kustow, meantime, keeps to the back of the stage, taking over on lead vocals only on one song, 'Hook, Line And Sinker'.

If Kustow's solos keep pretty much within the tried and trusted rock framework, brass player Art Collins adds some more adventurous textures, switching from baritone to alto sax to clarinet according to the mood of the song.

The Spectres play noisy and inventive pop. There are occasional hints of something more challenging, from the free-form jazzy improvisations of '13 Ways To Love You' (a Matlock-Iggy Pop song), to the movie theme undertones of 'Pressures'. But they are nothing more than hints at the moment, awaiting further development.

With their debut single 'This Strange Effect' being independently released, Matlock and company are currently taking things easy, a deliberately lowkey approach in direct contrast to the hype which surrounded and eventually suffocated The Rich Kids. It stands a much greater chance of reaping lasting dividends.

And no one asked for — or got — 'Pretty Vacant'.

Are you ready for Post-Pistolianism?

Adrian Thrills

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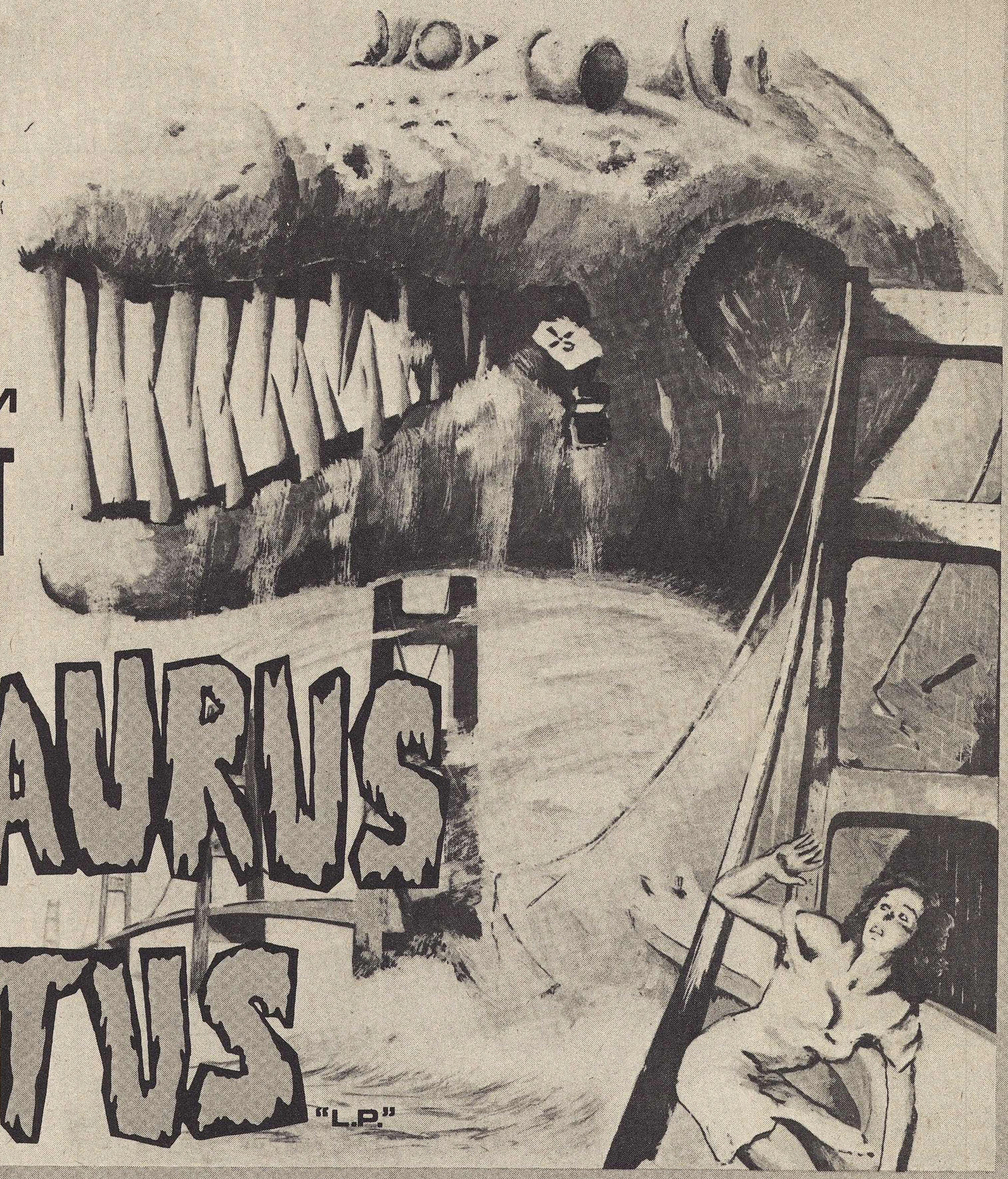

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NOT FOR PERSONS OF NERVOUS DISPOSITION

Who is the best bunch of fives?

The Famous Five and The Famous Five visit Hammersmith. Dennis Morris pic by Philip Grey.

Swinging Cats

Nashville

THEY'RE mad.

I'm sitting at the Nashville, Guinness in my hand, not feeling particularly perky. I've got to write something sensible about this lot, and all I can think of is: *they're mad!*

I mean, they're playing 'Never On Sunday'. You probably don't know that one; neither did I till I heard it. It's a nauseating little piece that for years has been relegated to Radio 2, played by some dodgy BBC band to save on needle-time. It's a horrible song. I hate it.

And then singer Jane Bayley introduces their second song, written by someone or other early in the century, revived by Mantovani, no less, around the middle, and "presented to you now for 1980 by the Swinging Cats!" And off they go.

Meanwhile Jane — brash, active, clad in a scarlet mini-skirt — is dancing around like a trainee Mo-dette. Their saxophonist starts off athletically too; but that's nothing compared to Christ Long, their percussionist (bongos, maraccas and t'ings). A shortish, slightly tubby fellow, he does his energetic and absurd little dance-step throughout the set, with the utmost seriousness and with quite as much dedication as he applies to his instruments, and all to hilarious — and quite probably unintentional (poor fellow) — effect.

I loved it. I think they're great.

And not just because of their eccentricity; but because when they stop being a Latin Calypso band ('Bad Boy' ends in *"cha cha cha"*, for God's sake) and get down to some serious skanking music, the enjoyment doesn't stop. There's no disparity, the smile stays firmly in place. While it's not the sort of stuff you'd drag out the more exotic superlatives for, the rhythm is always tight and the heart is always in the right place.

But those songs. I liked the inclusion of 'Long Live Love' (being a closet Sandie Shaw fan from way back), but 'Captain Scarlet' and 'The Avengers' are definitely stretching it a bit. After all, 'Captain Scarlet' is one of the few songs worse than 'Never On Sunday'. With stuff like this it's got to be only a matter of time before off-beat eccentricity degenerates into ritualised self-parody. Then try smiling through Mantovani and 'John Peel and Emma Steed'. Their own material sounded quite strong too, so I really don't know what they're worried about.

Right now, however, they're a dance band with a lot of naive charm and without a pre-prepared encore. Plenty good enough for me.

David Tudor

Basement 5
Delta 5

Clarendon

"What a liv an' bamba yeh! When the two fives clash!" **WITH AN unprecedented flair for numerical uniformity, Alternatives On Broadway pieced together one of their most interesting bills to date in what looked like a desperate bid to find the best bunch of fives in town. All the evening really needed to make it complete would have been the addition of Bradford's extremely promising Radio 5.**

As it was, it was left to Leeds' Delta 5 to open the bill and consequently prove themselves as the quintessential quintet of the moment.

Their twin bass/twin guitar attack has evolved from uncertain beginnings to a finely-honed level of dynamism. D5 take the rhythmic twists and turns of an accepted musical format — in their case, funk — and strip it down to the barest essentials before building anew on the stark framework.

Like the Zoo pair Echo and Teardrop and their own Leeds stablemates the Gang Of Four, D5 have become harder and more abrasive with increasing maturity. They are all the better for their gradual toughening-up.

Lead vocals are shared between bassist number one Bethan and surly guitarist Julz, leaving guitarist Al to whip out his best Steve Cropper licks sidestage as bassist number two Roz and drummer Kelv provide the syncopated undercurrents.

They accelerate hrough a set from their soon-come Rough Trade album, including two new songs 'Journey' and 'Leaning', to peak with a frantic climax and return with an encored adaption of the Mekons' finest moment 'Where Were You?'

By way of contrast, Basement 5 mark the return of Rotto-McLarenism. They have set out to conceptualise black British music in the same way that the Pistols conceptualised white rock in 1976. And the B5 concept is the destruction of the sometimes bland, dog-eared lining which surrounds so much contemporary reggae music.

But if their aims are genuine and their intentions noble, the musical realisation is a pale shadow of what it could and should be. B5 are a good idea badly done.

They look great — all stove-pipe hats and dark goggles — but sound awful, although this could have been due to the dismal sound mix they suffered for the entire duration of a short set.

Bearded singer Dennis Morris prowls and growls with all the venom of a vintage Rotten, haranguing the crowd out of their passive inaction, but to little avail.

Behind him, guitarist JR hacks out harsh, ugly chunks of hard rock rifferama as bassman Leo and drummer 'T' thump down a solid and simple backbeat. There's a distinct lack of anything resembling melody, one of the many things B5 do not have in common with PiL, despite the much-vaunted comparisons.

The only times that things brighten up are during the brief dub-scat excursions that come midway through the majority of the songs. Otherwise, most of the stuff wouldn't seem out of place on the 'A Farewell To The Roxy' album.

Morris's lyrics are admirably direct and angry, but yet again fail to offer any new insights or observations. Take 'Riot': ***"There's a riot in Iran/A riot in America/A riot inna London."***

Most of it predictably leaves the Clarendon cognoscenti totally bemused, although the band inevitably return for an encore, by no means the last we will be hearing of them.

B5 are this year's emperor's new clothes.

Adrian Thrills

Wilko and Howard Worth. Pick Tom Sheehan.

The Distractions

Dingwalls

IF MIKE FINNEY did not bear such an unnerving resemblance to a young Harry Worth, it might be necessary to commence an account of a Distraction performance by some sort of assertion to the effect that the band are more than capable of providing a highspot in anybody's pop week.

The screaming incongruity of Finney's ostentatious normalcy — he could also pass for the type of comedian who will sing 'He'll Have To Go' at the end of his spot — and his voice — a rough, anguished affair that shows its Northern Soul roots with every syllable — makes him the ideal front man for The Distractions, a group whose principal stock-in- rade is Yorkshire pop that is simultaneously frothy and mordant. The band's principal songwriter, Steve Perrin — the young man with the Wilko fetish — is allegedly on the verge of departure from the band, which gives the occasion a note of added poignancy.

While Finney blusters and performs timidly exhibitionistic dance steps and Perrin Wilks away on his side of the stage, Adrian Wright — the band's other guitarist, a being seemingly constructed entirely of bones and veins — turns his back on the audience and mulls over some ancient grudge. Alec Sidebottom, one hand in a splint, meanwhile demonstrates that the ideal drummer is one who actually listens to the rest of the group and Pip Nicholls underpins the proceedings with some exceedingly deft and adroit bass-lines.

A real cool Swinging Cat. Pic Peter Anderson.

The material that Perrin and Finney have composed for The Distractions fuses rhythm and impeccable melody — they know what works — with some exceptional lyrical twists. The way the lyric of 'Waiting For Lorraine' develops is little short of masterly, and 'I'll Leave You To Dream' is one of the most affecting pop songs of the '80s (thus far). In addition, the evident pleasure which the band take in presenting their material is irresistably contagious.

The only moments of doubt — apart from when I was informed of Perrin's possible departure — came when they played their newest material. 'What's The Use' introduced as "One of the new songs which Island don't like" seemed considerably dowdier than its surroundings, and placed one in the uncomfortable position of agreeing with an Island executive.

One of their most endearing touches was the haste with which they rushed back to do their encores — which included a riotous version of Roxy's 'Remake/Remodel' — almost as if they weren't sure that they'd got to do 'em at all. They needn't have worried: after the renditions of 'Lorraine' and 'Sick And Tired' with which they'd wound up the set, they could've hung on for another two or three minutes without the level of applause diminishing in the slightest.

May The Distractions always get encores; may they always play as if they have to work to get them.

Charles Shaar Murray

LADIES, GENTS, ANDROIDS, MUTANTS & BIOTRONS

A BIG HAND FOR

THE HUMAN ADVENTURE IS JUST BEGINNING.
The first slide appears on the top left-hand screen. It is rapidly flanked by another:
A LONG TIME AGO IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY
And another:
IT BEGINS WHERE EVERYTHING ELSE ENDS

At the back of the stage, Ian Marsh activates the tape machine, the rhythm track rolls and once again, The Human League grapple uneasily with their machines and commence another performance.

In Sheffield Top Rank, a capacity audience welcomes them with that combination of warm encouragement and ferociously critical scrutiny which hallmarks the hometown audience. In Derby, a small but enthusiastic crowd of cleancut youth who seem to know them primarily from *Top Of The Pops* cheer them to the (digital) echo. In Hammersmith Palais, a legion of exquisitely detailed glamrockers of a demented dandyism unseen since the heyday of Enophase Roxy Music acclaim them as champions.

Dotted hither and yon are youth units with the beginnings of Philip Oakey haircuts: cropped on one side, elegantly flowing on the other. Philip, however, has been cultivating his for two years and therefore has something of a head start on them. The spectacle is reminiscent (in purely stylistic terms if not in general cultural significance) of Bob Marley asserting his chieftain status at the Lyceum in '75: the length and splendour of his locks demonstrating his ascendency even before he'd sung a single note.

Philip Oakey is the vocalist for The Human League, an aggregation of young men from Sheffield who have logically and diligently followed up a series of perverse cultural preoccupations and ended up constructing pop music exclusively through the use of throats, lungs, synthesisers, sequencers and tapes, while embellishing said music with slides and projectors. They have thus achieved a certain amount of popular recognition, though their record company would doubtless declare that the Human League could 'do better'.

Philip Oakey clutches his microphone stand and turns his head slowly from side to side. He appears to be making an obscure visual allusion to a sequence from *The Exorcist*. The long portion of his hair sweeps over his shoulder in slow motion. In the audience, those who have chosen to mimic his particular tonsorial affectation do likewise. In fact, Philip is neither showing off his hairstyle nor making cinematic references. He is attempting to watch the slide show, since he has been informed that Adrian Wright, the member of the band responsible for the visual aids, is currently incorporating a photograph of Oakey into his slide show.

"I wish I had wing mirrors on my mike stand," he will declare with more than a hint of wistfulness, "or *video monitors!* Then I could stand perfectly still and not move at all."

He cuts an impressive figure in performance, does Philip, which is a tribute to the painstaking care that he puts into his nightly transformation. Do you realise what agony it is for this man to shave? He has extremely sensitive skin and active stubble as well as extremely greasy hair. Philip is, however, prepared to suffer for his art. On the top of a bus in Sheffield — a place where 7p can still take you a considerable distance — he is merely a tall bloke with a very silly haircut. On the stage, he is a friendly emissary from some wonderland of cultural deviance.

In true Human League fashion, Oakey's stage role has emerged as a result of a disability. He declares himself unable to play a synthesiser and sing at the same time. Though he takes his turn at the keyboards along with the others in the studio — The Humies' preferred habitat — he leaves Ian Marsh and Martin Ware to operate the devices while Adrian Wright — now elevated to a position on stage so that audiences will realise that he is actually "a member of the group rather than a glorified lights man" — makes sure that the projectors know who's boss.

THE Human League have been called many things in their time, some of them favourable. When their first single 'Being Boiled' was released by Fast Product, John Rotten commented simply "trendy hippies".

Since then they've been accused of being pretentious, insufficiently serious, overly serious; they've been called glamrock revivalists, 'a dodgy psychedelic band', phony futurists (ouch!), a mere rock band who cannot come to terms with their instruments, and all sorts of things.

Since their original policy platform called for use of orthodox rockpop forms and structures coupled with synthesiser textures and techniques, it would be fair to say that they have fulfilled this brief almost perfectly. Their combination of the grandiose and the silly, the trivial and the significant, the trashy and the classic is as perverse and unusual as anything else in its immediate cultural vicinity. Their blending of childish glee and adult scepticism is alarmingly appealing.

In addition to Oakey — a man who specialises is saying preposterous things with the polite fervour of one who means them — the League comprises Martin Ware, a bluff, sensible, bearded sort of person who delights in reminding all and sundry that he quit a five-and-a-half-grand-a-year job in computers "for this!"; Ian Marsh, a small dapper fellow who spends much of his time eschewing verbal communication while grinning mischievously at some private and esoteric joke; and Adrian Wright.

Adrian is picked on mercilessly at all times, though slightly less virulently when he isn't there. An obsessive devotee of The Ramones, Adrian has followed da brudders through entire tours — "When I first met Joey," recalls Philip, "he said, 'Oh, you're the guy who sings on Adrian's album'" — and still corresponds fervently with Johnny Ramone, trading *Alien* bubblegum cards for John Wayne movie stills. Adrian, too, has known pain and sorrow: recently his collection of *Star Wars* toys outgrew his corridor and he had nowhere else to put them.

It would be unfair to pick on Adrian for being an overgrown 10-year-old: *all* The Human League are overgrown 10-year-olds, but the other three are slightly more urbane about it. In the van *en route* from Sheffield to Derby, a ludicrous scene ensued when it was discovered that out of three copies of an *Empire Strikes Back* comic purchased by the band, one copy had somehow lost its set of free *Empire* transfers. Instead of utilising the economic advantage that they have over other 10-year-olds and simply purchasing one more copy, the band proceeded to squabble for five minutes over the existing transfers. It was not a pretty sight.

To console himself, Oakey leafed through a prized recent acquisition: a model directory. Not the glossy soft-porn ones sold in newsagents, but the genuine article as circulated by model agencies to *bona fide* clients. Models fascinate Philip: he follows them from ad to ad and transformation to transformation. It is the transformations that fascinate him rather than the models themselves, the techniques they use for modifying their appearances to suit each assignment. Sometimes they portray 'real people'; these roles fascinate Oakey most of all. He is himself, however, reluctant to be photographed in his untransformed state, thereby depriving others of the chance to see 'before' and 'after' pictures.

ELSEWHEN, a conversation is taking place.

Martin is in the middle of an explanation of the origin of the group's name: "We got it from this science-fiction game called *Star Force*. There were all these scenarios in the back for various wars in the future, and one of these for a stage round about 2180 where there were two main empires: The Pansentient Hegemony . . ."

An explosion of mirth and bellows of "It's that word again!"

". . . And The Human League. The Human League were centred around Earth and the scenario was called 'The Rise Of The Human League'. So we stole it."

The Trash Aesthetic is briefly debated. Philip points out that Bryan Ferry "does exactly the same thing in a subtler way, because all his lyrics are clichés. I don't think we're all that trashy, anyway. We are live because of Adrian's slides" (uproar) "because in the slides there is an element of Adrian's preference for trash . . ." More uproar. Adrian bellows, "Only in the trashy songs! *Only in the trashy songs!*"

We discuss their stage set-up and what they'd like to do with it next. A brief conflagration breaks out when a disagreement is reached over the use of film and videos as well as stills and slides.

"This hits on a pretty central problem," says Philip. "Everybody else thinks we should play live and I don't at all."

So why do you play live?

"I think it's useful sometimes for getting songs licked into shape when you start out."

Martin: "When people see us live, they realise that we are an entirely different kettle of fish from all the groups who get rather superficially categorised with us. Also, it influences a lot of people, and people are only going to remember you for a long time if they see you in the flesh."

Philip: "To me a live show is what you do because you can't get on TV."

Martin: "No, that's something entirely different. TV is a far more effective means of promoting something, but a live show is an entirely different thing. I'd rather do two solid weeks of TV than two solid weeks of touring, but it's just not practical. We're all very nervous and very shy, when it comes down to it. We're not natural performers. It's taken God knows how many concerts for us to be able to relax even a little bit. We're not your outgoing, ebullient types."

Ian intervenes: "It's different for other groups because at least they're leaping about. We're just not very moveable."

Martin: "Action Man — fully posable!"

When the League first got going, their initial imperative was to begin making tapes. Performing was an afterthought. "Even before we thought of performing," asserts Martin, "we were sticking things down on tape. Tape has always been essential to our mode of composition and operation. It's essential."

Philip: "Even more essential than synthesisers. Other groups get together with two guitars and a drummer and a singer and they'll thrash out a song and learn to play it and then they'll go out and play it live and then maybe get to make a record of it. The first thing we do when we get anything we like is put it down on a tape and then we see about adding to it, which is a very different set-up."

THE Human League was an outgrowth of a previous band called The Future, which was Ian, Martin and a person called Addy who is now in ClockDVA.

"Instrumentals, basically," recollects Marsh. "We wrote off to record companies in London saying, 'We are going to be huge and you should sign us. We are going to be in London for two days and you can make appointments to see us and our demo tapes.' We went round loads of people like CBS and Island. Virgin was on the list but we opted out of seeing them because we were having such a good time round at Island. They all thought we were total crap and said 'Keep in touch, boys.' Island and Pye were quite enthusiastic, actually. But then we got rid of Addy and for reasons best known to ourselves we got Philip in."

The Future lasted from June until October of '77. 'Dancevision' (on the original now-deleted-highly-collectable-blah-blah 'Holiday 80' double single) was done by Ian and Martin during this era. The Future never ventured into live performance, however. Philip had never sung. But . . .

Philip: "I was at school with Martin and I'd been watching with increased admiration as all these things happened to The Future with them trotting off to London to see record companies, which seemed a fairly insane thing to do. Everybody used to laugh at them except me. They used to practice in a room with 2.3, who were a sort of semi-punk band and when they'd walk past with their synthesisers it was all 'Going to play yer Tangerine Dream music then? Ho ho ho', but I was fairly enthusiastic because I did really like it. I thought it was great.

"Then they had a bit of a bust-up with Addy Newton — known to his friends as Garry or Gazza — and I . . ."

Ian: I remember sitting in Martin's room thinking, 'We need another keyboard player.' We never thought about getting a singer. We weren't specifically looking for another musician, just someone with the right attitude. I didn't know Philip at all. I'd just met him a couple of times and thought he was totally obnoxious. I thought he was an A–1 git."

"I don't know how you got this impression of me!" protests Oakey.

"Well, you insulted me several times when you didn't know me at all. We met in a club once during the heyday of punk when I was looking fairly absurd in a pair of women's tights as a top just dragged over me head and ripped . . . and a 13 amp plug round me neck and a baked bean can on me head. You came up to me and said, 'What happens if I plug you into the mains? Does yer head light up?'"

"I'm always very polite to people," Oakey splutters. "The only time I remembered meeting you was when we both went for the same job at the computer place and you came in dressed totally in black with gloves and an

SYNTHESISED WORDS & SOUNDS: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY
SLIDES, SCREENS & SNAPS: ANTON CORBIJN

THE HUMAN LEAGUE

umbrella on a sunny day. I didn't mean to insult you, I'm really sorry about that."

"'Salright, Phil," replies Marsh pleasantly. "I'll never forgive you. You used to come to rehearsals and do absolutely nothing, and then you showed up with this saxophone that you couldn't play . . ."

"But it cost me £165!"

"And then finally you wrote your first lyric, which was 'Being Boiled'. You came in and sang *'Listen to the voice of Buddha saying stop your sericulture'* . . . I thought you were completely fucking *crackers!* We wouldn't let him (Philip has now been moved into the third person) play our synthesisers because we were too busy playing them ourselves."

Philip: "I felt at a vast disadvantage until I conned the money out of me dad to buy a synthesiser. I still can't play it . . ."

Martin: "And it's broken!"

They commenced rehearsals in Devonshire Lane (a must for all visitors to Sheffield) and Adrian became involved when Addy Newton came and removed all the doors — "I thought what's this prat doing taking my door away?" — including Ian's pride and joy: his 'detective door'.

"He had an office in 1930 with 'I. Marsh, Private Investigator' lettered on the door . . ."

"I spent hours working on that office. I japanned the furniture and had an artist letter the sign, and then I sat around inside in me pin-stripe . . . waiting for cases."

Martin explains: "Ian's the quiet one who sits in the corner not talking, but he was the one who packed in his job with computers and ran away to Cornwall to be a fisherman. That was with Addy — the famous crazy person — and they were under the impression that they could just live off the land up there. Ludicrous! Then he set himself up as a french polisher by reading one book on it. Then he ruined this oak table that belonged to his girlfriend's parents . . ."

The protagonist resumes the tale: "I arrived with my little briefcase and said, 'All right, where is it?' Then as soon as they left the room I got me book out and started work. It turned out not to be solid when I took it down to this really crap wood and I had to fake it up with pin-holes to get the dye in. It took me two weeks."

The highlight of Ian Marsh's career was his entry into the astrology business. "I started up a business called Aurora Astrological Analysis. I'd figured that there were 55 million people in Britain and if they all gave me a quid I could retire. So how could I get everybody to give me a quid? I decided that people would pay a quid for a genuine personalised horoscope but not making them personalised at all, just wording the ad very carefully, getting a solicitor to check it all out and just having the dozen very basic standardised ones. I just booked ads in various magazines like *Prediction* . . . I think I made about thirty quid. I still get some very weird letters from Nigeria, like the ones I used to get from women asking for very detailed advice about their personal lives. I used to write back and give them advice . . . I was about 17 at the time."

BACK in real life, the League consider their future.

"I don't think we're really interested in rock as a career. What we really want to do is to get into films, and I think that between the four of us we have the ideas and the contacts to do something, but we need some money. Now, to make money we have to sell albums, and to sell albums we have to sell singles . . . so here we are."

And back on stage, the last shots of Gary Glitter and stills from *Land Of The Giants* are replaced by three more slides, from different films and TV shows. They all spell out — in different colours and styles of calligraphy — the same thing. They say

THE END

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THE HUMANS' GUIDE TO SILLY NOISES

OR: IF YOUR MA BUYS YOU A SYNTHESISER GET THE HUMAN LEAGUE TO ADVISE HER*

** T'anks to The Undertones*

ENLISTING The Human League to conduct a non-musicians' guide to the world of the budget synthesiser seemed to be a notion too blindingly obvious for *NME* to resist.

After all, when Ian Marsh and Martin Ware first took the plunge and obtained their first synths on HP (with Philip Oakey following in their footsteps because he felt left out) their grasp of keyboard theory was minimal and they had to learn to play the buggers from scratch.

Horrific tales have filtered through from a friend of mine who lived in the room below them, tales of endless nights of trying to kip while the intrepid trio painstakingly worked out the theme from Gordon's Gin commercial (the first tune they ever learned to play).

Who better, then, to advise the ignorant pauper on the purchase of a first synth?

After soliciting a list from the League of the synths they wanted to check out, we phoned around a few specialist shops and eventually decided on *The London Synthesiser Centre (22 Chalton St., London NW1. Tel 01-387 7626/7449)* because they seemed to have the widest selection of relevant instruments. So — on a sweltering Wednesday afternoon — we dragged Marsh, Ware and Oakey (the latter had washed his hair while under the misapprehension that he was going to have his photograph taken) along to piss about on a load of synths and verbalise spontaneously on the relative merits and demerits thereof.

The synth tests were punctuated by such celebs as Les McKeown and Peter Gabriel wandering in and out of the shop, and Philip Oakey peevishly demanding that League manager Bob Last should go out and buy him large amounts of chocolate. The synths in question were tested in approximate ascending order of prices.

THE logical place to start would have been with the legendary **WASP**, but there was only one in the shop and no-one could get it working, so we proceeded directly to the **ROLAND SH-09 (list price £300, LSC price £229)**. Martin prodded it a few times, produced a few noises and pronounced. "Fairly standard Roland. It's the smallest one of their range, it's got the least facilities of any Roland synthesiser I've ever seen and it'd be good value for under £250, but less good for £300.

"This has got a vast advantage over the WASP in that it's got a real keyboard." (The WASP has a strip of touch-sensitive metal marked out like a keyboard, a real disadvantage for those with no real keyboard training). "If it's a Roland it'll have a good keyboard, because they spend a lot of money on 'em. The problem with Roland equipment as far as we're concerned, because we've used Roland ever since the start, is that their oscillators have a very distinctive sound, which is not necessarily a useful thing."

"With Rolands, you tend to lose the bass," remarks Philip, "which is something which doesn't happen with Yamahas."

Martin: "It's only got one oscillator, as well. It's got a sub-oscillator, but you're not able to tune that in thirds or fifths for harmonies. The sub-oscillator is fixed at either one octave or two octaves below, and it seems strange to me that you can only get a square-wave form from it. Another problem with Roland is their filters, which are not as good as Korg or most other makes, for that matter."

Meanwhile, Philip discovered the joys of a set of Syndrums, and had to be dragged away almost forcibly to gather around the next exhibit, the **ARP AXXE (list price £579, LSC price £299)**. Attractively laid out and producing excellent silly noises at the drop of a finger, I found it an exceedingly likeable beast, but the experts felt differently.

"A bit expensive," complained Philip.

"I don't like it," announced Martin decisively. "For a start I don't like these controls. I think they're very cheap and very nasty."

"I think they're very unbreakable," interposed Philip helpfully.

Ian: "Yeah, but you throw things at your bloody keyboards." Ignoring Philip's defensive whine of "I've only ever broken *one*", he continued, "I like the sliding controls. You can see what you're doing."

Martin: "It seems okay for £300. It seems to have quite a good quality oscillator and the Proportional Pitch Control's quite good. It's three pressure-sensitive pads which control pitch-bedding, tremolo and vibrato and the system is unique to any instrument I've ever seen."

Philip: "This is supposed to be a non-musician's guide, and a kid who's never messed around with anything before will find that he can have quite a lot of fun with . . ."

Martin: "I think that's cobblers, Philip, because every single-oscillator synth on the market except for the very cheap ones have the facility for doing something like that . . . it's got a random sample-and-hold which I think *is* useful."

Philip: "Everything that it does do you can see that it does. It's very nicely set out and I think it's very pretty."

Martin: "That's why Philip likes it." They give it a 7 for value-for-money and the Roland 6, and then move on (via the Syndrums) to **THE CAT by OCTAVE (List £517, LSC direct import price £399)**, which made quite a hit.

Martin: "It's got good quality oscillators, two of 'em, each with a sub-oscillator which in effect means it's got four which gives it a very rich sound. You can tune the oscillators against each other or sync 'em. There are a good number of things you can do with it. It's duophonic, which means you can play two notes at once, and you can combine different wave-forms on each oscillator, which gives you a lot of variation from the amount of sound you can get out of it."

THE CAT also has a 'younger brother' known as **THE KITTEN (list £517, LSC direct import £229)** which we were unable to check out since LSC has sold right out of them. Similar to THE CAT except that it has a single oscillator with two sub-oscillators, it intrigued the League, who wanted to try it out and on the evidence of THE CAT would certainly recommend that interested parties have a look at THE KITTEN

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Messrs: Oakey, Wright, Wave & Marsh at home with the hardware.

while shopping around in the £300-and-under price range. In the meantime, THE CAT was declared champ in *its* price range.

They next moved on to a preset synth, the **ARP PRO DGX digital (list £1069, LSC £499).** Martin: "This is a present synth of the type that normally The Human League wouldn't be caught dead touching. I don't know if it's because this is American, but the Japanese have amazing ideas of what instruments actually sound like. Let's just try the 'steel drum' button. . ."

The preset synth offers maximum 'keyboard' and little scope for creative pissing about. "This has a lot of presets including very silly ones like 'Noze', 'Pulsar' and 'Comic Wow', but some of them like the 'Tuba' don't seem reasonable. You can change the presets a bit and also the keyboard's touch-sensitive, which is quite useful. It's a keyboard instrument, and a lot of the choices are made for you. It's not one for someone who wants to experiment, and I suggest that this is more useful for a keyboard player doing five club dates a week and hasn't got much time to experiment.

"If you're in a group and you've got to change settings for each song, you can either have long gaps between numbers, or have something else going on, or you can pay £2000 for a memory-programmable synth, or use something like this, where you've got about 32 basic choices and a few modifiers and a transposer. Next!"

"Next!" was the **MICROMOOG (list £551, LSC £379).** Philip got confused quite quickly, and Martin confessed, "I've got an inbuilt bias towards Moogs, but thinking about it, Walter Carlos — sorry, *Wendy* Carlos — did everything I've ever admired on Moogs. The quality of sound that he got was due to Moog oscillators. The terminology of the controls is completely idiosyncratic. I don't know what 'bypass' means, and it's not well laid out for the beginner at all."

Philip: "You come to *any* synthesiser first time round, and there's no standard way of talking about them. You could give Walter Carlos the average Yamaha and if he hadn't seen it before he wouldn't have a bloody clue for the first hour of so. They call everything different daft names."

Martin: "I think it's good value. I wouldn't hesitate to pay £300 or so for one. I like the ribbon controller, I think it's really nice. On the other hand, The Human League have never used Moogs, so perhaps it's just the novelty value. We've always used Roland equipment and very recently Yamaha and Korg. This is fairly good value, but I still think THE CAT is better value. This is about 7½ and THE CAT would be about 8½."

From there it was back to the **SYNDRUMS.** A single-pad model designed as an add-on for a drum-kit and offered at £69.95 disappointed Philip because he couldn't get a snare sound out of it, but the £299 2-pad system was considered most intriguing and may be added to the existing League arsenal.

Next up was the **YAMAHA CS 20M (list £930 LSC £699).** Martin: "This is a programmable memory synth, which has the obvious advantage of enabling you to programme it before you go on stage and then just punching a single button to get the patch you want, instead of having to patch between numbers, which is time-consuming. This is one of the cheapest ones I've ever seen, and combined with the fact that it's a Yamaha and the quality of Yamaha oscillators means that it's very good value for money at the price for which it's being sold here.

"It's only monophonic, which means that you can't play chords on it, and it's got all the standard facilities of most of the ones in this price range, plus of course it's programmable. It's very well designed and it's got a decent keyboard. Fairly robust."

Philip: "The polyphonic was the second worst thing that ever happened to synthesisers. The worst was when they put keyboards on them."

Martin: "I think that's a load of cobblers: Philip trying to be provocative again. I couldn't play *anything* when I picked up my first synthesiser and I can play chords now."

And finally . . . the **YAMAHA CS30 (list £690 LSC £499).** Philip: "This is definitely the best synthesiser in the shop. It makes some very stupid noises indeed, except that I can't work out how to play a tune on it. Anybody wanting to do their own *Star Wars 3* soundtrack would like this one. It does have a sequencer which is next to useless, but it does make it a little bit longer."

Martin: "This is the champion Silly Noise Machine under £1000. There are other ones in the shop capable of more extreme silly noises but definitely not in this price range. Since it's a Yamaha, if we knew what we were doing we could probably get this to sound quite sensible. The oscillators are really good quality and it's got a lot of interesting features and for anybody into experimenting it seems really good value. What's good about it is that you can control just about every function from the envelope generators, of which there are three."

THE rest of my tape is a nightmare of clashing synths. The League eventually pissed off to Sheffield quite pleased with themselves and I went home with a headache, as — I presume — did the LSC staff, who were unusually courteous considering the circumstances.

The general concensus would appear to be that **THE CAT** and the **YAMAHA CS30** were the champs at (LCS prices) £399 and £499 respectively, and **THE KITTEN** (LSC £229) should be sought out by interested parties. One thing seems clear: just because you bunked off piano lessons and barely know one end of a keyboard from the other doesn't mean you can't achieve considerable amounts with even a cheap synth. After all, a KITTEN costs slightly less than the average secondhand Stratocaster.

Hmmm . . . are we twigging something here?

This advert misquotes Max Bell

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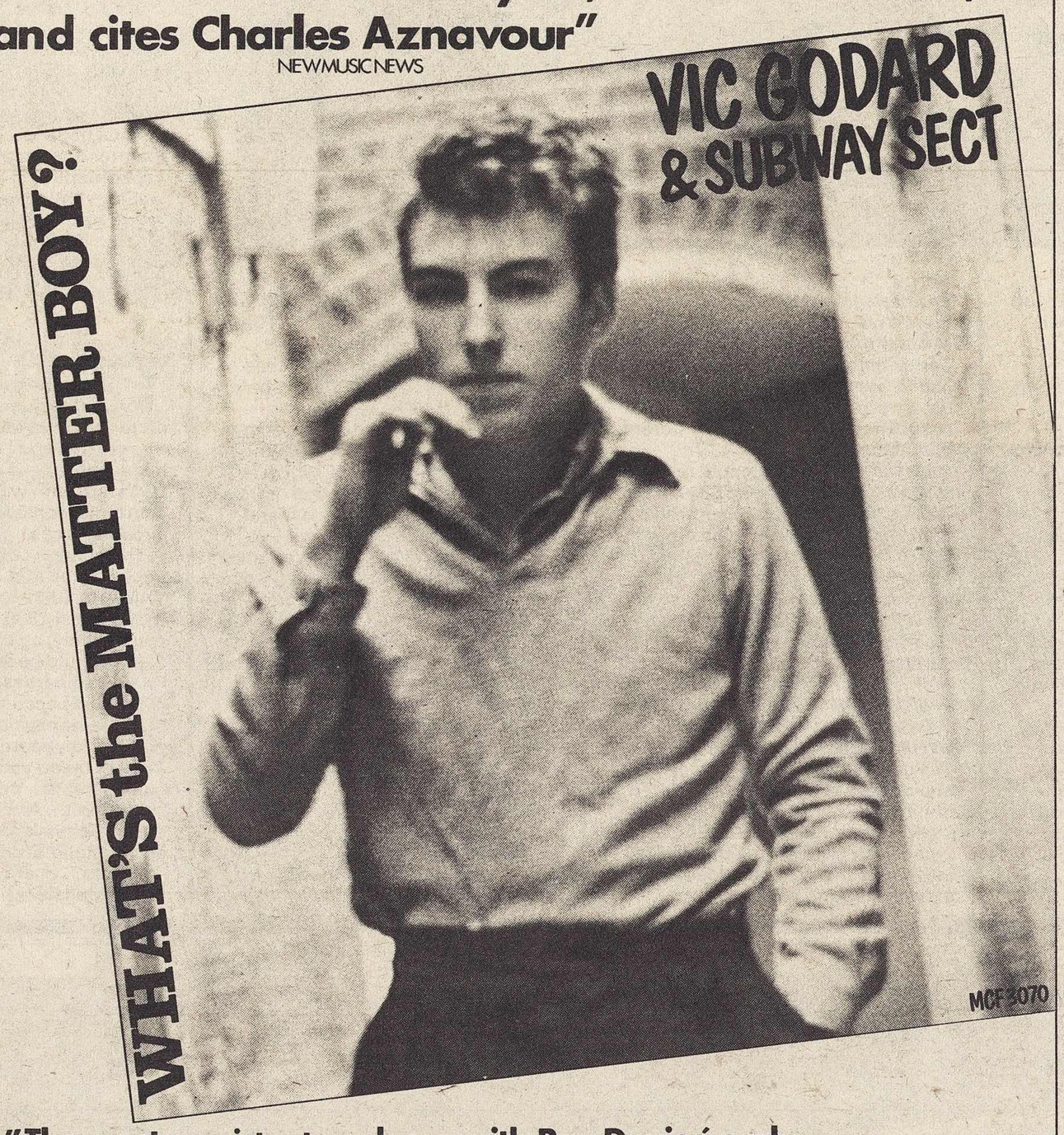

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have you decided

WHAT'S the MATTER BOY?

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Bristol 1980...

From page 43

The Turntable Club served food too, like the old Bamboo, and nice girls went there, because it wasn't as 'rough' as the blues. But that's gone now because of the pressure.

So one by one, the blues dances disappear, leaving nowhere for Bristol sound systems — Enterprise Imperial, Field Marshall Abashanti, Lord Looko, Sir Jayi — to play, except somewhere like the Dockland Settlement Youth Club.

The circuit tightens like a noose, leaving little but the two cafes: the Black and White and the Shady Grove.

In the Black and White we are waiting for our mackerel, rice and banana after the end of the Festival on Saturday. There's not much going on, just some sounds pumping out the back of the restaurant — the new Gladiators album produced by Prince Tony — when proprietor Bertram Wilkes goes to search out some Silk Cut.

'Hello Whitey! I'm Nig-Nog!"

The man smiles as he shakes my friend by the hand. Everybody laughs; the atmosphere is jovial. The Festival has passed off without incident, thus giving (and not giving) satisfaction to both sides.

While some of the youthmen are most unwilling to talk to either a white woman stranger and/or a journalist — well aware of media manipulation and plainclothes or maybe just not liking the look of me — the B&W cafe's main man Bertram is a born interviewee. His timing, delivery and the quality of expression makes him a natural star for talk shows.

We agree that the Festival has been beautifully peaceful. But Bertram also explains that generally the local community is tolerant of certain aspects of "law and order" and that you can break some of the laws, but not all of them. And it's this that accounts for the feeling of frustration and disappointment apparent in some of the youth. It's as if the Festival was an anti-climax.

But what are you talking about Bertram? I ask. The black community was supposed to have won that battle, you beat the police . . .

"Yes. We won." Bertram's TV personality smile twists and becomes more cynical. "Or did we?"

On the colour TV in the corner, the news flash reports, "All went peacefully at today's Carnival in St. Paul's." On the screen, a laughing policeman hugs a middle-aged black lady into a rumba. The police had been extremely low-profile all day, just standing round in amiable groups swinging cans of beer with an occasional stroll into the sweetest smelling corner, and no arrests made at all. Very sensible, really.

Next to the TV, the tall black man plays the pinball machine, hugging its width to his groin, squeezing the handle like a lover of long standing.

THE LAST night, and the last big sound system; Lord Looko and Enterprise at St Barnabas School. My white girlfriend leaves after a man she won't dance with insults her. Two gangs follow her home. "Next time I go to a blues I won't go alone. I suppose I should have known better," she glumly tells me.

The proprietor of a Bristol independent reggae label take me outside and buys me a ginger beer. He says that the manager of a certain well-known radio DJ is haggling with him. The label man wants to offer the DJ a bribe of 15% of the retail price of a single he believes in, if only the DJ will give it regular plays. The manager is holding out for 25%.

"What can I do? I'm not a rich man, but I'm desperate for airplay. It's a hard world," he says. Could I help him out? He asks. Suddenly the ginger beer tastes flat.

Then after much delays, Black Roots come on stage again. Tonight, the vaulted ceiling bounces the sound back till it's rich and the words that sometimes sound like cliches (about oppression in Babylon) are revitalised because of their validity here in Bristol. The drumming is well separated, each rim-slash and cymbal clash reverberating. The drummer's a thin white man with a tall black crown hat on. His face looks gaunt, like an ascetic saint in a state of rapture on an old fresco.

His name is D.K., Deke, David Kennard, a 30-year-old Aquarian, and he's so tired he can barely talk. He hesitates, and often sighs deeply between phrases. His face is half-shadowed by his hat, half-lit by a street-lamp. Car lights flicker over his mouth, over and over.

"Reggae is the only music I can live with, listen to for more than a minute. In the blues dances, though it's dread for a white man, I'd rather it be like that than not be there. The European left Africa before the black man, and it's dulled the spirits of white people. You could say it's created by the cold, but there's a magic, mystic thing in it.

'But what they're doing to hold onto their roots — not seeing Babylon kingdom as themselves . . . if you live among the white man, even if you think about roots — that might

Continues page 59

C·30 C·60 C·90 GO

Sometimes in bed
I get a hit twice as fast
Cos I press my playback to make it last

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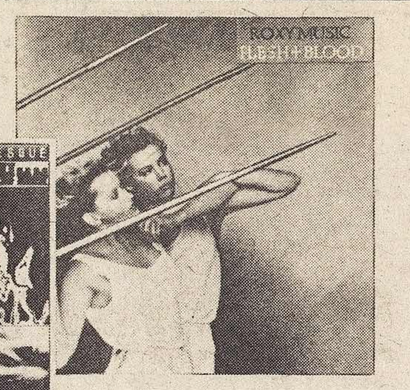

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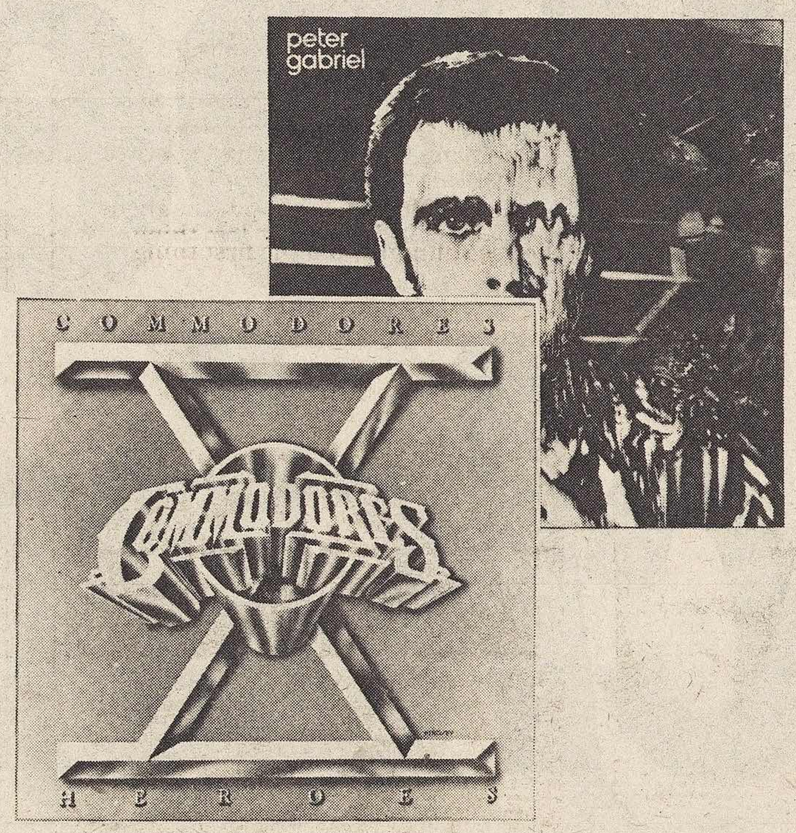

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Album of the Month

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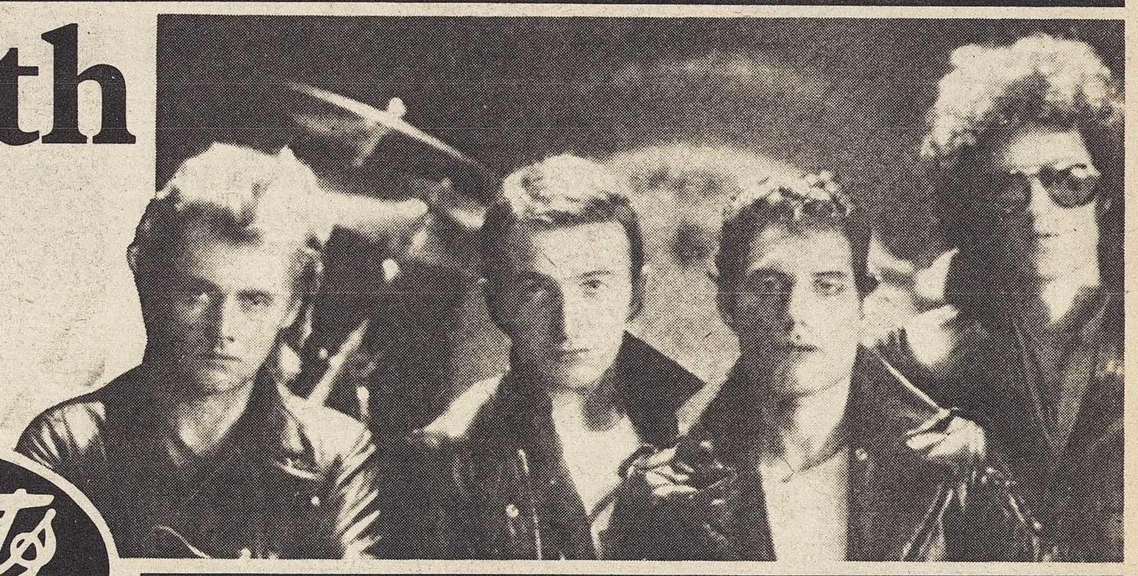

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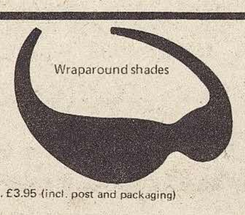

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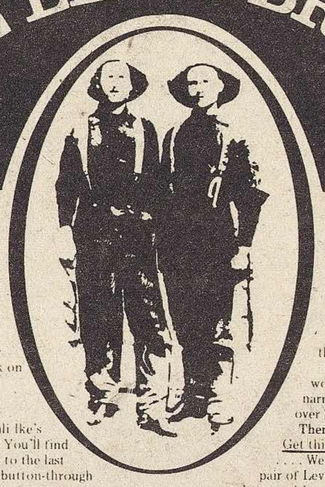

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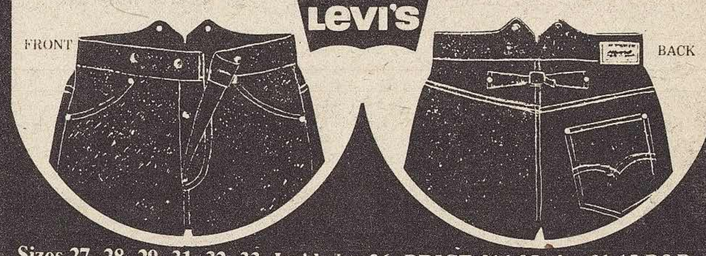

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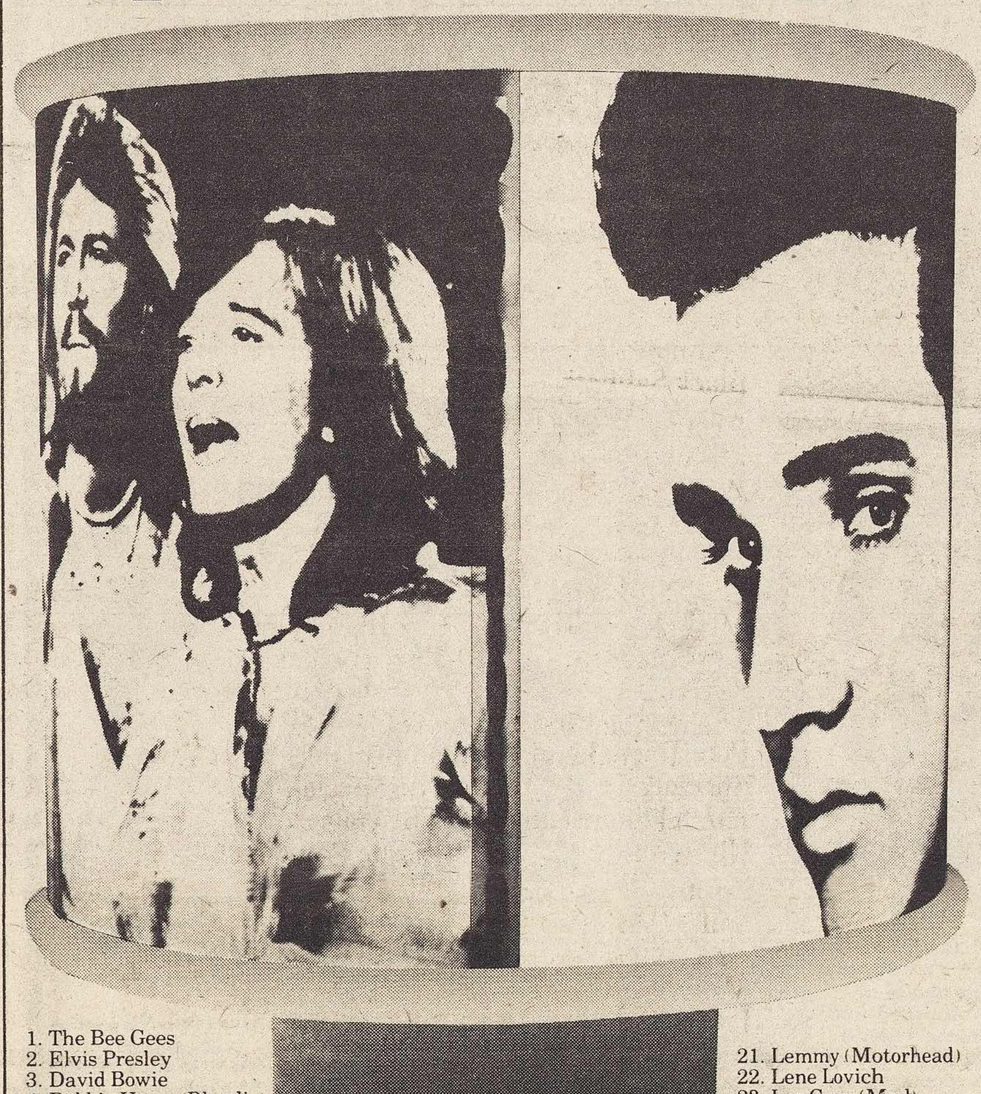

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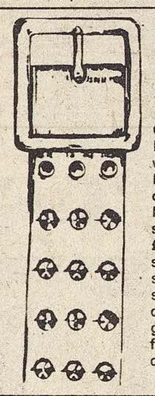

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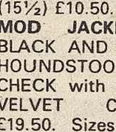

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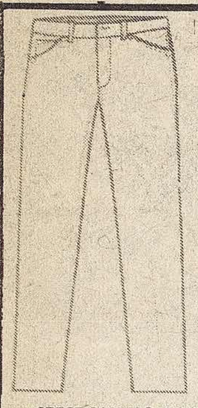

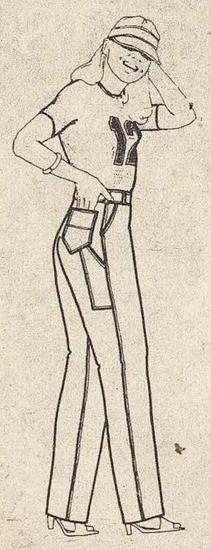

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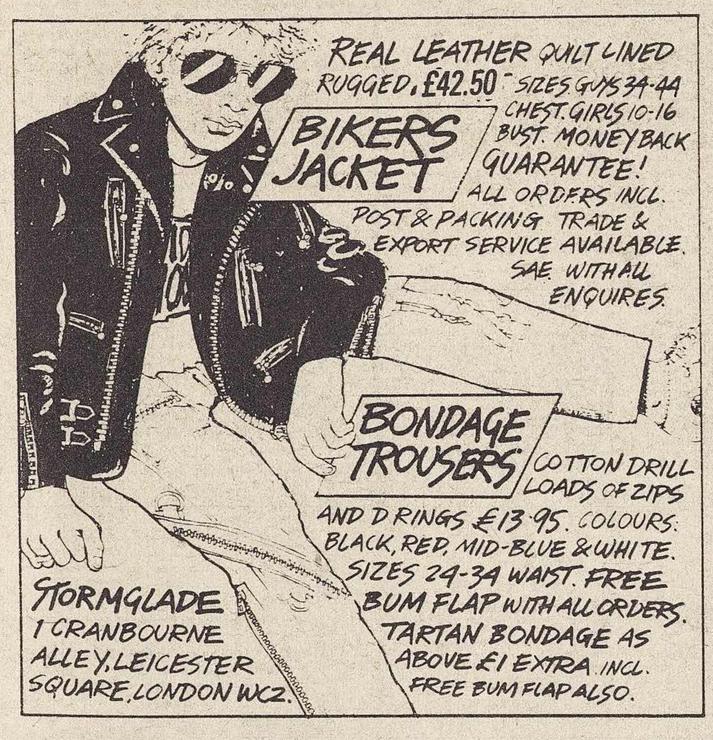

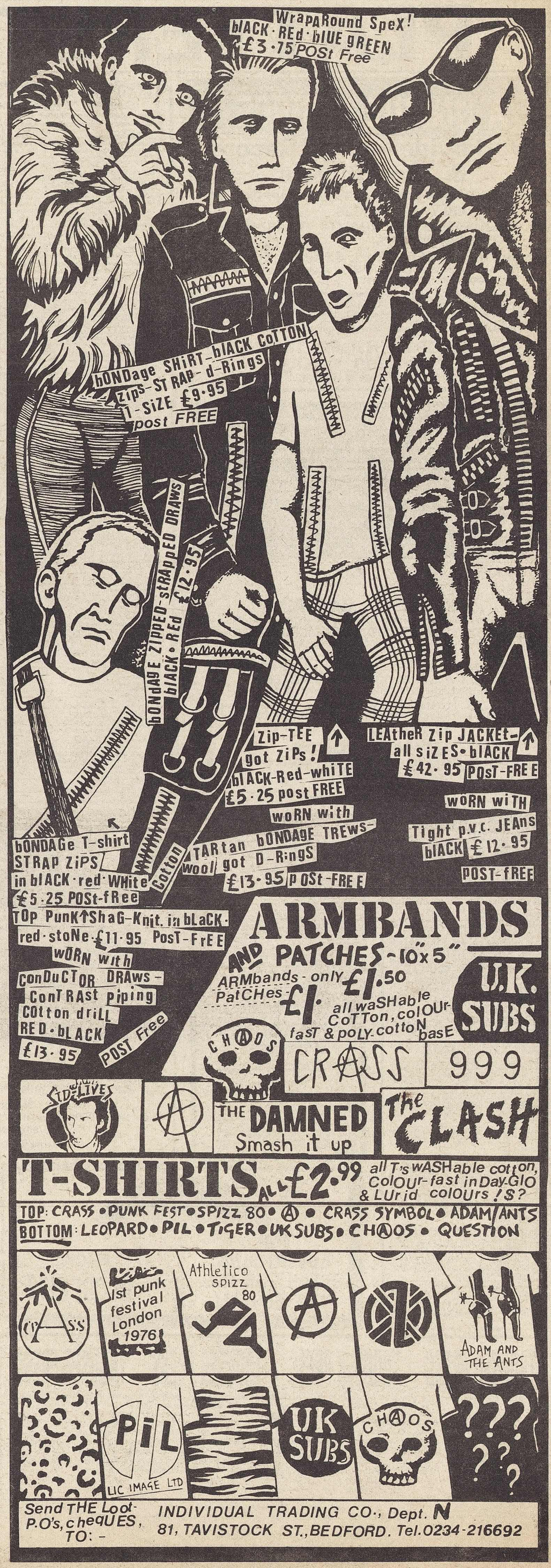

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7" BLONDIE Denis/No Imag (Jap I, P etc) 2.75
12" BLONDIE Atomic/Die Young/Heroes (live) (P) 1.49
12" BLONDIE Atomic (as above, diff P) (I) 3.49
12" BLONDIE Heart (Voc & Inst) (P) (British Orig) 3.50
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This is a selection from our large Blondie catalogue. All Japanese imports have lyrics on the pic.

12" 12" 12" 12" 12" 12" 12" 12" 12" 12" 12" 12" 12"
A tiny selection from our gigantic catalogue!!!

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12" KINKS Lola/S Afternoon/W Sunset/Dedicated 1.99
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12" BUZZCOCKS Pulsebeat/What do I + I (Clear v) (I.P) 2.99
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12" CLASH London calling (+ 2 tracks) (P) (E) 1.99
12" ODYSSEY Use it up (Live) (E) 1.99

PIC DISCS PIC DISCS PIC DISCS PIC DISCS

7" ELVIS COSTELLO New Amsterdam (Pic Disc) 1.99
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LP DEVO Are we not men (+ flexi disc) 3.99
LP MIKE OLDFIELD Tubular bells 4.99
7" LAMBRETTAS Da-a-ance 1.25
7" CARS Just what I needed 2.99
LP PHIL LYNOTT Solo in Soho 5.99
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LP JUDAS PRIEST Best of 7.99
LP CURVED AIR Air conditioning (re-issue) 7.99
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7" IAN MATTHEWS Do right woman (6 tracks) 3.99
7" CAPT BEEFHEART Up the my oh my (6 tracks) 3.99
7" MATCHBOX Midnite Dynamoes 1.25
7" BRITT EKLAND Do it to me (nude pic) 1.99
This is a small selection from our Picture Discs

GOODIES GOODIES GOODIES GOODIES GOODIES

7" MO-DETTES Paint it black (+ flexi disc & photo) (P) 1.15
LP CLASH First LP (Diff. tracks + 7" 'Groovy times') (I) 5.49
LP CLASH (As above, totally diff pic slve + lyrics + 7" 'Groovy times'/Gates of west) (Jap I) 9.99
7" BUZZCOCKS I believe/Something comes up (I) (P) 1.25
7" HUMAN LEAGUE Empire state human (dble pack 2 recs) (P) 1.20
7" DICKIES Gigantor (Yellow vinyl) (P) 1.15
7" PINK FLOYD Comfortably numb/Hey you (I) 1.20
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7" ROGER DALTREY Free me (P) (I) 1.25
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LP E.L.O. JOYRIDE (6 tracks by E.L.O. including Boy blue, So fine, Rockaria) (I) (Sleeve cut) 2.99
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LP WHITESNAKE Live at Hammersmith (Jap I & lyrics) 9.99
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7" E. COSTELLO Kings horse/Girls talk/2nd modern/Cant stand (I) (P) 1.25
7" B. RATS Someones looking/Mondays (live) (I) 1.20
7" RUSH Entre nous/Different strings (I) 1.20
7" SQUEEZE Pulling mussels (Red vinyl) (P) 1.25
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7" ELVIS COSTELLO Red shoes (Buy 15) 2.50
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LP GENESIS Genesis to revelation (I) (+ lyrics) 5.50
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LP WISHBONE ASH Live in Tokyo (Jap I + lyrics) 9.99
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7" SPECIALS Gangsters (I) (Pic of group) 1.80
7" SELECTER On my radio (I) (Pic of group) 1.80
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7" ABBA I have a dream (sung in Spanish) (I) (P) 1.99
LP ABBA Ring ring (title track in Swedish) (I) 6.99
LP AGNETHA FALTSKOG Son Jag Ar (I) (All in Swedish) 6.99
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POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE

POLICE PACK Roxanne/Can't stand/So lonely/Message/Walking-/Beds too big (live) 6 singles in wallet blue vinyl orig pic 6 photos all with lyrics £5.99 + £1 for good p&p (UK)
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7" POLICE Bring on the night/Visions of night (I) 1.20
7" POLICE Message (+ wraparound poster) (I) 1.25
7" POLICE Roxanne/Can't stand losing you (I) 1.20
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FRANKIE AVALON — VENUS
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BEACH BOYS — ROCK'N'ROLL MUSIC
BEACH BOYS — SAIL ON SAILOR
BEATLES — SGT PEPERS
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12"

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CHART BACKLOG

UK SINGLES — May 31

This Last Week			
1	(2)	No Doubt About It	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
2	(1)	What's Another Year	Johnny Logan (Epic)
3	(3)	She's Outta My Life	Michael Jackson (Epic)
4	(5)	Mirror In The Bathroom	The Beat (Go Feet)
5	(12)	Theme From Mash	The Mash (CBS)
6	(9)	Over You	Roxy Music (Polydor)
7	(—)	We Are Glass	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)
8	(6)	Hold On To My Love	Jimmy Ruffin (RSO)
9	(4)	Geno	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)
10	(—)	Rat Race/Rude Boys Outa Jail	Specials (2 Tone)
11	(28)	Fool For Your Loving	Whitesnake (UA)
12	(24)	You Gave Me Love	Crown Heights Affair (Mercury)
13	(7)	Coming Up	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)
14	(10)	Don't Make Waves	Nolans (Epic)
15	(14)	Let's Go Round Again	Average White Band (RCA)
16	(29)	Crying	Don McLean (EMI)
17	(26)	Let's Get Serious	Jermaine Jackson (Motown)
18	(8)	I Shoulda Loved Ya	Narada Michael Walden (Atlantic)
19	(23)	Back Together Again	Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)
20	(20)	You'll Always Find Me In The Kitchen At Parties	Jona Lewie (Stiff)
21	(—)	Funkytown	Lipps Inc (Casablanca)
22	(—)	I'm Alive	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
23	(17)	Breathing	Kate Bush (EMI)
24	(16)	Just Can't Give You Up	Mystic Merlin (Capitol)
25	(13)	The Groove	Rodney Franklin (CBS)
26	(11)	Silver Dream Racer	David Essex (Mercury)
27	(—)	D-A-ANCE	Lambrettas (Rocket)
28	(—)	Police And Thieves	Junior Murvin (Island)
29	(25)	Teenage	UK Subs (Gem)
30	(—)	Midnite Dynamos	Matchbox (Magnet)

UK ALBUMS — May 31

This Last Week			
1	(1)	The Magic Of Boney M	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)
2	(2)	Sky 2	Sky (Ariola)
3	(3)	Greatest Hits	Rose Royce (Whitfield)
4	(13)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)
5	(7)	Just One Night	Eric Clapton (RSO)
6	(8)	Duke	Genesis (Charisma)
7	(5)	Sports Car	Judie Tzuke (Rockets)
8	(15)	Heaven And Hell	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)
9	(6)	12 Gold Bars	Status Quo (Vertigo)
10	(—)	Me Myself I	Joan Armatrading (A & M)
11	(25)	One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)
12	(16)	Hypnotised	Undertones (Sire)
13	(18)	Snakes And Ladders	Gerry Rafferty (UA)
14	(14)	Pretenders	Pretenders (Real)
15	(4)	Suzi Quatro's Greatest Hits	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
16	(—)	McCartney 2	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)
17	(10)	Bobby Vee Singles Album	Bobby Vee (United Artists)
18	(17)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A & M)
19	(—)	I Just Can't Stop	The Beat (Go Feet)
20	(—)	Magic Reggae	Various (K-Tel)
21	(9)	Sometimes You Win	Dr. Hook (Capitol)
22	(—)	Little Dreamer	Peter Green (PVK)
23	(20)	Good Morning America	Various (K-Tel)
24	(29)	Wheels Of Steel	Saxon (Carrere)
25	(—)	So Far Away	Chords (Polydor)
26	(11)	Barbara Dickson Album	Barbara Dickson (Epic)
27	(14)	Empty Glass	Pete Townshend (Atco)
28	(17)	17 Seconds	Cure (Fiction)
29	(19)	Iron Maiden	Iron Maiden (EMI)
30	(23)	War Of The Worlds	Jeff Wayne (CBS)

UK SINGLES — June 7

This Last Week			
1	(5)	Theme From Mash	The Mash (CBS)
2	(1)	No Doubt About It	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
3	(7)	We Are Glass	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)
4	(3)	She's Outta My Life	Michael Jackson (Epic)
5	(6)	Over You	Roxy Music (Polydor)
6	(4)	Mirror In The Bathroom	The Beat (Go Feet)
6	(10)	Rat Race/Rude Boys Outa Jail	Specials (2 Tone)
8	(2)	What's Another Year	Johnny Logan (Epic)
9	(21)	Funkytown	Lipps Inc (Casablanca)
10	(16)	Crying	Don McLean (EMI)
11	(8)	Hold On To My Love	Jimmy Ruffin (RSO)
12	(27)	D-A-ANCE	Lambrettas (Rocket)
13	(17)	Let's Get Serious	Jermaine Jackson (Motown)
14	(9)	Geno	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)
15	(19)	Back Together Again	Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway
16	(15)	Let's Go Round Again	Average White Band (RCA)
17	(20)	You'll Always Find Me In The Kitchen At Parties	Jona Lewie (Stiff)
18	(12)	You Gave Me Love	Crown Heights Affairs (Mercury)
19	(30)	Midnite Dynamos	Matchbox (Magnet)
20	(22)	I'm Alive	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
21	(14)	Don't Make Waves	Nolans (Epic)
22	(11)	Fool For Your Loving	Whitesnake (UA)
23	(—)	Behind The Groove	Teena Marie (Motown)
24	(—)	Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime	Korgis (Rialto)
25	(—)	No Self Control	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)
26	(24)	Just Can't Give You Up	Mystic Merlin (Capitol)
27	(—)	Chinatown	Thin Lizzy (Verigo)
28	(—)	Twilight Zone	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)
29	(—)	Substitute	Liquid Gold (Polo)
30	(28)	Police And Thieves	Junior Murvin (Island)

UK ALBUMS — June 7

This Last Week			
1	(16)	McCartney 2	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)
2	(2)	Sky 2	Sky (Ariola)
3	(19)	I Just Can't Stop	The Beat (Go Feet)
4	(1)	The Magic Of Boney M	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)
5	(—)	Flesh & Blood	Roxy Music (Polydor)
6	(10)	Me Myself I	Joan Armatrading (A & M)
7	(3)	Greatest Hits	Rose Royce (Whitfield)
8	(—)	Champagne & Roses	Various
9	(5)	Just One Night	Eric Clapton (RSO)
10	(4)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)
11	(6)	Duke	Genesis (Charisma)
12	(7)	Sports Car	Judi Tzuke (Rocket)
13	(13)	Snakes And Ladders	Gerry Rafferty (UA)
14	(—)	Travelogue	Human League (Virgin)
15	(8)	Heaven And Hell	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)
16	(21)	Sometimes You Win	Dr Hook (Capitol)
17	(9)	Twelve Gold Bars	Status Quo (Verigo)
18	(15)	Suzi Quatro's Greatest Hits	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
19	(26)	Barbara Dickson Album	Barbara Dickson (Epic)
20	(18)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A & M)
21	(11)	One Step Beyond	Madness (Stiff)
22	(—)	21 at 33	Elton John (Rocket)
23	(—)	Shine	Average White Band (RCA)
24	(28)	17 Seconds	Cure (Fiction)
25	(—)	Peter Gabriel	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)
26	(—)	From A to B	New Musik (GTO)
27	(—)	Let's Get Serious	Jermaine Jackson (Motown)
28	(29)	Iron Maiden	Iron Maiden (EMI)
29	(20)	Magic Reggae	Various (K-Tel)
30	(22)	Little Dreamer	Peter Green (PVK)

From page 52

slow it down. But you can't resist the fruits of Babylon. I can't resist my destruction either. Oh, the simplicity of not caring about your addiction to life."

Pause. Sigh.

"One's drug is always private to oneself. After the riots, people were prouder for a while, walked with their heads high. But it came down hard again. Such hard times. Living in the midst of . . *Babylon* is a good enough word. But it's not just this area, this town, this country. It's the vibe of the whole world."

We're finally leaving the blues when Desmond Pierre hails me from the gym horse in the corner.

Desmond originally comes from Bristol, but works within the Southall community, among Misty and The Black Enchanters. Since the riots, he's been back in Bristol, helping the youth deal with their court cases. The more serious charges come up next week.

Clear, concise, enthusiastic, Desmond counts off figures on his fingers: about 50% of the youth like the idea of repatriation, he says. We talk of the '60s, of the second round of black peoples' movements across the globe for the service of white 'masters'. But this time round, slavedriver, the table has turned. Jamaica is no longer content to be a colonial offshore factory farm, and its crucial produce — people — will no longer be shunted round the world as a cheap portable labour pool.

The '70s were the gathering in of the peoples; no stength without numbers. Now it's the '80s, he says — The Time Of Resistance.

"This is important. It's a global struggle we're dealing with, not just these people in this town, or this country. It's the whole world. A global resistance."

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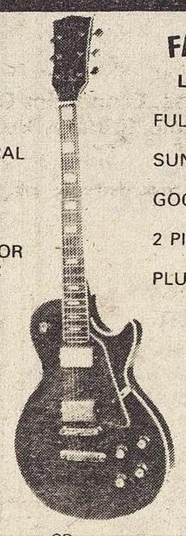

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INFORMATION CITY By Fred Dellar

CAN you tell me which singles The Kinks have released on RCA and Arista? Also, do they have a fan club in the U.K.?
GEIT GUNNARSEN, Oslo, Norway.

● Sticking to British releases only, The Kinks' first single was 'Supersonic Rocket Ship' / 'You Don't Know My Name' (2211 — May 1972), this being followed by 'Celluloid Heroes' / 'Hot Potatoes' (2299 — Nov 1972), 'Sitting In The Mid-day Sun' / 'One Of The Survivors' (2387 — Jun 1973), 'Sweet Lady Genevieve' / 'Sitting In My Hotel' (2418 — Sept 1973), 'Mirror Of Love' / 'Cricket' (5015 — Mar 1974, 'Holiday Romance' / 'Shepherds Of The Nation' (2478 — Oct 1974), 'Ducks On The Wall' / 'Rush Hour Blues' (2546 — Apr 1975), 'You Can't Stop The Music' / 'Have Another Drink' (2567 — May 1975), 'No More Coming Back' / ' Jack The Idiot Dance' / 'The Hard Way' (RCM — Jan 1976), 'Mirror Of Love' / 'He's Evil' (5042 — July 1974), the last named also being re-released with a different B-side. The band signed to Arista in Jan 1977, after which came 'Streetwalker' / 'Full Moon' (91 — Mar 1977) 'Juke Box Music' / 'Sleepless Nights' (114 — June 1977), 'Father Christmas' / 'Prince Of Punks' (153 — Dec 1977), 'Rock'n'Roll Fantasy' / 'Artificial Light' (189 — May 1978), 'Live Life' / 'In A Foreign Land' (199 — June 1978), 'Black Messiah' / Misfits' (210 — Oct 1978), 'Superman' / 'Low Budget' (240 — Jan 1979), 'Moving Pictures' / 'In A Space' (300 Sept 1979), 'National Health' / 'Pressure' (321 — Dec 1979). Quite a chunk of info was discreetly swiped from Pete Frame's truly wonderful Rock Family Trees (published by Omnibus), which, not surprisingly, fails to list a British based Kinks Fan Club. Neither Arista nor I could come up with one either, though you might try writing via Renaissance Mgt, 433 N. Camden Drive, Beverley Hills, CA 90210, USA.

JUST a couple of points to add to your Pink Floyd listings. Firstly, the Harvest sampler 'Picnic' (SHSS 1/2) contained one Floyd track unavailable elsewhere, namely 'Embryo'. Also, there was a soundtrack album to *Tonite Let's All Make Love In London* issued on Instant Records INLP 002.
MICK GOOKEY, Luton.

● Frankly, I wish I hadn't started the whole damn Floyd shamozzle! I only attempted to list British releases by the band, excluding solo jaunts, but since then, I've been inundated with info on solo offshoots, Euro-releases, Japanese rarities, bootlegs, the band's original Edison Bell cylinders, plus an odd fletton or two. Nevertheless, thanks to Steve Grant of Brighton, John Martin of Radford, Croz of Wakefield, Les Howe of Leighton Buzzard and all the other Floyd loonies who reminded me that Waters and Co. also supplied much of the soundtrack to the movie *Crystal Voyager*. Ta, nicely!

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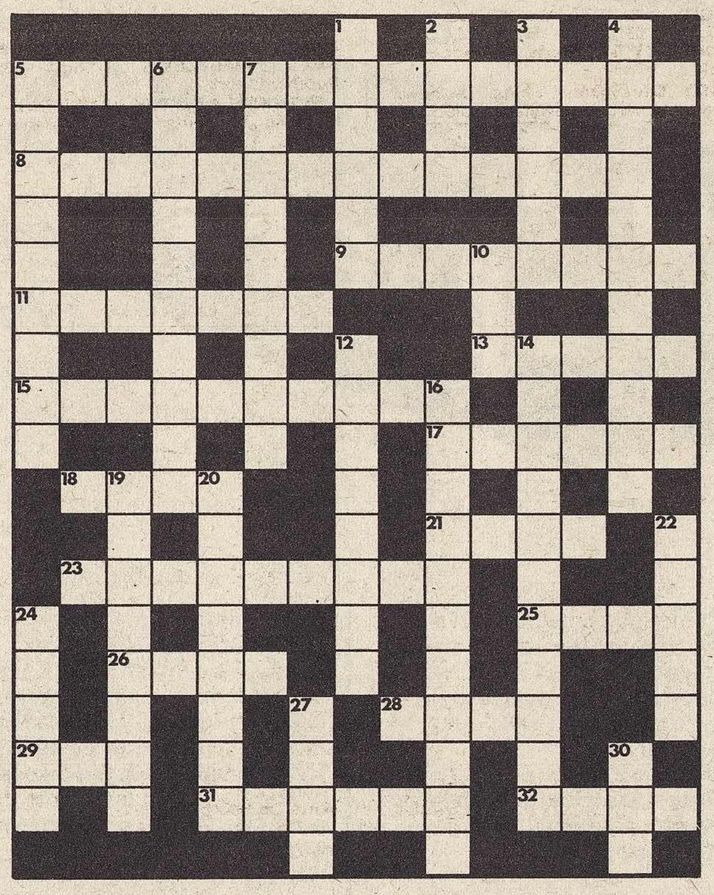

ACROSS

5 Wailers single (5,3,2,5)
8 Sugarhill Gang's disco hit (7,7)
9 An early Elton John 45 (4,4)
11 Steve Winwood's old group
13 Roxy single / Warhol flick
15 Wailers album (5,5)
17 Label
18 US girl group whose one hit was 'A Lover's Concerto'
21 & 22 Muffins' hit 45
23 Blondie surrogates currently getting the record company Big Push (3,6)
25 Gibson Brothers hit
26 See 24
28 See 10
29 Short of a letter to become a fart (On the other hand ...)
31 A credible place to live?
32 See 19

DOWN

1 & 27 Blondie single
2 Self-styled First True Punk (NY Division)
3 Queen's favourite group?
4 Jam album (7,4)
5 A Siouxsie connection with Fleetwood Mac?
6 Bad Manners single (3,2,5)
7 Keith Relf's band
10 & 28 2-Tone 45
12 Steve Hackett LP
14 Folkie whose one hit was 'Streets Of London' (5,6)
16 Started Iris (anag. 2 words)
19 & 32 Their follow-up to 25 across (3,4,1,4)
20 One way to use sperm!
22 See 21
24 & 26 Ugly old wave metal act
27 See 1
30 They're in Honolulu fossilised!

ACROSS: 1 'The Up Escalator'; 6 'All The Young Dudes'; 9 Edgar Winter; 10 Brian; 11 'Oh No Not My Baby'; 13 (Graeme) Edge; 17 'Everlasting Love'; 19 'My Way Of Thinking'; 22 Nina Hagen; 23 'So Lonely'; 24 Graham; 26 Real; 28 Strummer; 29 'Dreaming'.
DOWN: 1 'Travelogue'; 2 Ultravox; 3 Stylistics; 4 Ted (Nugent); 5 'Riders (On The Storm)'; 12 Idle (Race); 14 'Play The Game'; 15 Angie; 16 (Smokey) Robinson; 18 Edwin Starr; 17 'Manifesto'; 20 The Chords; 21 Graeme (Edge); 23 Smoky (Robinson); 25 'Fame'; 27 Lick.

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GASBAG

Despatch your scratch to us at GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London WIV 1PG.

AM I buying the *NME* for its predictability? I thought not, until last week. It was so very obvious that you (a) would not review Knebworth '80 at all, or (b) review it in destructive terms and used old cliches. Well! *NME* comes up trumps and doesn't report it, because it did not think we'd "be interested in the antics of a lot of boring has-beens". Really? Well thank you for making our minds up for us. If you had done a review anyway then people who were not interested could have turned the page. In any case I'd hardly call The Blues Band has beens.

I credited *NME* with more intelligence than to be so high and mighty about the whole issue. — You can like Public Image Ltd *and* enjoy festivals, and for that matter it's possible to like The Who *and* Public Image Ltd. Oh yes, any combination is possible. You call Knebworth boring? Look at yourselves you cliche individuals. Sometimes you make me sick.
Amanda Silvester, Folkstone, Kent.
P.S. Oh yes, don't forget to put one of your 'very funny', 'witty' comments under the letter — predictability is your trademark!
Get stuffed. — M.S.

I have just finished reading Paul Morley's interview with Peter Gabriel *(NME* July 5) and yes, you guessed it, I found it "the most vicious piece of go-for-the-poor-bastard's throat journalism I've ever read" (quote courtesy of *Gasbag* cliches).

OK, so Morley's not into Gabriel's music. Fair enough (I'm not into Joy Division — that doesn't make me a bad person, although Morley would probably disagree) but the personal attacks were uncalled for, not to mention well over the top. "Spittle rolls out of the corner of his mouth", "stares at me through wild eyes", "he grins . . . showing his ugly yellow teeth." You should pack in watching the Horror Double Bill on a Saturday night, Paul — I think it's getting to you.

Rip people to shreds by all means but let's do it in the true *NME* style (ie pertinent but entertaining — oh sorry, I forgot entertainment was a dirty word down your neck of the woods).

Morley's jibes aren't even funny, eg Gabriel says something, Morley wonders which issue of *Reader's Digest* he pinched the idea from. Oh come on Paul, you can do better than that. (Actually a lot of what Gabriel said seemed to make sense, but who am I to judge, not being a member of the clique of Mickey Mouse intellectuals currently infesting your rag?)

So Morley feels disillusioned with the whole stupid bloody charade of rock. Serves the pillock right for elevating it above its rightful position in the first place.

We've all got problems. Mine's acne. Big deal.
Lig.
Spot on. — P.G.

Will somebody please remind Paul Morley that when he is interviewing people he isn't re-writing *War & Peace* — I'm thoroughly bored by all that atmosphereic "The room is grey and unwashed. Like me" *(NME* interview with Peter Gabriel) and stuff. I mean, I don't care if he's grey and unwashed really, and that crap goes on for fourteen paragraphs, before we get to the actual bloody interview. This is a dull waste of space in my opinion — I wouldn't mind, but the style's so pedantic, and after all the purposes of an interview is to get Peter Gabriel's views/opinions/thought processes rather than Paul Morley's . . . Maybe he fancies himself as Tolstoy. I don't know. But I must admit I don't care, and I wish he'd just let the people he's interviewing do the talking.
Ellie Ling, London SW9.
He does, but he forgets what they say. — M.S.

I am a tired, distraught and confused *NME* reader reading interviews by tired, distraught and confused *NME* journalists (hi Paul Morley) with tired, distraught and confused musician/rockstar type people *(poor* Mick, *poor* Peter).

If these people can make a living out of being tired, distraught and confused, why the hell can't I?
Chris Warren, St Germans, Cornwall.
Don't know. Confusing, isn't it? — M.S.

Somehow, I feel it's important to write this. I really feel that the Peter Gabriel interview was one of the most disturbing things I ever read. But tell me, was it real?
C. Holden, Preston, Lancs.
Doubtful. — A Doctor

Thank you for printing Peter Gabriel's revealing piece about Paul Morley.
C. J. Jung, Notting Hill Gate
See what I mean? — The same Doctor

I stood just in front of Paul Morley in a Moonlight Club queue once. He is bigger than he looks in the photos.
Model Worker, Lhasa, Middx.
Much. — Mrs Morley (debut appearance in Gasbag)
Zis is gettink complicated. — Jung's mate, Freud

Jagger was right to tell Paul Morley where to get off. I'm not a Stones fan nor ever will be but by God it was reassuring to see the Old Man refuse to take lip from someone who, when it comes to doing time, has hardly signed the visitor's book. Why should Jagger give up? Because he makes an album maybe Morley or Nick Kent doesn't like? Christ, be fair, Paul. Say some guy still a bit wet behind the ears comes up to you 12 years from now and says you should pack in the writing — what will your answer be?
Irish Jack, Cork, Eire.
Stage direction: Morley gives typical anguished shrug. — Ken Russell

Jagger's flippant appraisal of the *NME* did have a certain ring of truth to it. Paul Rambali, Paul du Noyer and Lynn Hanna all got not a little uptight about whether or not their subjects were ideologically sound. The last especially went out of her way to reinterpret what Joan Armatrading said, in order to come up with a suitable call to arms against "conformist feminity", a "rootless, desolate existance" and all those unfortunates who have sunk to the depths of being "respectable, established, very socially acceptable". From what I could see, Ms Armatrading hadn't intimated any such designs to tear people apart like that. But why, when faced with an accusation that his publication fantasizes as much as it reports, does Paul Morley sink into such depths of despair? Surely that's what it's all about? Someone makes some music, someone else immortalizes it, and does so according to his/her own preconceptions, ideals, dreams. Isn't that why we all read the *NME*, to follow Paul Morley's infatuations and disappointments, Lynn Hanna's fierce dislikes, Ian Penman's rubbish, Nick Kent's slow death . . . Isn't that why we don't read *Melody Maker?* Poor Paul Morley — he seems to be constantly in the throes of some moral dilemma or other. Ian Dury, Sting, Roxy Music — they all got him in the end.
Simm Pethmick, Plymouth.
Knew there must be some reason. — Ray Coleman.

Our man in protective clothing: MONTY SMITH

Letter for publication: Dear Sir,

How encouraging that whoever wrote *T-Zers* (June 28) can read well enough to have half-understood what he so flatteringly calls my "latest masterpiece" in *The Sunday Times.*

How flattering, too, that he believes I might be strong enough to "overthrow the Western world as we know it". Part of the Western world as we know it, of course, consists of an album chart dominated by Peter Gabriel, Paul McCartney, Sky, Average White Band, The Beat, Genesis, Police, Joan Armatrading, Cleo Laine, etc., all warmly praised and recommended by some bewildered old fool in *The Sunday Times* during the last two months.

Yes, I did compare Japan with the Beatles in 1960-63 — not their music, but their talk which you did not make clear — but then I was around talking to The Beatles at the time and am qualified to make the judgment, unlike *NME's* hordes.

What Stephen Ward said to you, I don't know, but the idea of a piece on Japan came from me. The words used, preceding the pictures, were delivered to *The Sunday Times Magazine* in late February.

You are quite wrong, incidentally, to believe that I regard all *NME* staff as mewling and puking infants. Only some, together with some on other music papers. Indeed, you might have risen half a point in my estimation for your ability to recognise a few words of Will Shakespeare. But then I turned to another page and found an article by someone called Ian Penman on torch songs starting by misquoting two lines from 'These Foolish Things'. As you printed the lines, they would not scan. What, however, can one expect *NME* writers to know about lyrical essentials like scansion?
Derek Jewell, East Molesey, Surrey
What, however, can one expect the *Sunday Times* popular music columnist to know about the state of contemporary music when he has consistently attacked, reviled or ignored virtually every aspect of it over the last four years? — Neil Spencer
So, sorry, Del — it's back to your scansion and chips. — M.S.

You take things too seriously. Get back to the rampant stupidity which is your hallmark.
Y. Millard, Maidstone, Kent.

The Citizen the other week was absolutely brilliant, and I have revelled in his magnificence. However, being a poet myself, albeit with some mediocrity, and having read the masterpiece over and over again, the essence of the whole thing continued to evade me. Who was Geneva? What exactly does the poem mean? What prompted the Citizen to write it? Does it have a personal meaning for the Citizen? Was it written as a poem or a song? These questions must be answered for the sake of my sanity, and perhaps for many other people's sanity who may be pondering the same questions.
Arthur Telephone-Bumpunter, Portsmouth.
Like the Shadow, only the Citizen knows. — M.S.

Do you know, Citizen,
What you are talking about,
Citizen?
Because I certainly do not.
And yet, Citizen,
You don't really care, Citizen,
What anybody else thinks.
You live in a world of your own, Citizen,
And allow no one else in, Citizen,
With a knowledge of know-alls, Citizen,
'Cos you talk a load of balls.
Lawbreaker
And maybe this geezer knows, too. — M.S.

So! 'Exile on Main Street' was the most underestimated Stones album, but don't worry it will find its way into any decent collection without your perpetual plugging.

So! Joy Division were possibly a good band but *NME* is already halfway to destroying their credibility by throwing them into a hazy mist, which makes Mr Curtis' death years, instead of weeks, ago.

So! One of your guys happens to like the Monochrome Set, but why does he have to compare it with every other bloody album produced?

As for Jules and Jim. Well! Do they really think that the average heterosexual has nothing worth shouting about?
Chief, Guildford.
Hopeless case. — The Doctor, on his way out the door

Ian Penman's review of Jack Kerouac's *Big Sur* was way off the mark, only put there to aggravate I should think: "tediously and purposelessly neurotic" — not all of it, much of *Big Sur* is beautifully descriptive, and anyway Jack expressed the neurosis of our 'beat generation' which we all felt. "Hysterically up its own bum" — you mean he's preoccupied with his own life and feeling? Would you rather he made up detective stories?

(Jack's) "grossly overflated reputation" — you've gotta be joking. How come most people I talk to have never heard of him? I'd like to see more of Jack Kerouac in the *NME.* He's the last great writer.
Alan Griffey, Cheltenham, Glos.
Some of us are quite grateful he's not writing much these days. — M.S.

Following your correspondence from a monkey the other week regarding this species' supposed ability to type intelligible letters may I suggest that Mr I. Penman is, in fact, a chimpanzee suffering a run of bad luck. This is quite apparent from the tendency of his articles to degenerate into gibberish after the first few words.
Tony Morris, Wigan, Lancs.
Maybe Ian unconsciously apes Jack Kerouac's 'style'. — M.S.

Re Paul Rambali's suggestion that I "go tell it to the Marines" *(Gasbag,* June 14): Bastard.
Private Michael Keeton, USMC, Ft Dixon, Peoria, Illinois

Bob Dylan has got it all wrong.
Erich Von Daniken

Monty Smith, you're getting mellow. You did not make one unreasonable comment in the whole of last week's Bag.
Bogmorton, London N22
I've found Dylan, mate, that's why. I just can't stop laughing. — M.S.

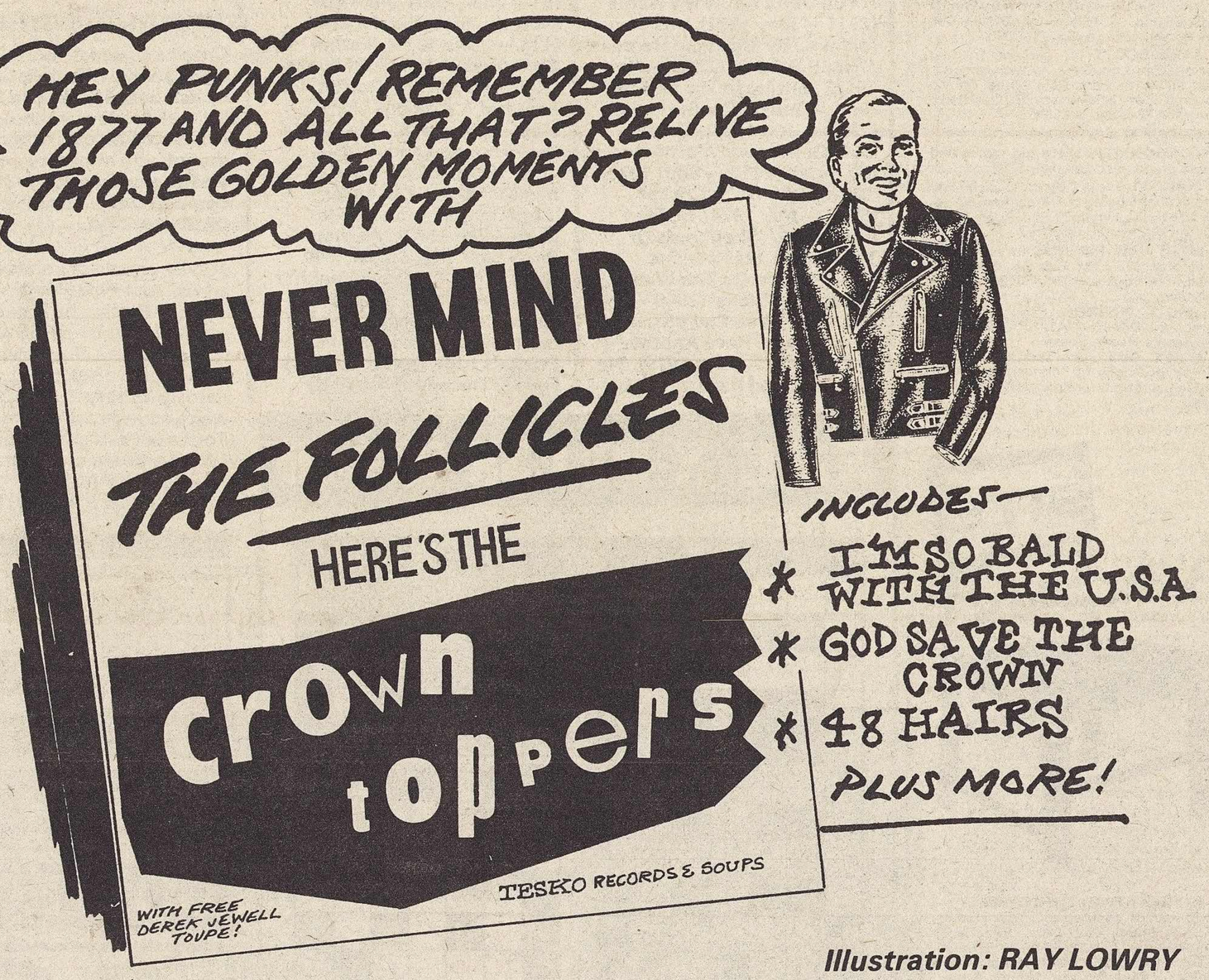


Illustration: RAY LOWRY

T-ZERS

ANY STRUGGLING artists out there who've been turned down lately by top record labels, take heart! You're in good company.

Earlier this year **Wishbone Ash** received a curt rejection slip from EMI, whilst **Miles Davis** had his demo tape sent back to him by his own label, CBS. And they're not the only ones.

In a bid to confirm the suspicions that many aspiring artists have about record company A&R men — that they are not men at all but really ostriches — **John Meyer,** owner of an independent shop and label in Edinburgh, recently perpetrated an elaborate hoax on a number of these highly-paid talent-spotters.

Using low-fi Woolworth's cassettes, he took legitimate recordings by a number of top international stars and submitted them with fictitious names and titles to the A&R departments of various top record companies.

Always assuming the A&R men were taken in by the hoax — and those contacted by *T-Zers* couldn't even remember the names Meyer used, let alone the content of 'his' demos — the results make interesting, even embarrassing reading. Because the talent spotters failed to spot, amongst others, **Steely Dan, Wishbone Ash, Miles Davis** and **Neil Young**!

EMI, for instance, rejected Wishbone Ash (under the name of **Lost Horizon**) although for the past seven years or so they have distributed Ash's records. CBS turned down Miles Davis (who already has some 40 odd albums in their catalogue) and said thanks but no thanks to **Charlie Parker**. A sax player called **Sam Wallace,** for it was he, was too amused to be particularly dejected.

And A&M turned up their nose at a certain **Joseph Shaughnessy** (in reality Steely Dan). When 'Shaughnessy' called A&M's **Charlie Eyre** for some sort of comment beyond the standard rejection letter he was told that his (Steely Dan's) songs were "repetitive and uninteresting. It would be two year before they were of any commercial use to a record company."

Most surprisingly of all, it would seem that RCA failed to notice the uncanny resemblance between **Ross Fisher** and Neil Young! Well, it wouldn't make the playlist, would it? . . .

CONGRATULATIONS are due to **Bjorn Borg,** the only Swede ever to win Wimbledon five (count 'em) times and also to **John Lennon,** the only Liverpudlian ever to sell a pedigree cow (at Syracuse, New York, State Fair) for £132,000. Although this is the first record Lennon has made for at least four years he still does own another 249 cows . . .

T-zers's obligatory cock-up corner (the bit you really like best): seems that last week's pic of **Paul Weller** and girl friend **Jill** confused the latter with a famous someone else. Jill was not pleased and Weller was unavailable for comment at the time. He was "out with Jill" . . .

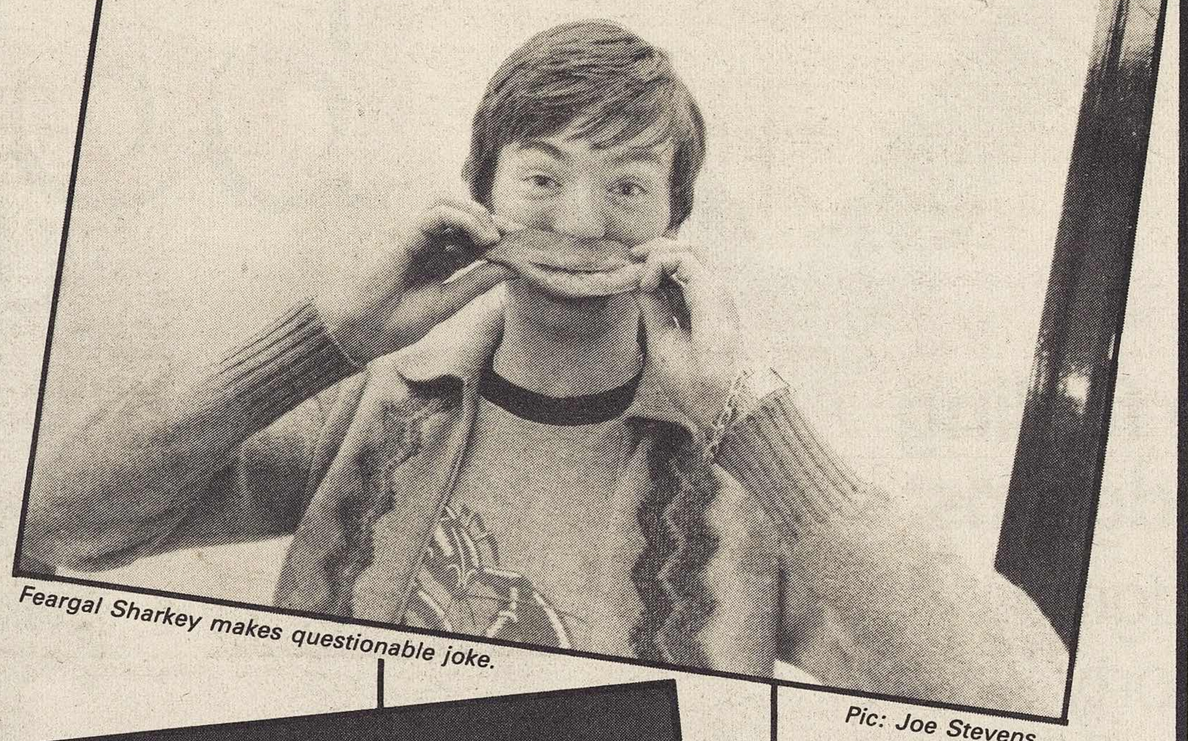
There's not exactly a queue to buy copies of **George Harrisongs** latest autobiography (the cheek of these people), immortally entitled *I Me Mine*. All copies are autographed (swoon) and the limited edition goes for a snip at £148. Nothing like living in the material world eh? Betcha don't remember when you could get pictures of George "free" with Birds Eye Fishfingers . . .

News of interest to deaf readers. **Michael Caine** has just flogged his English home to **Zeppelin's Jimmy Page** for a paltry half million . . .

Joy Division's Hook, Albrecht and **Morris** rumoured to be continuing under the moniker **Stevie and the J.D.'s**, tho' manager **Rob Gretton** reckons they haven't finalised a name . . .

Meanwhile, back in Stockport, we omitted to tell you that **John Maher** and **Vinnie Reilly** also feature on the new **Invisible Girls** product, and jolly good it is too . . .

The perils of **Memberdom**: only one week after concussing himself on a mikestand, guesting with **The Distractions** at Dingwalls, **Nicky Tesco** and band found themselves in Amsterdam's infamous Paradiso haunt.



Feargal Sharkey makes questionable joke.

Pic: Joe Stevens

Pauline 'Same Hat' Black & Debby 'New Haircut' Harry in New York. Pic: Joe Stevens.

Afterwards the troup tripped merrilly off to the Red Light district in search of a red light. Empty handed, The Members soon ended up brawling with some jolly tars, spent the night in jail and on returning to Sheerness were rudely prodded by the customs drug squad veterans. After finding that two group chaps had previous records the customs johnnies radio'd for the Special Branch and the unfortunately label-less ones were again grilled for several hours. Isn't Britain wonderful . . .

At the self-same Dingwall's gig, **Distraction Steve Perrin** played his last gig. He is now embarking (ahem) on solo work . . .

T-Bone Burnett woke up this morning and found that Chrysalis records done gone and released an album of his . . .

Fat Man **Fabulous Thunderbird Kim Wilson** collapsed from heat exhaustion in his native Austin, Texas this week after taking part in a Taco 'n' Burger eat-out. The portly Kim put himself outside of fifteen tacos and thirty nine cheeseburgers before conceding defeat to the Laredo champion. *(Is this the best rock & roll can come up with this week? Disgusted Ed)*

TOYAH at Nuremburg: the diminutive **Ms Wilcox** (this is a reference to talent, not size) seen hob-nobbing with **Robert Plant** and **Jimmy Page** at a select niterie after a recent gig . . .

More fortunate was **T'Beat's Rankin' Roger** who was avalanched with red roses after a special matinee performance by Birmingham's favoured sons in the local Top Rank . . .

On its way to buy a piece of carrot cake *T-zers* bumped into former **Clash** supergrass **Bernie Rhodes** in a West End vegetarian restaurant. Seems that Bernie has been having talks with people in Transport House — particularly someone called **Tony** — about the possibility of starting up a Trades Union/Labour Party record label. Besides an

I may not be a camera but some of my best friends are
— Richard Jobson at The Venue.

Pic: George Bodnar

ongoing Clash court case — which may prove to have intriguing vinyl results — and managing **Subway Sect** — which may not — Bernie was also predicting the loss of "British youth from popular music to football, if *TOTP* isn't back by the start of the season . . ." Hmmm . . .

AND more intriguing comment from Malcolm McLaren who told a gasping *T-zers* that from his vantage point abroad (lucky sod) old Albion looked "like a banana republic. I just couldn't believe the sloth and pessimism surrounding everything here when I got back . . . it's the new Paraguay mate." Run along Malcolm . . .

While we're here the semi-unlegendary 14 year old Burmese singer with **Bow Wow Wow** was actually singing **Stevie Wonder** songs in the launderette at the time of 'discovery'. "I'd auditioned must have been 200 and was about to go back to Paree", quoth a purring McLaren, adjusting the odd socks in his tumbler. "Ere lend us two bob, me spin cycle's finito" . . .

Sick As A Parrot is the name of a new football fanzine emanating from Scotland, not a country normally noted for its soccer prowess . . .

Is all well in the **Clash** camp? Perhaps not in a week when an *NME* scribe was told by **Joe Strummer:** "It's all over. I'm fed up with the whole thing. I'm building me own recording studio just to try and get out of this depression." As long as you remembered to buy your mum a tele first Joe! Problems all round with The Clash anyway as **Topper Headon** is sickly, his continual bad-health being the cause of some band friction. Sensible **Mick** 'Clothes' **Jones** is currently hiding out in the USA (cue famous song) with his fiancee, fellow label artiste **Ellen Foley** . . .

THE NEXT **Bowie** album features contributions from **Tom Verlaine, Jimmy Destri** and keyboards player **Chuck Hammer** who may have been paid nothing to tell *Rolling Stone* that "Y'know, like I've never been in the presence of someone so purely depicted. Ooh it was so fantastic!" Get it out in the open eh Chuck? Verlaine plays some backwards guitar on the record (he never could play it forwards) . . .

Elvis Costello, The Specials and **Q-Tips** are just some of the wonderful British exports appearing at this week's Montreux Festival, the first time in four years the organisers way down there in shelter filled Switzerland have taken us Limeys at all seriously . . .

Ex-**Dictator Mark** 'The Animal' **Mendoza** has a brand new band in the Bronx called **Twistin' Sister** — they wear make-up and platform boots . . .

After faring dismally on the US cinema circuits *Quadrophenia* is now going to be screened on America's CBS TV channel. This will not happen before the film has been sub-titled, the cause of the initial Yank confusion being their inability to understand streetwise English . . .

Following up last week's **Wilko/Blockhead** story: Wilk *is* keeping **The Solid Senders** on and *will* work concurrently with both groups. **Mickey Gallagher** will be playing piano on future Senders gigs and Marc Zermati's Skydog will soon release the second Senders album . . .

The **Stones** new LP straight in at numero uno! Presumably bought by the same people who whizzed out to purchase all those **Photos** albums? . . .

A FRETFUL **Peter Gabriel** publicist rang up to ask hard-working **Tony Stewart** what the meaning of *NME*'s Peter review was (all done in German, like the disc). "But how is Peter supposed to understand it?" the PR sulked. How.

Finally, congratulations and a tip of the hat to **Roy Carr** and his missus **Vimi,** equally responsible for a bouncing baby boy child. Always knew the old buzzard had it in him . . .

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1 (10)	Crass — Anarchy & Peace	20p
2 (3)	SLF	20p
3 (1)	Jam — Underground	20p
4 (5)	Undertones — Hypnotised	20p
5 (9)	Jam — Tube Station	20p
6 (—)	Undertones — Black & Red	20p
7 (7)	Crass — Fight War Not Wars	20p
8 (6)	Crass — Dove	20p
9 (—)	Thatchaargh!	25p
10 (—)	I'm A Lazy Sod	20p

NEW RELEASES
20p Notsensibles, Q—Tips, Ten Pole Tudor, Scars, Moondogs, Fashion, Product, Surplus Stock, Taxi-Girl, Night Doctor, Trust, AC/DC, Classix Nouveau, Ants Invasion, Only Ones, Beast, The Rasses, Bowie Dogs, Basement 5, Crass Logo, Crass Dove, Anarchy & Peace, Fight War, D.A.F., Spizz No Room, Soft Boys, U.K. Decay.

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